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DRAMATIC SCENES *118.*

FROM

REAL LIFE.

BY LADY MORGAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

It is no easy matter to write up, or down, to the present state of British literature. It may seem "affectations, look you," (as parson Hugh has it,) to say that literature is leisure; but its existence, in its most palmy state, indicates an epoch in society, when the public have time to read, what authors have time to write. Such were the great ages, when nations, after a long and feverish struggle, subsided into some new and settled order:—the ages of Augustus, of Lewis the Fourteenth, and of Queen Anne. The civil wars of Rome, terminating in Imperial tyranny, the League and Fronde, fatal to the French aristocracy,—and the more glorious civil wars of England, achieving liberty and prosperity for an emancipated nation, each left the public mind leisure to stoop from its high quarry of political change, to sport in regions of purer intellect, and play with interests less mundane and positive. Such, however, is not the present epoch. We are living in an era of transition. Changes moral and political are in progress. The frame of the constitution, the frame of society itself, are sustaining a shock, which occupies all minds, to avert, or to modify; and the public refuses its attention to literary claimants, whose pretensions are not either founded on utility, or backed by the brilliancy or brevity of their appeals. Publishers and theatrical lessees, who complain of the times, overlook this fact. Deceived by the stale philosophy of the little back-parlour behind the shop, or the old jargon of the green-room behind the scenes, they talk of bringing back the public taste; instead of following its changes. There is no legitimate literature, as there is no legitimate drama. Those who would live by the world, must live in it, and with it; and adapt themselves to its form and pressure; for it is in vain that they attempt to force society to be amused, with what has ceased to be amusing. Adieu, then, for the nonce, ye charming historical romances, which were not historical; whose *materiel* was taken from inventories; and whose

events were coloured from the political creed of the author. Adieu, ye fashionable novels of silver forks, and of golden *nécessaires*; with bursts of rant, and pages of *platitudo*. Adieu, ye volumes of paradoxes, written to startle, not convince. Adieu, ye lady-like tales of blonde lace, and broken hearts,—the miseries of marriage, and the merits of Herbault. The forms by which imitative mediocrity has long sought the suffrages of fashion, are exhausted: the plate is worn out, which once produced proof impressions of such price and mark. Movement has succeeded to meditation; and, except the tones of Pasta, or the steps of Taglioni, “point the moral or adorn the tale,” even the scene-shifting drama fails to fix the rapid perceptions of a public, whose own drama is so bustling and pre-occupying. The candidates, therefore, for cotemporary notoriety must seek it by other means than the pathways, *battus et rebattus*, of book-making and bookselling. They must, if they can, obtain cards for a royal breakfast at Sion, or a fête at Chiswick; or, if this fail, they must try the Sunday mart of the Zoological Gardens; and by staring the eagle out of countenance, or joining the bear in a *tête à tête*, out-dressing the maccaws, or out-chattering the monkees, insure the desired *qu’en dira-t-on*, the object of their frivolous labours.

Under this impression, be it false or true, I have ventured to bring forward a trifling commodity, of no pretension and of little importance,—“a homely thing, but a thing of my own,”—a thing that may be read running, or dancing, like a puff on a dead wall, or a sentiment on a French fan. I have thrown the heavy ballast of narrative overboard, sunk the author; and, loosing every rag of sail to the breeze, my bark may perhaps (if the literary pirates and privateers do not, as usual, strive to run it down,) escape better, than nobler vessels, freighted with the fortunes of literary Cæsars, who steer right onward, for other epochs and better times. When one, who, in Ireland, was a wit among blunderers, and a blunderer among wits, obtained a good match for his eldest daughter, he observed, in the ardour of his gratitude to the *prétendant*, “Troth then, sir, if I’d an oulder, I’d give her to you:” and I frankly own to the public of the present day, that if I had any thing to offer, more light and trifling, than the trifle I have the honour to lay at its feet, I should, of preference, have selected it,—not in presumption, but in deference to the great questions by which the world is occupied.

MANOR SACKVILLE.

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MANOR SACKVILLE.

CHARACTERS.

HENRY LUMBLEY SACKVILLE, Esq.—An English commoner of the highest class; liberal, enlightened, and philanthropic. He has lately added to his immense hereditary property, an Irish estate of ten thousand a year, in right of his aunt and mother, co-heiresses, and representatives of the ancient family of Sackville.

LADY EMILY LUMLEY SACKVILLE.—His gay and beautiful wife, the spoiled child of nature and fortune, of a joyous and happy temperament, and a quick and uncontrolled sensibility: a leader of ton in London, and an enthusiastic admirer of Ireland, and Irish novels.

LADY JULIA HERBERT.—Her unmarried sister, gay, pretty, and petulant, a creature of circumstances, a coquette in town, a sentimentalist in the mountains of Mogherow.

THE HON. CLARENCE HERBERT.—Lieutenant of the —— Regiment, quartered in the neighbourhood of Manor Sackville, cousin and cavalier of the ladies Emily and Julia.

THE LORD FITZROY MONTAGUE.—Captain of the same regiment; an intimate of the Sackville circle in London, and by chance a guest at Manor Sackville.

MRS. QUIGLEY.—Housekeeper for the last twenty years at Manor Sackville, under the regime of its late master, WILLIAM GERALD MONTMORENCY FITZGERALD SACKVILLE, Esq. Mrs. Quigley is much given to cats and corpulency, and easily put out of her way; though not out of Manor Sackville.

LITTLE JUDY.—“Her Nora, (but *not*) in *white* dimity.”

TERRY MADDEN, } Her *soufre douleurs*, and pages of the poultry-
TOMMY SLEVEIN, } yard.

JEREMIAH GALBRAITH, Esq.—Of Mary-Ville, Mogherow. The man of business and sub-agent of the late Lord of Manor Sackville, still kept in office till the arrival of the Auditor of the estate, Captain Williams, who is abroad.

ALICIA, BARONESS OF ROSSSTREVOR.—The young and handsome relict of the late old Lord Rosstrevor, a Saint of the highest calling, with a strong vocation to found a new religion,—the Kreudner or Southcote of Mogherow.

THE REV. ENOCH GRIMSHAW.—A professional Saint, her moral agent, to whose guardianship, temporal and spiritual, she was bequeathed, by her late venerable, but rather suspicious husband.

MISS GRIMSHAW.—A maiden lady, the ardent disciple and puffer of her brother—companion and confidant of Lady Rosstrevor.

MRS. GRAFTON.—A once gay widow, who has recently had a *serious* call.

MR. BINNS.—A very young, and rather rich Catechumen, who drives Mrs. Grafton in his cab to chapel, class meetings, &c. &c.

MISS MULLINS.—A would-be saint for the sake of getting into good society; disciple of Mr. Grimshaw, and probationary visitor at Rosstrevor Castle.

THE HON. AND REV. DR. POLYPUS.—Rector of Newtown Manorsackville, Vicar of Sally Noggin, and Rural Dean of Mogherow, holding the livings of Shu-Beg and Shu-More with an income of four hundred pounds per annum.

THE REV. MR. EMERSON.—His curate, (at seventy pounds per annum,) an odd sort of young man, not particularly well thought of in the neighbourhood.

HON. AND REV. MRS. POLYPUS.—Wife of the Doctor, and daughter of Dr. Grindall, late Bishop of the Diocese.

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.—Son of the late Bishop.

MRS. ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.—Daughter by a former marriage of Dr. Polypus.

MISS POLYPUS.—Daughter of the Doctor by his present lady.

SIR JOB BLACKACRE.—of Blackacre, high sheriff of the county, a magistrate, and very influential person at the Castle of Dublin, in former lieutenancies, but now a little shorn of his beams. A magnate of the first class in the barony of Mogherow.

CAPTAIN BLACKACRE,—his son, of the — regiment of heavy dragoons;—paying his addresses to Miss Polypus, and much occupied in looking at his rings, in combing his hair, drawing up his shirt-collar, and tapping his boots with his whip.

THE REVEREND MR. EVERARD.—Parish priest of Mogherow, of the foreign school; of bland and persuasive manner, adopting or dropping the Irish brogue at will. An ex-professor of the Jesuit college of Cuenca.

THE REVEREND MR. O'CALLAGHAN, *alias* FATHER PHIL—(his curate,) of the College of Maynooth.

MR. SAMPSON.—A tithe-proctor.

MR. BRADY.—A surveyor.

CORNELIUS BRIAN.—A ringleader of Whitefeet.

HONOR BRIAN.—His wife.

DAN O'LEARY, DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, and SHANE DHU SULLIVAN.—Peasants.

MR. M'DERMOT, MR. O'HANLAN, and MR. PHINEAS FINNEGAN.—Patriots, &c.

MR. JONES.—Sub-sheriff to Sir Job, an attorney.

THE WIDOW GAFFNEY.—Hostess of the Rosstrevor Arms. The new-light inn of the new-light village of Sally Noggin.

MR. and MRS. BRALLAGHAN.—Merchants (*i. e.* proprietors of "the shop") of Mogherow.

Saints, Sinners, Patriots, Policemen, Whitefeet, Redfeet, and Blackfeet, Conservatives, Destructives, Orangemen, Ribbon-men, Footmen, Groom of the Chambers, "and others."

TIMUR.—Mr. Sackville's Newfoundland dog.

BIJOU.—Lady Emily's pug.

MUNGÒ.—A large black cat; the idol of Mrs. Quigley's "*passione galtescha*."

THE SCENE

Lies principally at Manor Sackville, an ancient fabric of vast extent and low elevation, in the mountains of the barony of Mogherow, and county of ———, in the north-west of Ireland; and in the neighbouring villages of New-Town-Mount-Sackville, Mogherow, and Sally Noggin. The first, an old English "plantation," (much decayed,) of the time of James the First. Sally Noggin, from a boggy common, covered with lawless paupers, has become a trim resort of New-Light Sectarians, possessing much of the externals at least, of cleanliness and prosperity, if "all within" does not exactly correspond. There is perhaps too much of the "painted sepulchre" about its temporal arrangements. The walls, without, being punctually whitewashed, and flanked with Chinese roses and woodbine; while the interior has added nothing but hypocrisy to the original attributes of idleness, thriftlessness, and misery. Mogherow is a genuine Irish town of the third or fourth class, unchanged during the last century; swarming with pigs, beggars, and children; and richly endowed with shebeen houses, and "porter, punch, and spirit stores." The mountain district, in the vicinity, is of the wildest description, with inhabitants "to match." Among the latter, are distributed many unfortunate outlaws, driven there, partly by the sudden rage for large farms and pasture culture, and partly by the labours of an "active magistracy," at deadly feud with the religion of the people. In the plain below, there are a few squireens and middlemen, drunk with the insolence of religious supremacy; but from pride and idleness, not much more comfortable in their appearance, than the mass of rack-rented *ci-devant* forty-shilling freeholders, who form the great body of the inhabitants, near the mansions of the resident landlords.

MANOR SACKVILLE.

SCENE I.—TIME, *mid-day*.

[The housekeeper's room at Manor Sackville, a long, low, narrow apartment on the ground floor, commanding, by a single Elizabethan window, a view of the poultry-yard, and kitchen offices. Near the window reposes an old easy chair, of a very uneasy form, but well pillowed. Before it stands a spider table, on which lies open a new "*Sally Noggin Bible Society*" Bible, marked by spectacles, and laden with a trash bag, knitting apparatus, and nutmeg-grater. On either side hangs a bird-cage, from which an old canary and a young thrush sing, in emulation of the various noises which ascend from the *basse cour*. On one side of a blazing turf fire, which fills the ungrated hearth, lies Mungo the cat, upon his red cushion. On the other, sprawls on her knees, little Judy, toasting herself and a round of bread; while Mrs. Quigley is buttering another round at the breakfast table, that stands in front. Judy's garments are scanty; Mrs. Quigley's costume is voluminous and cosmopolite. Her shawl is Scotch, her gown Irish poplin, and her cap French.]

MRS. QUIGLEY, (moaning and buttering her toast.)

Ochone! well, well! what is all this for? I declare to the Lord, I haven't a foot to stand on; and might as well never have laid my side on bed, for all the sleep I got: and breakfast to purvoid for twenty, and more; and the quality less trouble than th' other bastes! And in regard of the behavior of Mr. Galbraith!—such behavior I never seed! To say that *he*, who is never out of the place, day or night, when not a Christian is in it, living or dead (as his wife says, and a poor jealous sowl she is!) that he'd be letting the new people, and all the quality, and them divils of furreigners and impudent English ladies' maids arrive, and he not here to receive them! but throwing every thing upon me, a poor lone woman! [*Gives a glance at the window, which she*

taps violently, and then opens.] Very well, Terry Madden ! Ye think I'm not looking at ye ! Is that the way ye are plucking the powltry, ye little spalpeen ? Is it flaying them alive ye are, and letting the feathers fly about ? Do you hear, Johnny Slevein, lave off there, cramming Mr. Galbraith's *pay-cock*, and run up the mount, and see if there's any notion of his gig on the road. Well ! old Molly, the hin-wife, was the greatest of losses ! It's now I miss her ; and the powltry never thriving since.

[Johnny Slevein, perceiving that he has nearly choked Mr. Galbraith's peacock with a lump of dough, scampers off with great glee, and Mrs. Quigley closes the window.]

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Judy, dear, did Mungo take his warm sup of milk this morning, the cratur ?

JUDY.

Sorrow sup ; there it lies beside him, ma'am.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Well, there's something wrong with that baste ; and I wouldn't wonder if some of them furreigners had pisoned him. It's little they'd think of it,—or me either.

JUDY, (turning the toast, with a look of horror.)

Och musha !

MRS. QUIGLEY, (carressing the cat.)

My pusheen slawn, ye were, and my own old deelish dhu.

MUNGO, (wagging his tail.)

Pur—r—r—r—r !

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Aye, in truth were ye ? [*Starts up.*] Huisht, now !—quit !—

[Listens—a dreadful confusion of sounds in the poultry-yard. Mrs. Quigley, followed by Judy, flies to the window. The whole

society of the basse cour is in a state of dissolution, occasioned by the invasion of Timur, a magnificent New-foundland dog, and his little ally, Bijou, a poodle. The former is distinguished by a superb collar, the latter by a knot of rose ribbons, and a silver bell dangling from his neck.]

MRS. QUIGLEY, (screaming.)

Och, murther, murther ! My hatching hin off her nest ! and och ! what's gone of the head of the Muscovoy duck ? Judy, run, my girleen, with the fork, and kill them divils of dogs. Och ! this is a pretty work, and Mr. Galbraith's pay-cock, that he left me to rare ! Terry Madden, why don't you kill thim dogs, ye little cowardly spalpeen ? Och ! then, Johnny Slevein, I'll tache you to lave the powltry-yard open after ye, ye dirty brat !

[The dogs pursue the poultry, and Judy and Terry pursue the dogs. An extremely fashionable footman, armed with an elegant horse-whip, lays about Terry and Judy ; snatches up Bijou, and ties a handkerchief to Timur's collar to lead him off.]

FOOTMAN, (in a sharp cockney accent.)

I say, you little Hirish savages ! what do you mean by 'unting my lady's dogs ? If I ever see one of you filthy bog-trotters meddle with our hanimals, I'll have your dirty little Hirish skins dragged over your hears. I have no hidear of such impudence ! no more I ha'n't.

[Exit in a rage. Mrs. Quigley, completely subdued, shuts the window, and seats herself at the breakfast table.]

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Well, well, the Lord's above all. But the world's come to an end. The millennum's come, as Mr. Grimshaw said, at Sally Noggin Rosstrevor chapel last Sunday. "The infernal raigions opens to receive yez all," (says he,) and so it does. Would any one know Manor Sackville this day ? Not all as one, as in th' ould gentleman's time. It's he that loved his powltry ;—to say nothing of ould Molly ! Well, it doesn't signify talking. I'll quit the place, as soon as Mr. Galbraith comes. That's if he ever comes. My mind misgives me about that man ! Five days away ! He that was as regular as clockwork ! I wouldn't wonder if them furreigners pisoned him. They're a bad breed.

[Wipes her face, and gives other signs of strong emotion, in muttering and broken exclamations. In the mean time, the door opens,

and Mr. Galbraith, a smug, snug, red-faced person, with eyes and mouth puckered into a most characteristic expression of humorous cunning, pokes his head in.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

God save all here! Is the coast clear, Mrs. Quigley?

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Och! the Lord be praised. Is it you, Mr. Galbraith, are come at last? Well, it's time for you: better late nor never! Come in, sir. I wouldn't have wet the tay, if I'd thought you'd have come, at all, at all: but I gave you up entirely.

[During this apostrophe, Mrs. Quigley assists in disrobing Mr. Galbraith.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

Thank you, ma'am, thank you. I beg your pardon. I'll just lave my surtout outside, if you plaze. My man, Tim Reynolds, is waiting to give it a shake. It's wet through, ma'am, with the mountain dew. Stay, ma'am,—my life-preserver's a little tight. [*He takes off a net neck scarf from his neck.*] Your own purty knitting, Mrs. Quigley. Take care, ma'am, if you plaze. Them two little travelling companions is mighty touch-and-go sort of gentlemen. [*Takes two pistols from his breast.*] Here, Tim, take all up to my room; and get me an entire change ready, and my new black shoot of mourning. [*Sighs.*] I'll engage Judy has good care of me, in regard of a bit of fire in my own little glory hole!

JUDY.

I'll just run and throw a sod on it, sir.

(Exit Judy.)

[Mr. Galbraith seats himself at the breakfast table, and begins an immediate attack on the buttered toast. Mrs. Quigley bustles through the duties of the tea-table; and, full of the importance of her recent troubles, opens a volley of reproach, complaint, solicitation, and self-applause, on the resigned, but occasionally deeply sighing Mr. Galbraith.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

Well, ma'am, when ye hears all, it's pitying me ye'll be,

instead of blaming me—I'll thrubble ye for another cup of tay—Grief is dry, they say. A thimble-full of brandy, ma'am, as it's on the table, just to qualify it. It's a wet morning, ma'am, [*sighs*,] and there's an ould saying,

Happy is the bride the sun shines on,
And happy is the burying the rain drops on.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (much provoked.)

Och ! never talk to me, Mr. Galbraith, of brides and ber-rings. It's other things you ought to be thinking of. If any one had sworn before a registered magistrate, that you would be out of the way, just as the new people were coming to take possession, and that you'd throw all upon me, a lone woman ; and cart loads of groceries coming down from Dublin, sir, and twenty beds ordered, and you away five whole days, and never coming near the place, and above all times in the world

MR. GALBRAITH, (interrupting her with a look at once imploring and deploring.)

Och ! then, Mrs. Quigley, is it possible, ma'am, ye didn't hear the melancholy news of my domestic misfortune ?

MRS. QUIGLEY, (peevishly.)

News ! What news, sir ? What should prevint you, if you cared for your own consarns, or mine, coming here to receive Mr. Sackville and my lady ? Sure, sir, barring your wife was lying dead before you, what else should interfere with the agent, and great man of the place being on the spot ?

MR. GALBRAITH, (clasping his hands, and drawing his face on one side with a most doleful look.)

And what else was it, Mrs. Quigley ? Sure, Ma'am, the late Mrs. Galbraith is dead, and buried this day in Mogherow churchyard. [*Mrs. Quigley throws up her hands and eyes in unspeakable astonishment.*] Aye, indeed, ma'am !

[*Wipes his mouth in mistake for his eyes.*]

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Jasus preserve us !—Amen ! She that I saw last Sunday

at Sally Noggin Chapel, with her new family jaunting car, and Miss Costello; and this Friday

MR. GALBRAITH.

Aye indeed, ma'am!—and was at a party on Monday at Sub-Sheriff Jones's, where Sir Job and my Lady were expected: and on Tuesday evening, ma'am, after the heartiest dinner ever I saw the poor woman ate, and taking her usual quantity of port wine, and her glass of punch afterwards—I'll say rather more than usual, Mistress Quigley, than less;—and she making a party with Miss Costello to meet the cavalcade yesterday, coming to Manor Sackville, with colours flying in honour of the memory of his uncle, in the new family car,—all of a sudden, ma'am,—just as if you would say a drop of punch went the wrong way,—she made a wry face, and dropped, as if she was shot, on the floor. And so, ma'am, as it plazed the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, to take my poor woman to himself, I conveyed her to her last home, this morning, on my way here; and she was launched, I may say, into eternity, in the churchyard of Mogherow, at ten o'clock this morning. [*He puts his handkerchief to his eyes, and then, spreading it on his knees, breaks a second egg.*] And now, Mrs. Quigley, would it be dacent, I put it to you, or proper, for me to have left my poor woman, without even a shoot of genteel mourning, and present myself among a parcel of strangers; and I in throuble, and and wanting all my presence of mind! For they say these English people are mighty high and hoity-toity, as it were,—nobody knows what to make of 'em.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (weeping behind her pocket handkerchief, and after an affecting pause,)

Surely, sir, surely, it would not be dacent. But och! Mr. Galbraith, just to see, as Mr. Grimshaw says, one's right hand doesn't know what one's left one does: and we're grass to-day, and flesh to-morrow;—and never heard a word of it,—and no wonder, for the place was more like a Bedlam since Monday last. But, sir, it was mighty soon to bury the cratur, she dying on Tuesday, and in her grave on Friday morning,—the Lord bless us!

MR. GALBRAITH. (petulantly, and filling his own tea-cup.)

Ah! nonsense now, Mistress Quigley, what deader could she be, if she died last Christmas? I wonder to hear you,

a sinsible woman, giving into them saints, that are ruining the place. [*Continues his breakfast.*] Well, ma'am, what do you think of the new people? Tim Reynolds, who has been on a sharp look out, tells me that them blackguard cottiers, and con-acre men, about Manor Sackville town, and others from Mogherow, came powering down, hurrahing in the new man,—the dirty, mane, ungrateful spalpeens, that were bred egg and bird, under the late raal good and loyal gentleman; and making believe that the new one was of their own kidney, and as green as the dike of shoobeg! Well, never mind. But what do you think of them, ma'am, and the Lady Emily? Sub-sheriff Jones says she is a rantipole woman of quality, and won't stand the place: but that he's of the right sort, and of a great Protestant family, as well as his late uncle. But who knows? so I just stepped in by the ould back road, to get a word with you: for it isn't now, widow Quigley, that I need be telling you, that it's the greatest reliance, ma'am, I have on your opinion; and a great friendship my poor woman had for you, till Miss Costello put odd things in her head. [*Smiles.*]

MRS. QUIGLEY, (weeping.)

Och! then, sir, there was no love lost between us—and God forgive Kitty Costello; and that's the worst I wish her. And I hope the death of my late friend will make no odds betwixt us, Mr. Galbraith, but quite the contrayry.

MR. GALBRAITH, (taking the widow's hand.)

Widow Quigley, I intended long ago, ma'am, to spake to you about your bit of land by Jones's Fort. For the rint is too high, ma'am; and so I shall tell Mr. Sackville.—And so they arrived the day before yesterday, did they? A desolate ould place they found it, I'll be bound, [*chuckling,*] and great complaints, I'll engage,—and the damp—and the rains—and th' ould furniture!

MRS. QUIGLEY, (impatiently.)

Not at all, sir. They're highly delighted with every thing—that's the quality themselves; but as for the English ladies' maids, and the furreigners,—but I'm not come to that, nor within a mile of it, Mr. Galbraith. Well, sir, your gig

hadn't drawn scarce from the door, Monday morning, when comes a waggon and cars from Dublin, with wine and groceries, and the Lord knows what besides—chany oranges and fruit, sir ; and it was night before all was stowed away. And I was putting on my night-cap, Mr. Galbraith, and stepping into bed ; and Judy raking over the turf, and Jemmy Malone locking up the great door, when, to my entire surprise, drives up, sir, a coach-and-four, stuffed inside and out with gentlemen and ladies. Upon my credit, you might have knocked me down with a pin. So, sir, I dressed in the best I could find, and hurried down to receive Mr. Sackville, and my lady, and Lady Julia, and made my best curtsy, sir, and said as how you were just gone, and never expected them till Thursday evening. And to be sure it's them that took an ; and such airs, and the half of them without a word of English in their mouths ;—and such jabbering and calling for lights here, and fires there, and asking me if I was the Irish cook, and what there was for supper ? And one would have tay, and another would have coffee ; and when I said you had the key of the cellar, off with the heads of the bottles out of the hampers. And such squabbling, and turning up of noses ; and every thing was so dirty, and this, and that. It was three in the morning before I could get them to bed. And who do you think the great quality was ? why, sir, no quality at all, but the out-of-livery servants, sir, and a young woman as called herself my Lady's own chambermaid, and her assistants in silk pelisses, trimmed with fur ! Well, well !—Well, sir, and the gentlemen—there was the French cook, that takes his coffee without crame, and another foreigner, a mighty swarthy cratur, that seemed to be the whipper-in of the whole pack, and takes the greatest of airs upon himself. And would you believe it, Mr. Galbraith, they had the impudence to say, that English pigs have better styes, than the ould servants' hall ; and they took possession of the second best dining-room for themselves ; and have written over the door, "Steward's room. No entrance for livery or Irish servants !" And so, now, Mr. Galbraith, I'll quit the place ; and it's only for you that I didn't quit it long since.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Tut, woman, don't make a Judy of yourself. Quit the place ! for what ? Sorrow a foolisher thing ever you did than that same, Mrs. Quigley. What does it matter, ma'am,

for a few weeks ?—and you mistress of the place, I may say, for the rest of your days, with your tribute fowl, and your tribute eggs, coming in to you, and your little taste of building going on, down below in the town. Ah ! be aisy now, Mrs. Quigley, and let them above, there, have their run. I'll engage they'll be sick at heart of the whole thing, before the month is out.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (composing herself.)

Well, if I thought that, sir ; if I was sure they would not stay over the Christmas.

MR. GALBRAITH.

If you were sure of it ! Why, then, I think we have made purty sure of that, ma'am, if the want of every convanience in life,—if a tight pattern of beds, and the clearing out of the ould lumber-room, in the castle wing, down to the sitting rooms, by way of furniture,—if hard bottomed chairs, and ricketty tables, and not a pot fit to bile a potatoe in, that han't a hole in it as big as my head, will do the business. What, betwixt the young mutton, and the ould poultry, and Mr. Brazier's sour beer, and your own sweet vinegar, and beef as tough as a suggawn, the divil's in it if they arn't soon tired of Ireland and Manor Sackville.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Och ! sir, you don't know them at all at all. Why, in regard of the ould furniture, sir, the oulder the better, it seems ; and the worse every thing is in the place, the more they laugh at it. The divil of such giggling and romping ever I seed in the place, since first I come to it. Himself, indeed, is a fine, saucy, comely gentleman, and surely has a fine air with him, like a lord ; and no more like the late gentleman, than if they were neither kith nor kin. But as to my Lady, and Lady Julia, and them young officers, that they found on the road, I hear, watching the sale of the tithe-pigs, and nobody to buy them—why Mr. Galbraith, they're no more the breeding nor ways of raal Irish gentry, than little Judy there. Nothing high nor genteel, like Lady Black-acre, and the Rev. Mrs. Polypus ; but going on with their game, and their skit, and skelping about the place, sir, like mad ! Why they weren't five minutes in it, sir, when they

were all down in here upon the top of me ; and I, taking my tay in pace and quiet, after recaiving them in great state in the hall, and showing them the rooms to dress for dinner, which wasn't ordered till nine ; what do you think of that, Mr. Galbraith ?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why, ma'm, Mr. M'Kew, th' attorney of Dublin, (clerk of the Crown, and Sub-sheriff Jones's Dublin agent,) always dines at six. The Honourable and Reverend dines at seven, to a moment ; and turned away his French cook for being five minutes before the time. So it is but reasonable, that the London Quality should be more foolish nor they. Well, ma'am, give me my comfortable bit of mutton at four, like the late ould gentleman ;—but go on, Mrs. Quigley.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

To be sure sir, but as I was saying, in burst the whole set, and my lady at the head of them, romping and laughing : and “ We're come to pay you a visit, dear Mrs. O'Quigley,” says she. “ Your ladyship does me much honour, madam,” says I, courtesying, and Judy looking like a stuck pig. “ But, plaze your Ladyship, my name is Quigley, and no O, my lady.” “ O dear,” says she, “ but you're Irish, ar'n't you ?” [*Mimicking the English accent ;*] “ at least, I hope you are.” “ To be sure she is,” says the young lady, putting up her quizzing glass. “ Don't you see her dear old Irish face, and her old Irish wrinkles ? I do so like her Irish face ; and won't you tell us all sorts of stories about this old castle Rackrent,” says she ; “ and about O'Rourke's noble faste,” says one of th' officers.

“ That will ne'er be forgot

By them that was there, and by them that was not.”

And then, sir, they all set up a laugh. “ And I do so like her old Irish cap,” says my lady,—(my bran new French cap, sir, that came from Ennis by the fly that day.) But nothing should serve her, sir, but she must try on my cap ; and dashes down her own illigant bonnet,—there, sir, on the floor ; and runs off to show it to Mr. Sackville.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Ha, ha, ha ! well to be sure ! And then, ma'am !

MRS. QUIGLEY.

And then, sir, up snatches Lady Julia my poor Mungo, hugging and kissing him. "And this is a raal Irish cat, my Lord Fitzroy," says she,—“did you ever see such a dear quiet sowl?” “And what do you call it, Mrs. Quigley?” says she. “Mungo, plaze your Ladyship,” says I, “in regard of the black man in the play.” “Mungo, says she; “why don’t you call it Knockycrockery?” says she, “I’ll always call it Knockycrockery,” says she: and away she gallops off with my poor pusheen; and the young lord galloping after her! and Mungo frightened out of his life, and the tears in his eyes, mewling like mad! the cratur of the world!

MR. GALBRAITH.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think it might make a cat laugh, instead of cry, Mrs. Quigley, as the saying is.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (angrily.)

Och! sir, but it was no laughing matter at all, as you shall larne; for just as I was quietly sated again, and taking my tay, I heard my poor cat moaning and mewling, like a Ban-shee, outside the door sir; and when Judy ran to let him in, in he bounded like a wild cat in a bog, with a turf at its tail; and would you believe it sir, my iligant bran new cap tied round his poor black face; and before Judy and I poked him out from under the press, troth, you wouldn’t have picked my cap out of the guthur.

MR. GALBRAITH, (wiping his eyes.)

Well, Mrs. Quigley, I declare to you, ma’am, I think it all mighty comical; and they are just the sort, for my money. Sure, you would not have them like them Scotch Macaskys, that have come in for the Mullavaly property. “Grim growdies, that never made their mother laugh,” as the saying is; and that goes about spying, and prying, and calculating, and minding nothing but the main chance, ma’am. But in regard of the dinner—all the French cooks in the world cannot serve a good one, with bad matairials, and nothing to cook them in; for I take it for granted, [*slyly*,] you didn’t lave an ould stew-pan in the place?

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Och ! sir, they wasn't beholden to me, nor the place neither, sir. Sure, a whole cart of coppers came down from Dublin—they call it a batthery ; and fish in ice, sir, by the mail ; and pheasants from their place in Wales ; and venison from the Lord Lieutenant's ; and a whole carcass of donny Welsh mutton, sir, from Holyhead !

MR. GALBRAITH.

See there ! well, they're fine people, surely, and don't spare money. But they can't roof the house, nor stop the rat-holes, nor make tight the windows and doors, all in a month or six weeks ; and for the ould furniture, some of it since King William's time of glorious memory, and before.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Th' ould furniture ! Why, sir, my lady stood staring at my ould spider-table here, and says, " Oh, the charmer ! I gave ten guineas for one, not half so rotten, for Elizabeth's cottage in the Raigent's Park."

MR. GALBRAITH.

But I hope, ma'am, you hurried all the captain's Frenchified new things into the castle-wing, and shut it up as if it was saled with wax.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

O, lave us alone, Mr. Galbraith ; you think ye are the only head in the place. Why the day ye left us, sir, myself and Jem Malone, and ould bothered 'Tom Hanlon the game-keeper, put by every screed of new furniture, and brought down th' ould voyadores and corner cupboards, and the high-backed carved chairs, and the worm-eaten settees, and every ould picture and taste of cracked chayney from time immemorial ; and then we nailed a piece of tapestry over the door, and placed a talboy against it. And it's into my lady's room we wheeled Lady Isabella Sackville's chest, as it is called, with her ould wardrobe, and the ould gentleman's castle shoots, which I intend to sell to the players, for they are my perquisites, by right, Mr. Galbraith.

Very good, ma'am; and then the *rat* in the box in the library, which Mr. Sackville wrote to have ready for his own sitting-room.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (holding her sides, and laughing herself into a coughing fit.)

O dear, Lord save me! Well, sir, it's all right; and a good bit of cheese to keep the cratur alive and frisky. I engage, if he gets out, he'll show them sport.

MR. GALBRAITH, (laughing and rising.)

Well, ma'am! But I must now go and change my feet, and dress myself for an audience. And I suppose, Mrs. Quigley, it's with themselves I'll dine, as in th' ould gentleman's time, even when I was but a slip of a clerk in the agent's office. What do you think, ma'am?

MRS. QUIGLEY.

To be sure, sir, and why wouldn't you, a magistrate of this county, and a captain of the Manor Sackville yeomanry corps, and your sister married to the Sub-sheriff, and you living with the first and best of the county, and the Honourable and Reverend never aisy without you.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Och! surely, ma'am—surely I have every right in life; only these English have sometimes such odd ways. But I declare, I'd rather be taking my tay with you, Widow Quigley, [*in an insinuating tone,*] than dining with the best in the land.

MRS. QUIGLEY, (looks modest.)

Shawl I tack a bit of crape round your hat, Mr. Galbraith?

MR. GALBRAITH.

I'll be indebted to you, Mrs. Quigley; and I needn't recommend you, dear, to be as close as a cork. Mum's the word, ma'am.

MRS. QUIGLEY.

Naboclish, Mr. Galbraith ! It's an odd thing, if friends and pew-fellows like you and I, time immemorial, and good Protestants, and of the right sort, cannot depind on each other, and trust one another, though it were with their lives, sir.

MR. GALBRAITH, (taking her hand tenderly.)

Och ! then, I'd trust more nor my life with *you*, sure enough, Mrs. Quigley ; but time will tell, ma'am ! So God be with you, for the presint, my dear friend. I'll try to stale down to tay with you this evening, and tell you which way the bull runs.

[They shake hands with looks of significant cordiality.]

MRS. QUIGLEY, (throwing her shoe after him.)

Well, then, God be with you—and that for luck.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Thank you, ma'am.

(Exit Mr. Galbraith.)

SCENE II.

[The library at Manor Sackville, a low, close and gloomy room, with a small bookcase, strongly fortified with rusty wire-work, half filled with immoveable folios and quartos, with statutes at large, parliamentary records, &c., with a miscellaneous collection of racing and Newgate calenders, old almanacks, plays, and polemical divinity; not very numerous nor very complete: in every sense, an assemblage of odd volumes. The high, small windows give upon the lawn. Over the chimney-piece hang the several portraits of a horse and a dog, on either side the picture of a rather flashy looking person, in a full court-dress, of forty years back, all evidently by the same hand. A stand of arms decorates the further wall. The furniture,—old fashioned, and time-worn,—is formally regimented round the room. In a curiously carved oak chair, (called traditionally Lady Isabel's chair,) reposes Mr. Sackville, a man of distinguished air, in the prime of life, with a fine intellectual countenance, and an evident attention to fashionable propriety of dress. Immediately opposite to him, on the extreme edge of an high-backed seat, sits Mr. Galbraith, much improved by an entire change of decoration, his shirt collar rising above his ears, and his bob wig exchanged for a coiffure, "*au naturel*," from "the magazine of fashion: but as "new honours cling not to their use, but with the aid of time," Mr. Galbraith's "*peruque blonde cendrée*," is rather impeded in its set by the resistance of a few stubbles of grizzled hair beneath; and is any thing but a close fit. The gentlemen have just drawn back from a large, many-legged table, which is covered with piles of parchments, papers, maps, views, account-books, memorials, petitions, &c. &c. Mr. Sackville is reading from a volume of time-stained manuscript—he pauses.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

I must observe, Mr. Galbraith, that this letter was addressed, in 1693, from the Irish government to my ancestor, who held the position in this country which I now fill.

[Reads.]

"There having been divers complaints made that the Tories and Rapparees are out in great numbers upon their keeping, robbing, and preying upon the country, to the great terror and ruin of many of their Majesties' good subjects: I would therefore desire you, with what expedition you can, to give such orders as you shall think fit to the militia with-

in your county, for the speedy and effectual, either taking or suppressing them.

“ I am,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SYDNEY.

“ *Dublin Castle, May 2nd, 1693.*”*

Now orthography and style apart, this letter appears the very type of that you have just read me from your friend Sir Job Blackacre.

MR. GALBRAITH.

The ould letter, Mr. Sackville—I see, sir ! what would you think of its being all a forgery, sir ! in respect of its giving out that it’s the Tories that’s disturbing the country ? Sure every one knows that it’s the agitators—devil a one else !

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

Tory, you know, Mr. Galbraith, is an Irish word. It was, time immemorial, an epithet applied to the disturbers of public peace, in common with *Rapparee* ; and as to a forgery ! this is, you see, an historical document ! I am delighted to have discovered this curious old volume. I regret that so much of it has been defaced and torn. Such fragments give a sort of literary interest to the tiresome researches to which I suppose I shall be doomed for some days to come. [*Throwing himself back in his chair.*] I certainly have an incapacity for the mere dry details of property and business, Mr. Galbraith, that requires a stronger volition to wrestle with, than I am at present master of. Besides, my journey has quite addled me.

MR. GALBRAITH, (deferentially, and with much pleased alacrity of manner. Throughout this scene a total change of accent is attempted by this speaker, who makes a painful effort to mince and disguise his native brogue ; which brogue, however, *plus fort que lui*, breaks forth, whenever he is thrown off his guard by surprise or emotion.)

I see, sir, I see, Mr. Sackville : and why shouldn’t you, sir ? Why should you throuble yourself at all, at all ? What

* Historical.

is the use of greet esteets, but to lave gintlemin of rank and fortune to cultiveet their moinds, and enjoy their privit amusements?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Funded property, sir, has, in that respect, very decided advantages. The dividends paid to the day. No contact with the chicanery of the law; and nothing to do with stewards, agents, or attornies. But an inheritance of estates, scattered over England and Wales, and, above all, this recent succession to a remote Irish property, renders the fortunate unfortunate owner as much *adscriptus glebæ* as a Russian serf! What an inextricable labyrinth of debts and engagements has my predecessor left behind him, in this schedule?

MR. GALBRAITH, (with enthusiasm.)

Och! sir, he was a faine gintleman, take him in what weey you will, Mr. Sackville. And though, in his early dees, a bit of a reek, like other young Irish gintlemin of fashion and fortune—a six-bottle man, a great cherokee, and the loik, still, sir, a better Christian, and a better magistrate, or a more loyal, Protestant gintleman never braithed the breath of loif. [*Puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Humph! I never saw him but once, and that by chance, in London. I thought him violent, illiberal, and extremely vulgar; though certainly handsome—very like that ill-painted picture. After my aunt's foolish marriage, (for considering that she gave the life-use of an estate of ten thousand a year to a mere Irish fortune-hunter, it *was* foolish,) I never saw even her, till a year before her death. Poor soul! Her separation from her husband, a few years after marriage, proved how mistaken she had been in the object of her choice.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Och! Mr. Sackville, you know sir, (with humility be it spoken,) there are always little faults on both sides. Mr.

Fitzgerald Sackville was mighty gay and hearty ; and your leet excellent aunt was a little sairious, and the laste teest in loif a seint ; and so she left the pleece to himself, and retired to Bath to the new light.

MR. SACKVILLE, (drawing up, and rather coldly.)

It is an ungracious subject,—we'll drop it, sir, if you please. [*A short pause, in which Mr. Galbraith picks up his hat, twists it in his hands, and hems, waiting with deference for Mr. Sackville to change the conversation. Mr. Sackville takes up an old record, and continues.*] Oh ! by-the-by, Mr. Galbraith, although I am not yet quite equal to the prose of my Irish property, I am already rather deep in its poetry. I have been going through a regular course of your antiquities, and find that I am master of some classic ground. I always knew that my maternal ancestors, (and it is curious that this fine estate should always have gone in the female line,) came to their Irish property through the Villiers, and owed their fortunes to the influence of that bold, bad man, the favourite of our Charles I. You are aware, sir, that in 1626, the Duke of Buckingham made a grant of this estate, and that it was conveyed by patent to Sir Henry Sackville, on the resignation of a Sir Edward Villiers, to hold *in capite* for the service of one knight's fee.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Fees ! oh ! yes, sir, I heard tell of that.

MR. SACKVILLE, (still reading from the record.)

The lands were then erected into the Manor of Sackville, or Mount Sackville, with many large privileges, on condition of building a castle sixty feet long and twenty-four in breadth, with a bawn of four hundred feet inclosed by a wall. Now, what is your opinion, Mr. Galbraith, (for I take it for granted, that you are too good an Irishman, not to be an antiquarian,) do you think the old castle, a little lower down, on the bank of the river, which we see from our bed-room window, is the castle alluded to ; or that bit of a gable with the fine arch, which terminates the left wing of this rambling edifice ?

MR. GALBRAITH, (completely puzzled.)

Why, thin, whichever you plaze, Mr. Sackville.

MR. SACKVILLE, (abstractedly and not listening.)

Our estate is a slice of the lands of the O'Rourkes, who probably themselves sliced it off from the property of some older predatory chieftain.

MR. GALBRAITH, (petulantly.)

Och ! begging your pardon, Mr. Sackville, not at all, sir, never was. It never was papist land, but the Sackville property, time immemorial ; [*Mr. Sackville smiles ;*] and has come down, sir, to you, a trifle of debts and the like errors excepted, a virgin estate. Thanks I must say, to good egeants, that is old Mr. Healey and your humble servant. [*Bowing low.*] For with regard to Captain Williams, the nominal agent, who was appointed leetly by Mrs. Fitzgerald Sackville, and who is gone to travel for his health, it's little he knows about it. And when old Mr. Healey died, it was thought and said that not a man in the barony was fit to stand in his shoes, but the sub-agent, Jeremy Galbraith. Indeed the old gentleman always intended, as the Honourable and Reverend often told me, that when Mr. Healy went, Jeremiah Galbraith would be the man ; and it was to the entire ameusement of the country round, that Captain Williams arrived and took on him last year,—a man who has lived so long in foreign parts, and is no great friend to church or state.

MR. SACKVILLE, (haughtily.)

Mr. Galbraith !—Captain Williams is my friend, and was appointed at my recommendation. I chose him, not because he is very deep in Croker, or *au fait* to all the coarse details of Irish business, and competent to enter into the petty intrigues and party politics incidental to the locality. For all *that*, Ireland supplies instruments in plenty :—but I selected him because he is a liberal, enlightened, and accomplished gentleman ; because I felt, that whenever I should succeed to the property, he would assist me in civilizing the tone of society, and in bettering the condition of the lower orders. Captain Williams is an Irishman, but he is English-bred, and, in the fullest sense of the word, that estimable and invaluable character, an educated and travelled Irishman. Captain Williams will bring to his agency European views, and spread them among your illiberal and (as far as I have seen) illite-

rate country gentlemen, who want model schools for their instruction, quite as much as the lower orders, whom they so constantly revile.

MR. GALBRAITH, (turning his hat into various shapes, and with a countenance, in which confusion appears worse confounded.)

Och! I see, Mr. Sackville—European views—surely that will be very ornamental. [*Points to a print in an old black frame.*] There, sir, is a view of Shannon harbour, done after a drawing by a young brother of mine, who is looking out for a surveyorship.

MR. SACKVILLE, (still pursuing his own idea.)

Besides, sir, in Captain Williams, I shall have an agreeable companion:—for, (pardon me,) I must have some compensation for living in Ireland. It is a great transition, Mr. Galbraith, from the centre of social civilization and refinements, arts, letters, and European interests, to these wild and dreary regions, to live among a people the most rude and lawless.

MR. GALBRAITH, (eagerly.)

Ah! there you are par-feckt-ly right, Mr. Sackville, sir, in regard of the raigion, as you observed, sir, surely; the trees blowing all one way; and the limestone bottom, from Sheemore to Dromahane, and heavy rains and floods sweeping down from the mountains, since the time of Noah, and before; only just your own demesne: *that* I may see is my own iday of surface-draining. And in regard of the lawless people, sir, you are par-feckt-ly right there, sir, for the finest pisantry in the world, as the agitaytors call them, are just a pack of bloody, murthering, papist villians, and care no more for taking the life of a Christian, than if he was a Jew, or a brute baste.

MR. SACKVILLE, (smiling.)

But, Mr. Galbraith, we must not forget that these poor ignorant creatures are only what foregone events have made them. Is there in the world (*warming into vehemence*) such an history as that of Ireland? Conquered, (or crushed at

least,) by a race as ferocious, though more powerful, and further advanced in the lines of civilization than themselves,—hermetically shut up for ages against all improvement, not more by their remote geographical position, than by the jealousy of their rulers—subject for centuries to a proconsular government, with two religions to support, and one to fight for—harassed by civil wars,—for ever incurring, and for ever deploring the forfeitures of their property,—addicted to that worst of vices, habitual inebriety, in which they are encouraged by their sordid rulers;—and observe, Mr. Galbraith, on your own showing, this brutal vice of the lower orders was the accomplishment of the higher;—since your late patron owed his elevation in society to his being a six-bottle man. But the whole story of your country, Mr. Galbraith, is frightful; and its present state anything but encouraging to a new resident, however good his intentions, or sanguine his hopes.

MR. GALBRAITH.

You are par-feckt-ly right, Mr. Sackville; and it's the wonder of the world, that a fine English gentleman of fashion, with his house in Birkeley Square, and his iligant villies on the banks of the Tims, would be after coming over here, at all at all, when all might just as well be done by an egent that knows the pleece intirely.

MR. SACKVILLE.

And then, if one's time and trouble were devoted simply to bettering the condition of the poor people—but when one thinks of the details of Irish property and country business! what with justice work and grand jury work, peace preservation work, and endless correspondence with government, with factions to fight, and calumnies to answer.....

MR. GALBRAITH, (interrupting him eagerly.)

For the matter of justice work, Mr. Sackville, and all that sort of thing, sir, Irish gintlemen do just as much or little as they plaze, and as for the care of the esteete, I believe after all, you will find that a good Irish egent that knows the pleece and the people, will take that trouble off your hands, to your intire satisfaction, sir. All that you need do in per-

son will be just to be after signing the laces, when they are put before you ; and upon my credit, the less you see of the villians, here, the better, sir.

MR. SACKVILLE.

I really cannot agree with you there, Mr. Galbraith. It is my duty to reside here some part of the year ; and if I do, it is not for the purpose of performing my obligations by deputy. Indeed I feel—I have long felt—a strong interest in this unhappy country, which I am sure requires all the zeal and ability of its landed proprietors. It is no easy task to remedy abuses so deeply rooted, and to raise the people by an education of habits to the level of human beings. What unaccommodated wretchedness have I observed already ! No wonder that you should be in such a disturbed state. I am told that at this moment you are very bad.

MR. GALBRAITH, (with eagerness.)

Devil a worse, sir, yet not more now than ever.—Time immemorial,—wasn't it always so ? a house burned here, and a paceable tinant carded there ; one villian murdering another, for teeking land over his head—proctors shot like crows,—to say nothing of the police. But for all that, sir, Mrs. Quigley and I sleeps here like hins in their roost, perfect-ly secure ; with every door and window open, and not so much as a tayspoon taken throughout the year. Oh ! they know who they have to dale with, the ruffians of the world !

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

And that I suppose is the reason why there is not a lock in the house in working condition. I was obliged to set the great arm-chair against the door of my bed-room, last night, to prevent its clapping, like a rattle in a cherry orchard. Pray, Mr. Galbraith, send for a smith and other workmen directly, and above all, for a few bell-hangers.

MR. GALBRAITH, (suppressing a smile.)

A few bell-hangers ! give you my honour, there isn't a bell-hanger within twenty miles, Mr. Sackville, of the place.

MR. SACKVILLE, (carelessly.)

Then send to Dublin. How could the late resident live in such discomfort and slovenly disorder?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why, sir, the late Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville was so much engaged with public business, he could not give much attention to his own affairs. He was at the head of everything that was for the pace and prosperity of the pleece; and many a low fellow that is giving out the law, sir, and is greet agitaytors now, daren't then say their loif is their own. It isn't then that Father Everard, (the ould Jesuit,) would be teeking on him a corresponding with the government agin the Honourable and Reverend Protestant Sunday-schools.

MR. SACKVILLE.

I do think, Mr. Galbraith, that if the time and money which you Irish gentry contribute to fomenting religious distinctions, and nonsensical party feuds, supporting orange-lodges, distributing tracts, and nourishing hatreds, were turned to bettering the condition, not only of the people, but of yourselves, you might do infinite good instead of infinite harm. Before I leave this country, I hope to see every tenant of mine—not as Henry the Fourth, you must remember, said, with *un poulet, au pôt, les Dimanches*, but with a little meat, of some sort or other, on every Sunday in the year.

MR. GALBRAITH, (with a very singular expression of countenance.)

I see, sir, I see. You are par-feckt-ly right, Mr. Sackville. That is just what your worthy predecessor would be after saying; and if I might meke so bold, sir, mee I ask how long it may be your intintion and my lady's to stee at Manor Sackville?

MR. SACKVILLE.

That, Mr. Galbraith, depends on circumstances. My intention was merely to run over, take a bird's-eye view of the estate, and bring down an architect from Dublin to make

plans and estimates for rebuilding the house,—examine roughly the condition of the tenantry and labourers—lay the foundation for a school of agriculture, (what the Germans call a *Furstlehr institut*)—you understand German, perhaps, Mr. Galbraith.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Oh, I do, sir,—that is, I have an iday what that manes, though I'm not over 'cute at the dead languages.

MR. SACKVILLE.

. In short, sir, to obtain as much local information as may suffice to set things going, and commence a residence after my own tastes ; and then return to England for a couple of years, while the works were going on ; for as it is my design to live in Ireland for eight months in every year, [*Mr. Galbraith opens his eyes ;*] I must have a suitable residence. Such was my original plan ; but Lady Emily and her sister seemed so much delighted with Ireland, that our actual stay here may now be prolonged beyond our first design. Instead of building an entirely new house, I am, on inspection, more inclined to repair and make additions to the present edifice, in an appropriate style of antiquity,—not quite as remote as the halls of O'Rourke,—but certainly not more recent than the style of Elizabeth.

MR. GALBRAITH, (sighing deeply.)

Surely, sir, surely—that would be mighty grand,—that's if you raaly mane to live in Ireland, which you would only repint once, and that would be for the rest of your life.

MR. SACKVILLE.

I don't agree with you, Mr. Galbraith,—and this is a point to which I beg especially to draw your attention.—My object in coming here is to benefit the people committed by Providence to my care ; for I cannot conceive that either the laws of God authorize, or the passions of society will much longer permit, the Irish proprietors to maintain their princely holdings, in an utter neglect of the millions by whose industry their property is rendered productive. As a matter of

the plainest self-interest, I shall set earnestly to the task of improving not only the moral, but the animal condition of the peasantry.

MR. GALBRAITH.

I see, sir :—you subscribe, I suppose, of coorse, to the Kildare-street Society ?

MR. SACKVILLE.

I believe I do ; I have subscribed to so many things, by the advice and desire of my Irish friends in London, of all parties, that I really cannot remember the names of all. The multiplicity of these charities, by-the-bye, is a sad evidence of the disorganized state of the country ; and I am sure, Mr. Galbraith, in your better knowledge of Ireland, you will agree with me in the wish, that a thorough philosophic and statesmanlike reform of its institutions may soon render such quackish expedients, and feeble *mezzi-termini*, wholly unnecessary.

MR. GALBRAITH, (puzzled.)

Och, sir, surely—you are par-feckt-ly right, Mr. Sackville.

MR. SACKVILLE, (earnestly.)

There is a want among you Irish gentry [*Mr. Galbraith bows*] of seizing the Irish question in all its wholeness,—at least so it appears to me ; (though I premise that I am no politician :) and you have an inveterate habit of taking shelter in temporizing schemes, which, by frittering away time and money, divert patriotism from its true channels, and involve first principles in an endless imbroglio of incidents and contingencies.

MR. GALBRAITH, (fidgetting in his chair.)

Surely, Mr. Sackville—the peepists and the agitaytors are mighty greet schaimers, as you say, and unless government

MR. SACKVILLE.

The present government is bound by the errors of many barbarous centuries of legislation ; and an infinity of public

vices and private interests have sprung up, which at every step impede its efforts to reform: out of this monstrous state of things, two parties have sprung up equally hostile to real improvement; forming the opposite extremes, which meet at the same point of ignorance and anarchy, and labour by different means to consolidate and perpetuate the poverty and degradation of their common country.

MR. GALBRAITH, (recovering his presence of mind.)

You are par-feckt-ly right, sir; and the barony will have no quiet until Father Callaghan's patriots are sent out of it, or put down entirely. Though, to be sure, there is them that will tell you, if they can get at your ear, sir, that the Honourable and Reverend is to blame, as being a little too loyal, and too orange, as they say; but he manes well, and he is, as well becomes his cloth, a raal good Protestant.

MR. SACKVILLE, (a little puzzled in his turn.)

Oh! you are alluding to your local politics. In them, Mr. Galbraith, I shall take very little part,—none whatever, indeed. It is a little, dirty, Augean stable, with the filth of which I am determined not to meddle.

MR. GALBRAITH, (quite thrown out.)

The stable, sir,—as you plaze, Mr. Sackville, you are the master, sir. The first stone of them fine oûld offices was laid by your faymale ancistor, the Lady Isabel Sackville, that kept the place in pace and prosperity, as th'ould people tell, until Oliver's time. You know, sir,

Bould Oliver Cromwell,
He did her pum-well,
And made a breach in her battlements,

as the song says.

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

Poor lady!—a bad recompence; but pretty much the history of the resident proprietors of all times. [*Flings himself back in his chair, yawning.*] By Jove, when I think of such a *poco curante* fellow as myself running into such mill-horse drudgery as that of an Irish country gentleman—giving up

the *dolce far niente* of a London and villa life, I must say, Mr. Galbraith, I merit a place in the Irish sanctology, more than half the saints in its voluminous catalogue.

MR. GALBRAITH, (once more lost, and apostrophizing himself.)

Divil a bit of me understands one word in ten he says. [*To Mr. Sackville.*] Sure, Mr. Sackville, you are par-feckt-ly right, sir. The seints are the ruin of the pleece entirely; and as much agen the raal Christhian religion, as by law established, as the Pope himself.

[Mr. Sackville, a little tired, rises and stands with his back to the fire; Mr. Galbraith, hat in hand, rises also.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Pray, Mr. Galbraith, whereabouts is the library?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why sure, sir, this is the library, where Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville did all the business of the barony.

MR. SACKVILLE.

This! I thought it was a sort of office. But what then is become of the books? Surely that shelf of odd volumes was not the whole stock of Manor Sackville reading, was it?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Och, in regard of the books, them's odd enough, surely, some of them. Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville had all J  e Miller by heart, and was mighty comical at times, after dinner.

MR. SACKVILLE, (smiling.)

But, I suppose, he was no great reader, Mr. Galbraith?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why no, sir; not what you would call a book-worm. He used to say he thought reading taidious; and that a man must have little to do, that would sit down with a book in his hand: and, indeed, what with the newspeepers, and the

esteem, and county business, and sporting and hunting, and going up to the Curragh, and the greet company he kept at home and abroad, he had little time for looking in a book; barring on a rainy day, or the likes.

MR. SACKVILLE.

You have a tolerably good neighbourhood here, I am told,—that is, within ten miles round.

MR. GALBRAITH.

A greet neighbourhood, sir, on both sides the mountains, and a fine military road across thim; and the quality live most shuperbly. My leedy will have them all down upon her to dee. They were coming yesterday to have the honour of weeting on her, only for the rain :—that's the Honourable and Reverend's family.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Pray, who is this Honourable and Reverend? I've been looking over the shower of petitions which were thrust into the chariot yesterday; and there is one of them, in which that singular designation appears, coupled with a case of horrible oppression in the matter of tithe.

MR. GALBRAITH, (rather agitated.)

Och, th' informing villians! against the Honourable and Reverend, and he the most charitable clergyman in the county, and a raal and undoubted gintleman besides, and married to the bishop's daughter. Th' ungreetful mischief-meekers! There's a return for his schools, and his bibles, and tracts! and Mrs. Polypus's chaney roses, and creepers, and white-washing th' outsides of their cabins, and taching them to tombore!

MR. SACKVILLE.

Well, I hope these representations against your friend will turn out to be exaggerated, if not wholly a mistake. For, if true, it would be a disgrace to the church, which, at this moment, wants no such misdeeds to answer for.—I shall inquire further into the business; and if I find a tenant of

mine thus scandalously wronged, I shall do my best to procure him substantial justice, though it were against the bench of bishops themselves.

MR. GALBRAITH, (lifting up his eyes.)

Agen the binch of bishops ! Lord bless us ! I know the informer, Mr. Sackville, well, and a mighty troublesome fellow he is, at any rate ; and the blackist of peepists. None other would gainsay th' Honourable and Reverend any way, who does the greatest of good in the country.

MR. SACKVILLE.

If the poor fellow's not of our religion, I don't wonder that he should feel so sore. It is bad enough for him to pay his *dues* to the clergy of *another* faith, without being visited by rigour *beyond* the law for one he does not profess. Send the man to me, to-morrow morning ; and, Mr. Galbraith, give the widow who complains that her cow was distrained, a couple of guineas, and a receipt for the last half year's rent. [*Rings the bell and orders his horses.*] Mr. Galbraith, you will dine with us—eight o'clock.

[As Mr. Sackville takes his hat and gloves, the door opens, and BIRON enters, frisking and bounding, and ringing his little bell. He is followed by a young and very pretty personage, who stops at the door, and with a face radiant in the beauty of cheerfulness and animation, asks childishly,

May I come in—yes, or no ?

[Mr. Sackville advances, taking her hand with an air of gallantry.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Yes, to be sure, love.

[Mr. Galbraith exhibits a look of unfeigned amazement, and irrepressible archness. The pretty personage, whom he takes for the English chambermaid, is dressed in what appears to be an English stamped linen gown, and a little round-eared cap, such as are worn by Irish country girls on Pattern days. The linen gown, however, is a "*petite robe, toute simple, de perkale, peinte à l'Anglaise,*" and the round-eared cap, a "*bonnet à l'enfant, point d'Angleterre,*" both from the magazines of Victorine and Herbaut. She is accompanied by a coquetish waiting-maid, dressed nearly in the same way, but with the addition of a black silk apron ; who having deposited a packet of dresses on a chair, asks,

Miladi, à-t-elle besoin de moi ?

[She is nodded off with a significant smile, and "*Allez, allez, Justine*;" and exit.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Mr. Galbraith, I must present you to Lady Emily Sackville.—Mr. Galbraith, love, my aunt's *prud' homme*, the sense-keeper of Manor Sackville, and *locum tenens* of my friend Captain Williams. Mr. Galbraith,—Lady Emily Sackville, who, I assure you, is very desirous to make your acquaintance.

[Mr Galbraith first draws up in amazement, and then bows down in profound subserviency; going through all the figures of his five positions as he scrapes, and waves his hat. Lady Emily looks at him, with a pleased curiosity, but with the least in the world of ridicule, elicited by his low and ludicrous salams.]

LADY EMILY, (familiarly.)

Mr. Gilbraith, I am exceedingly happy to meet you: you were the very person I wanted to see and talk to. You are to be *my prud' homme*, now, observe! I've such quantities of things to speak to you about?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Oh, my leedy,—it's too great honour intirely. Whatever your leedy plazes and orders, surely must be done.

LADY EMILY.

That dear old Irish Mrs. O'Quigley gives me such a charming account of you, you have no idea! She says you are such an excellent, useful person!

MR. GALBRAITH, (bowing and smirking.)

Och! Mrs. Quigley is too good intirely; your leedyship does me high honour, ma'am. And she is a good woman herself, and a gentle-woman brèd and born.

LADY EMILY, (eagerly.)

Oh she does, indeed! she says I can get nothing done

here without you ; and that you are the best tempered little man, and the most *serviable*—in short, the *tout-tout* of the place. [*Turns eagerly to Mr. Sackville.*] You have no idea of the fun. What do you think, Harry? the beautiful *Buhl coffre* in our room, that I was going to send to the cottage in Regent's Park, is full of the most lovely old *costumes* ! All old Lady somebody Sackville's wardrobe, and such cut velvet court dresses, and bags, and swords and things : *bref*—treasures ! delights ! and we have had the dear O'Quigley to show us all. I have bought every thing from her for nothing, absolutely. They were *her* perquisites, poor old thing ! Julia and I are going ;.....you know the old volume of Sir Charles Grandison we found here. . . .but I won't tell you yet. *Je vous ménage une surprise*, [*turning to Mr. Galbraith ;*] and, Mr. Galbraith, we can do nothing without you. Now can you, like a dear man, have the billiard-table moved out of the hall immediately, into the little empty room behind the old parlour, where we breakfasted ?

MR. SACKVILLE, (hastily.)

My dear Emily, you ask an impossibility—it cannot be.

LADY EMILY, (pettishly.)

And why is not it possible ? Every thing is possible to me.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Mr. Galbraith, I appeal to you. Can a billiard-table be removed except by a maker, without utterly spoiling it ? Besides, there is no room for it in the little apartment she mentions—no one could play there ; the idea is preposterous—

LADY EMILY, (jerking round Mr. Galbraith.)

Preposterous ! Now, Mr. Galbraith, do listen to *me*—don't mind Mr. Sackville. Can't the men and the carpenters carry away the table, and leave the hall open for all sorts of plays and pageants, like Powis Castle, and Comus, and Bridgewater House. For I have such schemes in my head, and now that we have a wardrobe. . . .

MR. GALBRAITH, (in pleased confusion at his own importance, but puzzled between the higher powers.)

Surely, Lady Emily, whatever your leedyship plazes; and isn't there a little plea-house, madarn, in the out-offices, fitted up by the leet Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville, when he was first married, and brought down the celebrated Mrs. Abingdon on a visit to Manor Sackville? If it would be plazing to your leedyship to have it painted, and a touch of gilding here and there, and.....

LADY EMILY, (clapping her hands.)

Oh, delightful! A theatre here?—where? show me! Come, don't let us lose a moment.

MR. SACKVILLE, (closes the door, taking her hand, with great gravity, and speaking with emphasis.)

Emily, my dearest Emily, you shall fit up your theatre, and do whatever else may contribute to render this remote place agreeable to you; but remember, our first duty here is not idle amusement, but to relieve those naked, famishing, wild-looking creatures, who almost threw themselves under your chariot wheels, yesterday:—they, who by their labour and privations enable you to squander in luxury a noble fortune, some part of which it is our duty to devote, in the first instance, to the amelioration of their most deplorable condition. While all without your gates is cold, hunger, sickness, and suffering, you will not be able to shut yourself up in measureless content within. As soon as we roof and cleanse a few of the squalid hovels we passed yesterday, we may turn our thoughts to private theatres, and filling our house with gay guests to enjoy them: but not till then.

LADY EMILY, (with a total change of manner; and kissing the hand that clasps hers.)

Yes, yes, 'tis very true; you are always right. I was thinking of those poor, haggard creatures all night. I saw them in my dreams, still more frightful. And the tall emaciated man that threw in the petition, and the wild woman, whose husband is to be hanged innocently. O Mr. Galbraith, if you had seen her, clinging to the window of the carriage, and running beside us as fast as the horses, her

long black hair flying in the wind, and her really fine face, like the Kembles, and such tones! "Think of your own dear husband, lady, to be hang'd innocently." O God! [*She shudders and sinks on her chair. Mr. Sackville presses tenderly the hand he still holds. Lady Emily continues earnestly.*] O Mr. Galbraith, you who are yourself so good and charitable, as Mrs. O'Quigley says you are,—you, who established such nice soup-kitchens at Bally something, you *must* help me to save this poor woman, and her innocent husband—I have written down her name in my *souvenir*. [*Opens her reticule, and taking her tablets.*] Here it is—Honora Brien.

MR. GALBRAITH, (starts and changes colour.)

To be sure, my leedy. I am your leedyship's humble servant, intirely, ma'am. But you must not believe all you hear, my leedy, till you inquire both sides, at laste. That woman's a great white boy!

MR. SACKVILLE, (patting Lady Emily's cheek.)

Come, I think I may trust you *now* with Mr. Galbraith, and not fear being quite ruined. You were talking this morning about clothing for the poor people, who live on the skirts of the demesne, and pass before the windows continually. Mr. Galbraith, their state is not only heart-breaking to witness, but absolutely indecent.

LADY EMILY, (starting up.)

O dear—that's true. But go, love, go and ride. You are looking so pale—leave me with Mr. Galbraith—go, there's a good man—by bye! Take care of that fidgety colt of Clarence Herbert's.

[*She leads him gently to the door, and putting him out, shuts it after him. She then motions Mr. Galbraith to a chair, and taking another, places herself exactly opposite, and rather close to him. Galbraith holds his hat in both hands, at which Bijou makes two or three attempts; but failing in these, the dog seats himself before a wooden box, standing in the corner of the room. Mr. Galbraith eyes him with a shy look. Bijou occasionally snarls and snaps at the box.*]

LADY EMILY, (with great earnestness, and quite involved in her schemes.)

Now, Mr. Galbraith, all that Mr. Sackville says is most true, and right, and benevolent; but my idea is, that in

clothing these poor people, we may do it in a manner to give them a picturesque appearance suited to these romantic scenes—like the Swiss and Italian peasantry, you know.

MR. GALBRAITH, (posed.)

O! I do, my leedy—par-feckt-ly well.

LADY EMILY.

But, Mr. Gallespie—dress them as we may, I fear we shall never hide out those miserable looks. Why, O why! do they look so *very wretched*—and starved?—

MR. GALBRAITH, (drily.)

Oh, there's many a good *raison* for that, your leedyship. Besides, this is a bad saison for the pittaties—five-pence a stone for the red pittaties, ma'am—and sixpence for the apples.

LADY EMILY.

But why don't they eat bread, or even paste-cakes? any thing is better than starving or living on apples. Dr. Drury, our London physician, is writing such a clever book, to prove that the potatoes do all the harm, and keep the people so poor here. I am sure I don't know how it is—they are not thought bad in London. However, I have ordered an hundred copies of Dr. Drury's book, to distribute among the poor people; and you will see that they read them, Mr. Gallespie.

MR. GALBRAITH.

I shaul, my leedy. But I humbly beg your leedyship's pardon; my name is Galbraith—Jeremiah Galbraith of Maryville, ma'am!—that's my name, Lady Emily—

LADY EMILY, (laughing.)

Indeed! to be sure—well Mr. Gil—Mr. Gal—now I really beg your pardon; but I cannot recall all the strange names that I have heard lately in Wales and in Ireland—

I don't know how it is, in London, somehow, one knows every-body's name: don't you think so, Mr. —

MR. GALBRAITH.

Indeed I do, my leedy—you are par-feckt-ly right; and why not?

LADY EMILY.

But Mr.—[*she pauses; and then in a soothing tone*—]—now what is, once for all, your *nice* name?

MR. GALBRAITH, (a little mortified, and petulantly.)

Why then, my leedy, once for all, Jerry Galbraith, of Maryville, Sally Noggin—with your leedyship's good lave.

LADY EMILY.

Mr. Galbraith! But why is it not Mac Rory, or Crohore of the Bill-hook, or something with an O, or a Mac, like the names in the novels? I thought, when I came to Ireland, I should have nothing but O's and Macs, and names ending in aughs and cloughs.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Not at all, my leedy; only the peepists and the pisantry.

LADY EMILY.

The papists! what papists?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why the Romans, my leedy. The gentry of the country have no such low neams at all at all,—that's the Protestants, ma'am; (for all the esteated gentry, and greet families, and thim attached to church and steat, and king and constitution, and of the right way, are Protestants, every mother's son of them, time immemorial, since iver the Glorious and Immortal first set foot in the pleece. Och! the right sort are aisily known, my leedy, from the peepists, by name and neature, and it's with the likes of thim, your leedyship will be after living here.

LADY EMILY, (interrupting him impatiently.)

But I don't want to live with those people. I want something so very Irish, you know; such as one sees on the stage, and in the Irish novels, and that do such funny things, and are so amusing. Haven't we any papists at all on our estates?

MR. GALBRAITH, (with a peculiar draw up of his mouth and eyebrow.)

Plinty, my leedy. All the pisantry, to a man, are the blackest of peepists.

LADY EMILY.

Oh! I am delighted! I will go and see them all. I know I shall so like a black papist! Pray what is the *costume* here? Do you know, I have an idea in my head, Mr. Gillespie; I have told you, I mean to dress them all like the peasantry of the Campagna: for, you know, we are come to improve, and do all the good we can. I am dying to do good here; and we have but six weeks to stay, so now you must help us. Do you think the poor people would exchange their old national dress for one more picturesque?

MR. GALBRAITH, (with a humorous smile.)

Troth! I'm sure they would, my leedy, with all the veins: and sorrow much trouble that would teak them. For few has more nor two suits;—that is, put an, and teak off; and not that same always.

LADY EMILY.

Well, that then is settled. I'll show you the model-dress. All the materials must be Irish, you know. Only consider what good it *will* do! I don't know yet how many thousand yards of stuff and cloth it will take; but, I believe there is nothing like encouraging the Irish manufacture.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Sorrow a thing, my leedy. Oh! the manufactures are the thing.

LADY EMILY.

Especially the Irish tabinets ; and I have been thinking, as the *corsage* takes such a very little bit, that we might treat the women to a *corsage* of Irish poplin, if you have no objection.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Not the laste in loif, my leedy. Whatever you plaze.

LADY EMILY.

Well then ; say a red corsage, laced with green.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Leaced with *green*, Leedy Emily ? You ameeze me, Leedy Emily.

LADY EMILY.

Or any colour you please, Mr. Galbraith. I know there are prejudices here about colours. Mr. Sackville told me all about it ; orange or blue, or something—orange, I believe, is not reckoned loyal.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Quite the contrayry, my leedy : it's the green that's the rebelly colour. I suppose your leedyship is politician enough to know.....

LADY EMILY, (interrupting him.)

No, no ! I am not a politician. Mr. Sackville and I are come over to do as much good as possible, but no politics. Oh ! but Mr. Gil—Mr. Galbraith, who were those wretched paupers, that came out of those miserable hovels on the road-side, as we drove along yesterday, half naked, and looking so pale and haggard ? I never was so shocked : and we went on so rapidly, that I could not give them any thing. It was in that desolate village.....

MR. GALBRAITH.

Oh ! I see, my leedy. I believe your leedyship's town of

New Town Sackville, [*fixing his eyes keenly upon her.*] Well, then, my leedy, them half-naked starving, murthering-looking craturs, is the finest pisantry in the world, that one hears so much of in the peepers, and from the agitaytors, Lady Emily.

LADY EMILY.

Gracious, you don't say so ! Are those really the Irish peasantry that make one laugh so in the novels, and on the stage ?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Indeed, and troth, I do, my leedy ; only they sometimes make us laugh, here, on the wrong side of our mouths.

LADY EMILY, (seriously.)

But they don't belong to us, Mr. Galbraith ? they are not our tenants ? not Mr. Sackville's people, who pay us our ten thousand a year ?

MR. GALBRAITH.

They are your leedyship's tinants, and your tinants' tinants, and your cottiers, and your spalpeens. They all go thereby, to make up your leedyship's Irish rints in gineral, and *another* rint in particular into the bargain ; and there is not a man among them, nor woman either, for all their palaver and blarney, but would think no more of teeking the life of a Christhian, nor shooting me from behind an hedge, as often they did, (the Lord be praised for his protection,) than your leedyship's beautiful little Frinch poodle there would think of killing the rot he's watching in that hole.

LADY EMILY, (frightened, and starting up.)

Oh ! Mr. Galbraith ! you don't say there are rats in this room ? There is nothing in the world I am so much afraid of as rats ; they are my favourite aversion.

MR. GALBRAITH, (cautiously, his eyes still fixed on the box.)

Don't be afraid, my leedy ; sorrow much they show themselves in the day, though the place is ate up alive with them from garret to scullery. What do you think of them impu-

dent thieves drawing the bed from under Mistress Quigley, the other night, though she keeps that big black cat of hers always near her, like a watch-dog. [*Lady Emily moves timidly towards the door.*] Stay now, my lady; don't stir, if you please; stay where you are—keep near to the table, madam.

[He rises with caution, and appears to watch something in movement.

Lady Emily springs up on the table. Galbraith throws his hat at the box, which upsets, and an enormous rat bounces out. Lady Emily screams violently. Galbraith shouts, and claps his hand; and Bijou, barking loudly, gives chase. The rat shows great sport. Lady Emily becomes almost hysterical. Galbraith gets frightened. Bijou is outrageous. The rat escapes through a hole in the wainscot. Bijou stands at fault. Lady Emily now laughs violently. Galbraith leans against the book-case, wiping his face, and unconscious that his *coiffure au naturel* has escaped from its moorings, in the course of the chase. Bijou, with a mischievous look in his bright little eyes, has carried the wig under the table, where he is busy dressing it, after his most approved fashion. At this point, the door opens. A group, alarmed by the previous noise, rush in;—Lady Julia, in the full dress of Lady Isabella Sackville, Lord Fitzroy, and Clarence Herbert, in the cut velvet suits, bag-wigs, and swords of Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville, and Justine following with an antique dress on her arm for Lady Emily. A general burst of loud, vociferous, and continued laughter; Galbraith alone preserving his gravity, as he fans himself with his hat.]

LADY EMILY, (still on the table, holding her sides, and quite exhaustedly laughing.)

Oh! I shall die of it! I shall indeed. Look at Lord Fitzroy's face—ha! ha! ha! Do, somebody, help me to get down.

LORD FITZROY, (assisting her to descend, addresses her in a theatrical and formal manner.)

Oh! my Harriot Byron, have I indeed been so fortunate as to arrive in time to rescue you? Speak, loveliest of your sex!

LADIES EMILY AND JULIA.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

LORD FITZROY, (turning upon Mr. Galbraith, and placing his hand on his sword.)

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! you are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad manner.*

(Shakes his wig till the powder falls out.)

* See Sir Charles Grandison, p. 209, vol. i.

MR. GALBRAITH, (staring.)

Och ! is it me, sir ?—

LORD FITZROY.

Yes, you, sir.

CLARENCE HERBERT, (taking snuff affectedly.)

May I perish, if I understand this adventure.

[Galbraith, confounded, not knowing whether this is jest or earnest, but inclined to take it *tout de travers*.]

LORD FITZROY, (addressing Galbraith.)

Perhaps Sir Hargrave will explain.

MR. GALBRAITH.

I beg your lordship's pardon ! You mistake entirely, my lord—I meant no offence—I am not Sir Hargrave, my lord, as you seem to suppose ; if it isn't joking you are ; but Mr. Jeremiah Galbraith, egint to Mr. Lumley Sackville, attorney of Maryville, Sally Noggin ! [*Much laughter.*] And ye see, my lord, whin a big villain of a rot [*a shout of inextinguishable laughter*] came running about the room, like mad, and frightened the life out of my leedy

CLARENCE HERBERT, (interrupting him with an affectation of much indignation.)

But your wig, sir, your wig ! did the rat frighten *your* wig from its propriety ?

MR. GALBRAITH, (in consternation, and putting his hand to his head.)

My wig, sir—och murther ! What's gone with my new wig ? [*A general laugh.*]

LADY EMILY, (who had thrown herself into a chair.)

Oh ! Mr. Galbraith, don't mind these young men. It's all fun—ha ! ha ! ha ! It's all those comical old dresses, and

acting Sir Charles Grandison, you know—and then your new wig! and Bijou!—ha! ha! ha!

[Renewed and general shouts of laughter. Galbraith perceives Bijou's abduction of his wig, and flies to the rescue.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

Oh! you little rogue, you—quit now, quit.

[Recovers and resumes his wig, with an air of great mortification.]

LADY JULIA, (throwing herself on another chair.)

Ha! ha! ha! O my! I am *so* tired! I have laughed more in one morning, in miserable old Ireland, than

LORD FITZROY.

Than in merry old England, all your life. Well, and so have I. [*Wipes his eyes.*] If ever any body died of laughter, I shall be buried in Moge-row churchyard, before the year is out. But, Lady Emily, how do you like our dresses? I am Sir Charles —, and Herbert is “Cousin Reeves.”

LADY EMILY.

They are enchanting, and really so becoming!

CLARENCE HERBERT, (looking at Lady Julia.)

Yes; I think I never saw Lady Julia look so well; not even at her great epoch, the queen's first drawing-room! I do think the hair, drawn up over that roll,—*the system*, as dear old Mother Quigley calls it,—is most becoming. It defines a beautiful forehead so. And allow me, Lady Julia, to say, *vous brillez par là*.

LADY JULIA, (pleased.)

Dear! only see how gallant Clarence Herbert has become, since he has breathed Irish air!

LORD FITZROY, (with an assumed brogue.)

Och! it's the praties that does it, my lady.

OMNES.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

LADY JULIA.

But, I say ; we are all ready dressed, for the rehearsal of our proverb.

LADY EMILY, (still staring and laughing at the masqueraders ; while Galbraith is evidently meditating an escape, in which he is impeded by Lord Fitzroy, who has not done with him.)

Exactly. After luncheon we will have a grand rehearsal. Well, I do think that old style of *coiffure* is preferable to the modern *coiffure à la Chinoise*. Justine, do try and do up my hair that way—only to see how it will become me.

JUSTINE, (laying down her parcel.)

Mais voilà une toilette complète, miladi, robe,—pompon à grands falballas, cornette et chevelure relevée.

[Lady Emily throws off her cap. Her beautiful hair, which falls in profusion, is gathered by Justine over a black silk roll, formerly known by the name of a *tête*. They all gather round this summary toilette. At this moment, a train of carriages appears descending from an eminence at the left of the mansion, and sweeping past the library window, towards the front of the house. The party all rush to the windows, in eager curiosity. The carriages are divided into two platoons. Mr. Galbraith is called to name the parties as they pass. The first carriage is a handsome open barouche, with coronets and supporters. In the seat of honour is Lady Rosstrevor, with Mr. Grimshaw at her left, and Miss Grimshaw and Miss Mullens opposite. In a gig follow close Mr. Binns and Mrs. Grafton, both of the congregation of Lady Rosstrevor. All the parties are in earnest and zealous conversation, heads bobbing, and tongues wagging. At a little distance, a handsome dark chariot, well and knowingly appointed with postillion in purple and gold, and coachmen riding before, contains the Honourable and Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Polypus inside, and on the rumble, Miss Polypus and Captain Blackacre. In a one-horse phaeton, are the Archdeacon and Mrs. Grindall.

LORD FITZROY.

Here's an incursion ! The natives risen *en masse* ! Good turn-out though, by Jove ! Lady Rosstrevor is a monstrous pretty woman ; and the moral agent, *celà passe outre* !

MR. GALBRAITH, (running to the door.)

I'll just run, my lady, and tell th' Honourable and Reverend that you will have the pleasure of receiving them in a jiffy, which will give you all time to take off them comical ould dresses ; and I'll entertain them the while.

LORD FITZROY, (seizing his arm.)

Not so fast, my excellent Mr. Galbraith ! [*Turns to the ladies.*] Let us turn out just as we are. It will give them a sensation for the present, and *de quoi penser*, for the rest of their lives.

LADY EMILY.

Oh, delightful!—charming ! To be sure. It will be the greatest fun. Now, let nobody laugh. Here, Justine, put on this old dress over all. Never mind ; the more *boufonné* the better. Can't look too bungy, you know.

[They all assist—Galbraith tries to steal off again.]

LORD FITZROY.

No, no, Mr. Galbraith ; we can't do without *you*, can we Lady Emily ? [*Whispers.*] He'll blab if we let him off.

LADY EMILY, (with imperiousness.)

Certainly not. You must dress too, Mr. Galbraith ; that will complete the group. You shall be the *pendant* to Justine. Every one, you know, must have a cavalier, to hand her in, in the old style.

MR. GALBRAITH, (in trepidation.)

Och, my lady ! I beg your pardon ; but it would not do in this country ; they're all mighty sairious here, and. . . .

LADY EMILY.

Well, then, we'll cheer them up a little, and show them what it is to be gay. Mr. Sackville and I have it at heart to amuse them. It is among our first intentions for their good and improvement. Here, do look among those Italian cos-

tumes for something that will suit Mr. Galbraith. We *must* have you, Mr. Galbraith.

JUSTINE, (throwing every thing about.)

Ah!—mon Dieu!—mon Dieu! C'est tout costume de femme. Cependant, en voilà une qui ira bien. C'est fait exprès pour Monsieur.

[Holds up the dress of a Roman *Pifferaro*.]

OMNES.

Ha! ha! ha!

LADY EMILY.

That will do, that will do. There, just throw it over his coat; make haste!

MR. GALBRAITH, (struggling between Lord Fitzroy and Justine, who gradually force on the dress.)

My leedy! I beg your leedyship's pardon, but raally I never need show my face agen on the bench, as a magistrate, if I make a Judy Mulfluggins of myself in this way!

LADY EMILY, (haughtily, and drawing up.)

Mr. Galbraith, your principal, Captain Williams, a man of fashion, and Mr. Sackville's particular friend, (though he has done us the honour of acting as our agent for this barbarous estate,) never refuses to enter into our frolics. He acted in *my* proverbs at Florence, all last winter. I cannot, therefore, understand, in a person desirous to stay in our service—[*checks herself*,] I mean, who belongs to our establishment, that he should be too proud, and in such extremely bad taste, as to decline joining in any thing in which my sister and myself are leaders, and which Mr. Sackville will be delighted to witness, when he returns from his ride.

[Galbraith, frightened and subdued, permits Justine to finish his toilette.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

Surely, madam; whatever your leedyship plases. Only

I hope, Lady Emily, you will have the very great kindness just to explain to the Honourable and Reverend, and Lady Rosstrevor, how English agents disguise themselves, and make Judies—that is—for it's by no manes the weys of the pleece to do the loikes here.

[Enters the GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS, who observes the transformation of the company with coldness and tranquillity, as a thing of frequent occurrence.]

GROOM.

Lady Rosstrevor, my lady, and Dr. and Mrs. Polypot, and several other persons (of the neighbourhood, I believe,) are in the drawing-room.

LADY EMILY.

Oh! very well, Harrison. I'll wait on them immediately. Stay, you must announce us, or the poor people won't know which is which. And, Harrison, tell Marchand to send up soups with the luncheon, and all sorts of things. There is a long party, you know. [*Harrison bows in solemn silence.*] Well, now, is every body ready? Oh, bravo! Mr. Galbraith! charming!—Ha! ha! ha!—Now *you know* what you are?

MR. GALBRAITH, (sighing.)

Why, thin, I declare to the Lord, madam, I do not.

LADY EMILY.

You are a *pifferaro*—a Roman Pifferaro!

MR. GALBRAITH.

A Roman pufferary! see there now! If it's the same thing to your ladyship, I'd rather be a protestant pufferary.

LADY EMILY, (staring.)

Why, Mr. Galbraith, the Romans you know are all Catholics, and subjects of the Pope; and you are a sort of minstrel or piper to play before the Virgin, and of course not a Protestant.

MR. GALBRAITH, (much bewildered.)

Before the Virgin, my lady!

LADY EMILY.

Yes, you know, before the Virgin in her niches. I am supposed to have brought you over to teach the Irish to play the Roman pipes.

MR. GALBRAITH.

To play the pipes!

LADY EMILY.

Now, Lord Fitzroy, you and I take the lead. Then Julia and Clarence; and you, Mr. Galbraith,—vous menez Mam'selle Justine! Voilà,—c'est bien! Marchons!

CLARENCE HERBERT.

Stay, let me parade you all. Fitzroy, you are to salute the company "in a genteel and gallant manner." Julia, you are to bridle, and play with your fan, and I, like Sir Hargrave, am to "give myself airs with my eyes, to have them look rakish." Justine, *agacez monsieur!*

[Justine makes eyes at Galbraith.]

MR. GALBRAITH, (muttering.)

The divil a bit, but they're all as mad as hatters!

CLARENCE HERBERT.

Now then—marchons!

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE III.

[The drawing-room, a spacious, modernized apartment, scantily supplied with the lumber furniture of the worst æra of British taste, (the close of the eighteenth century,) cumbrous calico-covered chairs, and shapeless sofas, frightful pier-tables, laden with ugly glass chandeliers, before ill-framed shallow pier-glasses. The walls sprawled over with a dingy-figured paper, bounded at top and bottom with a tawdry border of blue roses and pink leaves, mingled with orange lilies and festooned nonentities. A large Northumberland table is covered with the portable elegancies of modern refinement. Several splendid volumes in morocco and gilding. (*The Italian gallery*,) albums, annuals, illustrations, &c. &c.]

In a deep window recess, closely grouped, stand the high church party of Mogherow, the HONOURABLE and REV. DR. and MRS. POLYPUS, the ARCHDEACON and MRS. GRINDALL, MISS POLYPUS, and CAPTAIN BLACKACRE, all apparently occupied with a volume of Pinelli, which they hold among them, with the sober gravity with which they would read the morning's lesson from the same Bible. Their eyes, however, are furtively watching the congregation of saints enumerated in the preceding scene, who are gathered round the table and are evidently engaged in some sly manoeuvre of pious fraud. Each saintly lady has a capacious reticule, laden with tracts.

MRS. GRINDALL, (muttering to Mrs. Polypus.)

Look, ma'am, look!—look, I beseech you! they are insinuating their new light trash among the books on the table. [*Aloud.*] Very pretty indeed! a charming print! Prints are very amusing things. Don't you think so doctor?

DR. POLYPUS, (looking covertly at the adverse party, but with sententious pomposity, addressing his reply to the fair interrogator.)

Very amusing, my dear, in their way; but they are inferior, in my mind, to fine pictures.

MRS. POLYPUS, (emphatically.)

He is right!—the doctor is right, quite right. A fine painting is a fine thing!

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.

The doctor is always right.

DR. POLYPUS.

But I like a print-book too. I like whatever gives innocent amusement, (that is, in proper season,) in spite of cant, and hypocrisy. The church is no enemy to innocent amusement. Prints, ma'am, if they do no good, do no harm; and that, let me tell you, is a great merit in these perilous days, —[*looks at the saints*]—an eulogium which cannot be bestowed on the idle books artfully thrust in the way of the ignorant and unsuspecting.

MRS. POLYPUS.

Good, good!—very good!

ARCHDEACON AND MRS. GRINDALL.

Very good, indeed!

[The saintly party having deposited a few tracts among the pomps and vanities which encumber the table, direct their attention to the bound volumes of the Florence gallery. Lady Rosstrevor, who has opened one of them, and mistakes them for scriptural illustrations, pauses over the fine print from Allori, of Adam and Eve under the tree of knowledge, with the serpent above in its branches, fixing his bright eyes on Eve.]

MR. GRIMSHAW, (aloud to his own friends.)

Oh, my friends! there is a text to enlighten the darkest! —to inspire the dullest! Behold the beauty of those sinless countenances! Behold the first man, before sin had impressed its furrows on his brow! Behold the first woman, ere shame had crimsoned her pure cheek!

MR. BINNS, (with vacant simplicity.)

They are a beautiful pair. Give you my honour, I think Adam has a great look of you, Mr. Grimshaw, if I might presume to say so.

LADY ROSSTREVOR, (raising her fine eyes from the figure of Adam, to the not ignoble countenance of her moral agent, whose long, black, and wavy hair, divided on his high forehead, gives some colour to the resemblance.)

Why, yes ; there is a likeness. If Mr. Grimshaw is not, as our first parent then was, without sin, the assurance of salvation, the consciousness of a perfect grace, may give a kindred expression to the countenance.

MR. GRIMSHAW.

Alas ! my friend, the likeness is not merely that of the outward man. Adam was the weaker vessel of the two ; and sin was already casting its shadow forwards on his brow. Eve was the well-chosen instrument of Satan's temptations ; and in selecting her for the medium of man's fall, the wily serpent showed himself, indeed, the subtlest beast of the field.

[Lady Rosstrevor sighs, and turning over the leaves, comes to the Magdalen of the same artist. The Magdalen is seated in deep shadow on a rock ; her face and figure veiled only by her long luxuriant hair.]

MR. GRIMSHAW, (contemplates the picture with enthusiasm.)

What penitence in those heavenly eyes ! Every tear seems laden with contrition. What compunction on those beautiful lips ! She had erred much ; that fair, frail creature. Her fall was terrible ; but she redeemed it. Her sins were forgiven her ; for she loved much. It is by faith alone, my children, we can hope for salvation. [*With a deep and affecting intonation.*] O ! my daughter what consolation !

[Lady Rosstrevor's lips move in mental prayer and emotion. Mrs. Grafton turns over to a magnificent work by Titian. This picture represents two subjects ; the one, the visit to the house of the pharisee ; the other, a virgin and child, surrounded by saints and angels.]

MR. GRIMSHAW.

True zeal spares not itself ; it shuts not itself up in the cell of its humble meditation ; but comes forth to seek its converts in the gorgeous dwellings of pharisaical pride.

MISS GRIMSHAW, (addresses her brother with deference.)

Sir it is pleasing to observe, even here, in the house of the pharisee, a work so edifying. The seed may be sown, the calling may have been heard. O my brother ! you may have been directed hither, at this propitious moment, by the unknown hand.

MISS MULLINS, (stupidly.)

Amen !

DR. POLYPUS, (apart to his own group.)

Did you ever hear such impudent presumption ?

[The door opens ; the masquerading party enter, in the order in which they left the library. The groom of the chambers announces "*Lady Emily Sackville.*" Lady Emily swims in, with an irrepressible air of fun, which is strongly contrasted by the grotesque gravity of her two young cavaliers. Justine, led by Mr. Galbraith, or rather forcing him on, immediately withdraws, along with the groom of the chambers, who shuts the door. The Pifferaro is left "alone in his glory," to stand the brunt of his ludicrous and painful position. Pinelli drops from the hands of the church as by law established. The saints stand aghast. Lady Emily, with graceful ease, approaches each party alternately, points to chairs, and throws herself into a fauteuil. She apologizes for the delay in her appearance, without accounting for it ; and suddenly recollecting herself, introduces Lady Julia, Lord Fitzroy Montague, Clarence Herbert, and finally Mr. Galbraith, who has taken shelter on a low stool, behind a high-backed sofa. His head only is visible, dressed in a red net, and the high-crowned hat with flowers, of the Roman Pifferaro. The astonishment of the formal guests increases, not unmingled with feelings of resentment. They suspect a mystification, but fear to risk an expression, which may betray an ignorance of some newly revived old fashion—having before their eyes the threat of hoops, and powdered toupies, recently announced in the London papers as re-appearing in the circles of Paris. The guests return the "genteel and gallant" salutes of the Grandison party with cold and suspicious formality. At the announcement of Mr. Galbraith's name, the church party burst out into an involuntary laugh. The brows of the saints knit and darken. Mr. Binns and Miss Mullins bite their lips and try to look miserable.]

DR. POLYPUS.

I beg your ladyship's pardon—ha ! ha ! ha ! the masquerading of my old friend, Jerry Galbraith, I confess, a little upsets me. I should never have recognized him under that disguise, which gives him the look of our Christmas mummers.

MR. GALBRAITH, (with an imploring look to Lady Emily.)

Her leedyship will explain, Dr. Polypus, the meaning of this dress, which I have put on, just to try how it will shoot the lower orders, in respect of her leedyship's new dressing the poor of the pleece in Irish manufacture.

LADY EMILY, (good-naturedly coming to his relief, and with great earnestness in her own plans.)

O certainly, Mr. Galbraith : Dr. Polypus, you are aware that Mr. Galbraith is sub-agent to our Irish estates. We really have a great confidence in Mr. Galbraith. He is so very good-humoured. He has been good enough to try on our model dresses, which we have brought for the poor Irish from Italy ; for I assure you all, [*looking graciously round,*] that we have come to this wretched country with the best intentions for ameliorating the condition of the lower classes, as Mr Sackville says. Now this dress—pray stand up, Mr. Galbraith.

THE CHURCH PARTY.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

[The saints grow grave, (as the establishment becomes gay,) and are taking in gas for a future explosion. Lady Emily draws up, and fixes the Grindalls, Miss Polypus, and her beau, with a look of intense haughtiness. Dr. Polypus directs "*un regard foudroyant*" at his family, who suddenly look grave, and become silent as mutes. The Grandison party flutter and bridle, and shake their bag wigs, and flirt their fans, and "give themselves airs with their eyes."]

LADY EMILY, (continues with increasing emphasis.)

It does not appear to me that there is anything laughable in the costume which good Mr. Galbraith has put on to please me. You will find it in that volume of Pinelli, Mrs. Polypus. It is light, warm, and *picturesque*. Compare it with the filthy rags of the wretches I saw yesterday swarming about this place,—(in the last twenty miles I counted three churches, and not one well-dressed peasant,)—and if you laugh at this, turn and weep at the misery which surrounds you.

MR. GALBRAITH, (to himself.)

Divil a bit, but they're getting it now.

[Lord Fitzroy, unseen, pats Lady Emily on the shoulder, and in a low voice says, "*Bravo, padrona !—"bravo, ancora !"*]

LADY ROSSTREVOR, (in a rhapsodical manner.)

O Lady Emily ! if you form an opinion of all the poorer

classes of this country, from what you have seen in the benighted villages of Manor Sackville and Mogherow, you will greatly deceive yourself. You speak of their outward wretchedness ; but what is it to their inward darkness ! what is the body which perisheth, to the soul that lives for ever ?

THE SAINTS, (in a low, deep, choral intonation.)

What ! what !

[Mr. Grimshaw seems buried in silent meditation.]

LADY EMILY.

I do not see why the body is to be abandoned to filth and misery, because the soul is to be saved. Besides, as Mr. Sackville says, how can one shut oneself up, in measureless content, within one's gates, when all without is wretchedness and privation ?

THE GRANDISON PARTY, (flirting and bridling in chorus.)

How ! how !

MISS GRIMSHAW, (pertly, and getting the start of Dr. Polypus and Grindall, who each strives to gain "*la parole*.")

That is rather, I beg your ladyship's pardon, a selfish consideration. Turning charity into a luxury, is making it a purely human enjoyment.

MR. BINNS.

Purely human !

LADY EMILY.

Is it *not* humane, is it not a luxury, to substitute pleasure for pain, health for disease, comfort and contentment for poverty and despair ?

[A struggle for "*la tribune*" between the Church and Congregation.]

LADY ROSSTREVOR.

It may be a luxury, madam, but it is not religion—for

among the children of light and grace, the human feeling is but the canker in the rose; it is the sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal. Man is saved by faith alone!

THE SAINTS.

By faith alone!

[Dr. Polypus rises with a look and manner that indicate "*the church is in danger.*" But Lady Emily interrupts him petulently.]

LADY EMILY.

Lady Rosstrevor, I regret that I cannot agree with you. I have always been taught that charity is a virtue at all events; in this miserable country, it is a duty; and it will be to us, as Mr. Sackville says, a positive enjoyment. We are therefore resolved to devote ourselves exclusively to doing good. All we want is to know how we shall set about it.

THE CHURCH AND THE SAINTS, (in antiphonizing chorus.)

We shall be most happy, Lady Emily, to point out the way.

DR. POLYPUS, (laying both hands on the table, and with a stentorian voice and ex-cathedra manner.)

Lady Emily, I have the honour to be the rector of the parish of Manor Sackville; and if public station gave any right to meddle with private opinion, I certainly might claim the right of the church as by law established, to direct the benevolent views of the wealthiest of my parishoners.

MRS. POLYPUS.

He is right—quite right.

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.

He is always right.

DR. POLYPUS.

Lady Emily, I will yield to no man in my devotion to my country, and in attachment to the lower orders. I love the

poor Irish, madam, first, as my humble fellow-creatures; secondly, as the flock committed to my care by Providence. [*A low moan from the Saints.*] Yes, madam, committed to my care. I have not seduced them by low and canting arts from other folds. I have neither led, nor misled them, through pathless wilds of sectarian fanaticism, which sooner or later, must end in atheism. [*A louder groan from the Saints: the Grandison party affect to be much interested in the discussion, and shake the powder about.*] I may one day, madam, become an unworthy member of that Reverend Bench, to whose patronage and support, almost every charitable institution in this kingdom is mainly indebted, and whose revenues go so largely to their support. I am aware that the poorer classes here know not this fact. By a detestable cant, even the poor Protestants are taught that the episcopal properties are an abuse of religion, and must be confiscated to their use; while the poor wretches are at the same time un pityingly drained of their last shilling, for the service of the ravenous tabernacle.

MISS GRIMSHAW.

Drained for the tabernacle! drained of their last shilling! O Dr. Polypus, this from you! who draw your four thousand a-year from these poor people!

DR. POLYPUS, (a little thrown out by this palpable hit; but promptly recovering his presence of mind.)

Thirdly, madam, I love the church,—I mean I love the poor people of the country, I say, because they,—that is, the poor

MISS GRIMSHAW, (eagerly.)

Because the poor pay you the tithes, which go to make up the immense revenues of your numerous pluralities.

DR. POLYPUS, ("patience perforce with wilful choler meeting," in an affected tone of moderation and good breeding.)

Miss Grimshaw, I respect you as a worthy lady, sincere, I believe, though rather intemperate in your calling, (for one, at least, of your sober years;) [*turning to Lady Emily;*] and thirdly, madam

MISS GRIMSHAW, (*piqué au jeu.*)

I beg *your* pardon, Doctor Polypus ; *my* years, Dr. Polypus, have nothing to do with the subject under discussion. I do say, that many of the members of the Church of England have no other object than to amass wealth, and aggrandize their own families, so that church dignities have become almost an inheritance ; and bishops, their sons, and sons-in-law, in the plenitude of their powers, their indolence and their arrogance, lose all recollection of the apostolic mandate "to be blameless, not greedy of filthy lucre, nor lifted up with pride, and self-conceit."

[A general murmur of applause among the Saints ; of contempt and resentment among the high church, intermingled with broken sounds of "*low*"—"mean"—"*trading saints*," &c.]

LADY EMILY, (*eagerly and warmly in controversy.*)

Well now, Dr. Polypus, go on : we shall be summoned to luncheon directly.

DR. POLYPUS.

Well, Lady Emily ; and thirdly,—but I have to observe, that there are, as your ladyship must know, accusations which justly subject their makers to a charge of wilful violation of the truth ; and it is common in the low-born and low-conditioned, to envy those with whom they cannot be placed in comparison. Thirdly, then, madam, and lastly—but first I fling from me with indignation, the insinuations of my very respectable friend, Miss Grimshaw, in all that concerns the payment of tithes : first, because the poor people, whom I love and pity, do not pay me my tithes ; next, because they have not for two years paid me my tithes ; and thirdly, because I have, this day, received a notice from the Whitefeet, that they will never pay me my tithes any more.

MRS. POLYPUS.

He is right—he is quite right.

THE SAINTS, (*incredulously.*)

Oh ! oh !

LORD FITZROY, (standing forth with an assumed "guindé" air; and with his hand to his sword, in imitation of Sir Geoffrey Sackville over the chimney-piece.)

I rise to corroborate the assertion of Dr. Polypus. I am an officer of his majesty's service; I have been four days only in my quarters at Mogherow; and on the second day of my sojourn, I was put upon active service, to surround and capture and expose for sale, Molly Molony's mother-pig and all her pretty little ones; the said Molly having refused ever again to pay tithe, in *sæcula sæculorum*. And I further declare that the Niobe of the sty, with tears in her eyes did complain

CLARENCE HERBERT, (in mimicry of the noble debates in the upper house.)

I rise to suggest to my nubble friend, than whom there does not exist a finer or more gallant officer, that his ludship mistakes the fact, in as much as that it was *not* Molly Molony's pig, but Molly herself, who, with tears in her eyes, did complain.

[A general titter among the Mondains]

DR. POLYPUS.

I did not know your lordship was the young officer called upon to perform that disagreeable, but most important duty; nor indeed (having returned to the country but a few days) that we had the pleasure of having you quartered in our neighbourhood. I hope the Marquis is quite well. I had the honour of

[Enter HARRISON from a newly-made folding-door, at the further end of the room. He bows low, waving his napkin, and backs out. A sumptuous banquet, by the name of luncheon, appears laid out in the adjoining room, made "to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes." The sight and odour operate as a "*trêve de Dieu*;" and the party proceed, by a common impulse, to obey the law of that nature which levels to one condition saints and sinners, the little and the great, in presence of a well-furnished table. The luncheon consists of "*potages*," "*froids à la gelée d'aspic*" of all kinds, hot cotelettes, &c., with the choicest wines, confectionery, and fruits; and a bouffet laid out with tea, coffee, and liqueurs. It excites unusual admiration, and a little surprise in the visitors. Lord Fitzroy takes the head of the table, supported by Lady Rosstrevor on his right, (who is flanked by her moral agent,) and by Lady Emily on the left, flanked by Dr. Polypus. Mr. Galbraith, who has dropped his pifferaro dress behind the sofa, entrenches himself behind a cold

surloin of beef, at the foot of the table, proud of doing the honours. The party are scarcely seated, and a general attack began, when Mr. Sackville enters, accompanied by a tall and rather stout young man, with a dress partly clerical and partly sporting. Mr. Sackville stares at the appearance of his own friends. Lady Emily runs to him to appease his annoyance.]

LADY EMILY, (aside.)

We were caught, as you see. Never mind it; *they* don't, I assure you—they think it is *tout de bon*.

[Mr. Sackville's look of amazement and displeasure yields to his good breeding. He is generally and briefly presented by Lady Emily; and then leads up the stranger, whom the guests recognize with looks of surprise, contempt and anger.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Lady Emily, I must present the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan to you. You have to thank him for me, for he has just saved my limbs, at the risk at least of his own. Now you need not look so pale; since I am here, and in a whole skin. That vicious colt of yours, Clarence, was rather too much for me.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (with great ease, and taking the seat assigned him next Mr. Galbraith, to whom he holds out his plate for a slice of cold beef.)

Not vicious, Mr. Sackville, but spirited. Spirit is often mistaken for vice, in man and baste,—in this country especially. But I think, sir, I could take the shine out of that beautiful high-bred little animal; for an animal may be high bred in his own race—colt, as well as curragh favourite.

DR. POLYPUS, (to Mrs. Grindall.)

Did you ever see such easy impudence? They don't know who he is!

CLARENCE HERBERT, (who is placed on the other side of O'Callaghan, dropping his affected tone, and addressing with eagerness.)

You are quite right, sir. But it is a doctrine not sufficiently known. You may breed up to any point. Have you read Mr. Karkeeth of Truro, on the education of horses?

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (without interrupting his gastronomic course.)

"The Veterinarian,"—I take it in, sir. I have just got the last number from London—a capital work. The philosophy of the stable might often be applied to the philosophy of man. The pleasure of a glass of wine, sir.

MR. CLARENCE HERBERT.

With all my heart.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

He recommends—that's Mr. Karkeeth—three modes of educating the horse—punishment, reward, and emulation; but above all, he recommends gentle means to coercive. He'd have made a capital legislator for Ireland—that's in the old times—he deprecates a horse of spirit and mettle being deprived of his food. I'll trouble you for the potatoes, young man. Mr. Galbraith, you ought to tache Mr. Sackville's cook to dress potatoes; no one understands dressing potatoes but the lower Irish.

[Galbraith and the Church party "all astonishment."]

MR. GALBRAITH, (to himself.)

The devil a bit of such aisy impudence ever I witnessed—Maynooth for iver!

MR. SACKVILLE, (breaking off a conversation with Lady Rossetrevor, and walking round the table, stops opposite Mr. O'Callaghan.)

Perhaps *you* can give us some hints, sir. I assure you, I think such secrets worth knowing. I have always thought that potatoes are better dressed in France than any where. I like them *à la maitre d'hôtel* amazingly.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

Not at all, sir, begging your pardon. Potatoes should always come up in their jackets. You must ate a hot potatoe out of the pot, in an Irish cabin, to know what a delicious thing it is. The craturs won't always have a grain of salt to give you with it: but they'll be sure to sweeten it with a

cead mille faltha; and I believe, sir, there is no better sauce to a plain thing, than the hearty welcome of a cordial hospitality.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Not to have salt to one's porridge, is a proverbial expression for poverty; and literally, not to have salt to one's potatoe, seems even below the scale of Irish privation.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

Why then, sir, at this moment, within gun-shot of this stupendous and splendid banquet, at which we are (thanks to the Lord) faring sumptuously, and where, as the poet says, "all is more than hospitably good," there are hundreds of poor creatures who would think themselves well off, to have plenty of potatoes, without the salt; and who would consider a *scudan rhu*, by way of a kitchen, a faist for a king.

MR. SACKVILLE, (much affected.)

Good God! The disparity is frightful. But what is that dish you speak of? Is it any thing that I can supply them with?

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

Is it the *scudan rhu*, sir? Oh, it's only a salt herring, sir, and a single one is often a great trate to a whole family; and it is *shough'd* about like an anchovy, or other delicacy, after a fine dinner like this.

DR. POLYPUS.

After all that is said of the poverty of the Irish Peasantry, I most sincerely believe, that on an average, they are better off, or at least as well, as the peasantry of the continent. I have heard many enlightened travellers say so.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

I make no comparisons, Dr. Polypus, for I have not travelled further than Paris; [*turns to Mr. Sackville*]; but when it is remimbered, sir, that the Irish peasant pays to the

land shark squireens at the rate of six pounds per acre, or more, for his half-acre of that land, which these middle men get from you, Mr. Sackville, for thirty shillings,—a rent amounting to eleven-pence out of every shilling he earns—that when at the back of this, he contributes to keep Doctor Polypus's coach-and-four,—laving a pretty profit to his proctor besides—that he maintains in a very genteel way my principal, the Rivirend Father Everard, (who will give you as good a boiled fowl, and a bottle of port, as any man in the barony,) and that he even helps me to keep a tight little hack to ride to a station, or mass-house,—you will aisyly conceave, Mr. Sackville, that the cratur may think himself well off with a potatoe;—without the luxury of the *scudán rhu*, and often without a drop of butter-milk to wash it down. The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr. Galbraith. Shall it be Burgundy, sir? I have it here beside me. [*Helps himself, and Mr. Galbraith who is overuchelmed by his "aisy assurance."*]

LADY EMILY, (poking her head forward, and listening with great earnestness.)

What is his name, Dr. Polypus? he is amazingly clever, and so amusing!

DR. POLYPUS.

Do you really think so? I never met him before. His vulgarity, as much as his peculiar position here, keeps him out of good society. I forget his name; but by the lower orders he is commonly called Father Phil of Mogherow.

LADY EMILY, (graciously.)

Father Mog-e-row, will you allow me to recommend you some *gèlèe à l'aspic*, with your cold ham. [*A great titter.*]

MR. GALBRAITH. (to Mr. O'Callaghan, who is still talking to Mr. Sackville, with ease and earnestness.)

Father Phil, my lady is asking you to take some jelly.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

I ask your Ladyship's pardon—whatever you do me the honour to recommend.

LORD FITZROY.

Lady Rosstrevor, will you take wine?

[The butler advances with some sherry; Mr. Grimshaw pushes it on one side, helps her to hock, and intercepting Lord Fitzroy's bow, drinks with her himself.]

LORD FITZROY, (to Lady Emily.)

Come, that's cool. *Parlez moi du père directeur après cela.*

MR. SACKVILLE, (still in conversation with Mr. O'Callaghan.)

Perhaps there never were more obvious causes for evident effects than those of the wretchedness around us. But the remedy, if not unknown, is, at least, apparently unattainable. For seven hundred years, the history of Ireland has remained the same;—misgovernment, "one and indivisible." What is the secret of this? Do you know, I am sometimes half inclined to suspect that there may be something of race at the bottom of all. Nothing is so like the physical character of the ancient Celts, as that of the modern Irish,—I mean the mere Irish.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (wiping his mouth, throws his napkin on his plate, and gives himself up wholly to his subject.)

To be sure, sir. I am a studier of races. Every man who is fond of dogs and horses, and all the poor brute bastes in the creation, as I am, will be a believer in the hereditary temperament of the different great families of the earth. There, sir, sits my neighbour, Jerry Galbraith. Look at that face of his. [*All turn their eyes on Galbraith, who is "bothered entirely," at being thus singled out.*] Well, sir, all the world over, I would say that was an Irish graft on a Scotch stock. Thin sir, you need not be after studying the genealogical table of the ancient and respectable families of the Polypuses and the Grindalls, to know them as Williamites,—Dutch transplanted to Ireland—a mixture of the tulip and the trefoil.

LORD FITZROY, (to Lady Emily.)

Yes, by Jove, gaudy and creeping.

[The Polypuses and Grimshaws redden with anger.]

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

Then look, Mr. Sackville, at your own high Anglo-Norman faces—another animal altogether, sir.

[Great symptoms of impatience and indignation among the Irish aristocracy.]

DR. POLYPUS, (in a whisper to Lady Emily.)

This is going a little too far. His father, madam, is a poor farmer on your ladyship's estate. I remember that impudent fellow, holding the plough, and dropping it, to run to the hedge schools, until he was sixteen. He was then transferred by that old Jesuit, Mr. Everard, the parish priest, (whose curate he now is,) to Maynooth College,—the house of refuge, Lady Emily, for all rebellion and idolatry.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (to Mr. Sackville.)

It's throe for you, sir. It's among the pisantry that you will find the raal ancient, ould Celts, Mr. Sackville;—up in the mountains of Munster and Connaught, the Daltries and Cunnamara; and down in the lowlands, among the lower classes, like myself. As to the brass-buttoned gentry, as we call them at the fair of Ballynasloe, they're all furreigners, sir, Danes, Saxons, Spaniards, (or Milesians, if you will,) Normans, Allemans, and Dutch. Th' ould saying, sir, that when any one was missing in Europe,—*Amandatus est in Hiberniam*, is not truer, than the fact, that every *Che Shein** of a furreign fellow, that was on the *Schaughran*, or, as the Frinch say, on the *parvé*, at home, with nothing to live by but his sword and his swagger, came skipping across the herring-pond, to cut and carve a nice slice of poor ancient ould Ireland, for his share of the plunder,—bating back the original residents to the mountains or woods; or, as ould Richard Regan says in his Chronicle, “waiting to hunt the Irish, till the laves were off the trees.” Och! Worristru!

[The English party laugh. The church and new-light are bursting with indignation.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

But the intruder was sure to be beaten back himself, in

* An Irish phrase, applied to a swaggerer—literally, “Who is he?”

his turn, by some new comer, some more puissant invader. It is the history of all nations ; and not peculiar to Ireland.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (filling himself a glass of wine and tossing it off)

Oh ! by no means, Mr. Sackville. For look to thim Anglo-Normans. Since iver they left the track of their *traheens* in the soil, there they are, rooted like docks. They've held fast by the fiddle, as the clown says at Donnybrook fair, sticking like burrs, and flourishing like mustard-seed, to this day. They are the *fil's*'s, (which we translate Fitzes,) the Geraldines, the Moriscoes, the de Talbots, and the de Botelers, six hundred years and more, keeping the place from the right owners.

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

Six hundred years are no brief possession, Mr. O'Callaghan. But I also am a victim of innovation ; the Norman adventurers having treated the Lumleys, my Saxon ancestors in England, as they did your forefathers in Ireland. Yet I hold that it is neither for the pride, nor the policy of a nation, to be too prompt to acknowledge such humiliating facts ; still less to complain of their duration. Complaint is the language of weakness, an acknowledgment of inferiority, physical or moral, of race or of civilization. Such reverses are universal. It was so with the Greeks and the Romans. In our own times France has conquered all Europe ; and though forced to recoil, she has let fall seeds, to perpetuate the remembrance of her temporary supremacy, which are now springing up, and are destined to bear fruits that will change definitively the character and habits of the civilized world.

THE CHURCH AND NEW LIGHT, (in mutters.)

Pretty seed—Atheism and Jacobinism !

FATHER O'CALLAGHAN, (in like murmurs.)

The philosophy of the Frinch liberals : but any how, there's life in a muscle, as Father O'Toole says of the Jesuits ; and the Gallican church, phoenix-like, will yet spring from its own ashes in spite of all the Voltaires in the world.

MR. SACKVILLE.

There is no wrestling with events. They are more powerful than men. The fate of Ireland was inevitable. It is her interest, now, to forget the past; and to cut into the line of march, which is leading on the age to the far more mighty future.

[The Church and State again thrown back.]

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (vehemently.)

I don't agree with you, Mr. Sackville, as far as Ireland goes. Ireland is the last country on the face of the creation that should forget the past. It is all she has,—the memory of the time when she was “great, glorious, and free.”

LORD FITZROY, (dressing an orange with various condiments.)

When was that, Mr. O'Callaghan?

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (intemperately.)

When was that, my lord? Long before your lordship's ancestors left their *Bicoque* in Normandy, and came over as *officiers de bouche*, in the domestic establishment of William the Conqueror of England.

LORD FITZROY, (cooly, and slicing his orange.)

Do you know, Mr. O'Callaghan, that I am vastly proud of that descent. An *officier de bouche* means a cook,—in modern parlance, an artist; and the art itself marks the highest point of civilization. Think, sir, of the vast difference between the man who cooks a cutlet to a turn, and he who devours it half raw, after he has coddled it between two hot stones! The first was my ingenious predecessor, the latter was doubtless yours. Both perhaps were great in their calling: but diet makes the man. The masticator of tough, sodden collops, was a different personage, depend upon it, from him of the cutlet. Allow me to send you a touch of my hereditary office. You will find this dressed orange a conclusive argument.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (with perfect good humour.)

With all my heart, my lord. Will you allow me the honour of a glass of wine?

MR. FITZROY.

What shall it be ! Hock ?

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

I've not the last objection in life, my lord. Here's Mr. Galbraith choking ; shall we take him in ? [*Fills Mr. Galbraith's glass. They bow and drink.*] But, Mr. Sackville ; being, as I am sure you are, a good friend to Ireland, I should wish you to feel the importance of keeping up the national spirit, by preserving the glorious remembrance of past times. Let not Ireland forget what she was, and what she yet may be. As our native and immortal bard says,

“ Let Erin remember the days of old.”

MR. SACKVILLE, (smiling.)

What ?

“ When her faithless sons betrayed her ?”

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (vehemently.)

No, sir,—that's not the reading.—“ *Ere* her faithless sons betrayed her !”

“ And Malachi wore the collar of gold,
That he won from the proud invader.”

MR. SACKVILLE, (shaking his head.)

Oh ! that collar of gold ! It was still a collar. But, my dear sir, such signs and images of the worst times in the history of humanity, have served the purpose for which they were new burnished, and brought once more forward. The *piece de circonstance*, in which they were introduced as appropriate machinery, has been brought, thank God ! to a successful conclusion ; and they should now be returned to the old property room of Irish vanity, as no longer applicable to the wants of the times. I must repeat, that men, so influential as yourself in your community, might teach with good effect the necessity of forgetting the past, and of concentrating all the force of the country upon the present,—its peace, prosperity, and moral improvement.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (earnestly.)

Oh, Mr. Sackville, it is neither for the present interest, nor for the future fortunes of the country—neither for her pride nor her glory, that Ireland should forget the past. She should not forget that her soil, where for centuries “many a saint and many a hero trod,” has been bathed in the blood of her brave sons, who were deprived of their liberty, and of their ancient, national, and venerated church.

MR. SACKVILLE.

But your poetical saints and heroes, in plain English, were idle monks and ferocious banditti—alike barbarous, bigoted, and living by the plunder and degradation of the people. They have no longer advocates or admirers in the nineteenth century, save only in that house of refuge for all by-gone institutions and forms,—Ireland. It is her unlucky peculiarity to have been thrown back on the past, through distrust of the future : and partly, perhaps, by her remote geographical position—partly by the denial of education—to have been excluded from the lights which have beamed upon the rest of Europe. But a new era is come ; your religion is free. The spirit of the age will no longer tolerate that proconsular government which has so long impeded the national energies. No longer, therefore, degraded, you should learn to bear the truth ; and with a career opened to praise, you should not seek to be flattered. The past, even if your early history be not altogether a delusion, is at least inapplicable to your present position. Other virtues, other energies, than those of your barbarous ancestors, are necessary to lead you to prosperity and happiness. You want not saints but citizens ;—not heroes, but peaceable, industrious, and calculating utilitarians.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN.

O none of your Utilitarians, none of your Bentham's ! Pathriotism, Mr. Sackville, pathriotism taches another lesson. Where else can our fine pisantry larn to love their country, and devote themselves to its freedom, but in the records of the courage and piety of their ancestors—the pages of O'Flaherty, Keating, and O'Hallorum ?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Oh! Mr. O'Callaghan; that is no declamation of yours; you are evidently too clever, too clear-sighted a person, to be the dupe of such vague generalities, or monstrous fables, as the authors advance, to whom you allude. You must know and feel, that your peasantry are no longer the finest in the world; whatever they may have been. Neglect, oppression, want, and the influence of others over their deep, dark ignorance, have degraded them in too many instances, to the level of the brute animal, who shares their hut and their scanty food. Their very nature seems changed. Human life has ceased to be valued among them; they take it without remorse,—as they part with it without regret; and if the soil of Ireland is still bathed in blood, it is not drawn by her enemies, but by her infuriated children.

[Mr. O'Callaghan exhibits marks of vehement impatience, but he is anticipated in his eagerness to reply, by Dr. Polypus, who raises his voice, and speaks in a dogmatic tone. Lady Emily's quick eye glances rapidly round; she is breathlessly attentive. Galbraith remains buried in humorous consternation, and is subserviently silent. The Saints heave, and pant, and wait their call. Lord Fitzroy is much amused. Lady Julia, and Clarence Herbert, have neither eye nor ears for what is passing; and are deeply engaged with—each other.]

DR. POLYPUS.

Mr. Sackville, you have hit the point. The present disturbed and ferocious—but I have neither words nor breath to express myself on the present state of Ireland, the worst the world ever witnessed. It is, as you say, partly owing to the present anti-protestant government, and partly to a set of mischievous men in the Roman Catholic church, who are exercising the most frightful influence over the minds of the lower orders. The late otherwise excellent ministry were bullied, in a moment of weakness, into that fatal measure, the emancipation of the Catholics, by those who constitute the present government;—men, who are not only plotting the revival of popery in this country, but, by the frightful system of education they have introduced, under the pretext of rendering it national, are undermining Christianity itself. The horrid profanation of mutilating God's holy word, can only proceed from the worst designs; but worse than that—they have intro-

duced Roman Catholic versions of the Scriptures, to seduce and corrupt the Protestant youth, even in their own schools.

[The Saints groan in spirit.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Both versions, sir, are given, I understand.

DR. POLYPUS.

But why both? What have we of the established religion to do with the impositions and interpolations of the Catholic church?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Both are given, because the children to be educated are of both persuasions; and the extracts from the Scriptures are intended for both.

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.

We of the Established Chnrch, Mr. Sackville, are satisfied with the admirable version of the Scriptures given at the reformation. We think that "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," is quite as correct, if not as profitable, a translation, as "*Do penance.*"

MR. GRIMSHAW.

There is no such doctrine as penance in the Bible. Penance, sir, is a filthy rag of Babylon, and implies a reliance on human works, to the exclusion of that healing faith, which is man's only claim to salvation.

MR. SACKVILLE.

As a Protestant, I have my own opinion as to which is the more correct translation: but government, sir, has nothing to do with polemics. Conciliation was its object; and when both translations were set down, every thing that fairness requires was effected.

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.

Sir, it is the Bible we want.

MR. GRIMSHAW.

Aye, sir, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

ARCHDEACON GRINDALL.

We do not want the Latin idiom substituted for the original.

MR. SACKVILLE.

But what *was* the original, archdeacon? in which of the dialects of a country, (where so many were spoken,) did the Baptist address himself to the multitude, composed of all nations?

LADY EMILY, (to Lord Fitzroy.)

How very amusing this is!

LORD FITZROY.

A little digressive, but not the less interesting.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (dogmatically.)

The Bible, by itself, sir, will give you no light on that subject; for that, Mr. Sackville, you must look, as your church has looked for so many other subjects, to those early traditions bequeathed by the apostles to *that* faithful church, which they founded almost in the presence of Him, to whom be all praise. [*Blesses himself.*] This is only one of the thousand instances in which the keenest polemical scent is thrown out, if it takes the Scriptures for its sole guide.

MR. GRIMSHAW, (with awful solemnity.)

O ye of little faith! Hear me, that ye may profit.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, (rising to his full height, and raising his sonorous voice.)

Hear *me*; for I will be heard out, Mr. Grimshaw:—For more than an hundred years, you of the Reformation have trod us under foot; but I am now an emancipated Catholic. You must hear me; and cannot torture, ruin, and degrade

me for speaking the truth, (what I at least believe to be the truth.) You cannot now seize the colt, which will carry me from this door in a few minutes, and possess yourself, for five pounds, of the papist baste that is worth forty. I tell you then, you gentlemen of the Reformation, and you of the New Reformation, you must both come back to us. You are in a cleft stick ;—faith or reason, Catholicism or Deism. It is the tradition of the true church, alone, that can save you from being split into myriads of sects. You are carrying on a guerilla war among yourselves; you agree in nothing, but to hate, calumniate, and persecute us. It is you who have torn the Lord's seamless garment, the emblem of unity and peace. You have deserted authority; and yet you dare not call on reason to justify your several opinions. It is.

DR. POLYPUS, (interrupting him.)

As a member of the church of England, as a dignitary of that church, I cannot sit by, and hear the minister of a religion teeming with idolatry, advocate tenets, which in other and better times were forbidden by the law as superstitious and traitorous,—a blasphemous religion, or rather a church without a religion.

LORD FITZROY, (in an under tone.)

Strong epithets those—"hard usage, by Jove." [*Mr. Sackville nods assent.*]

MR. GRIMSHAW.

A church, which rejects the Bible.

LADY ROSSTREVOR.

A church, where the creature is every thing, and the Creator forgotten.

MISS GRIMSHAW.

The abomination of abominations.

MISS MULLINS, (half asleep.)

Amen !

MRS. GRAFTON AND MR. BINNS, (interrupting a spiritual and spirited flirtation.)

Amen, indeed, as good Miss Mullins observes.

MR. SACKVILLE, (after waiting for his opportunity.)

Nay, nay, we must not all bear down on Mr. O'Callaghan at once. I belong to neither of your creeds. Permit me, therefore, to part the combatants. For myself, indeed, I cannot admit the authority of tradition; and Mr. O'Callaghan will forgive me, if I say, that it is the rule of barbarism, and the learning of ignorance. A civilized age will not accept it, save only when in want of better evidence, and when its dicta are confirmed by reason and experience. Neither can I agree with him that he has succeeded by its aid in attaining to that unity, of which he, as a Roman Catholic, boasts. Remember sir, the absurdities of your casuists,—the warfare of your Dominicans and the Franciscans,—the endless disputes of the Molinists and the Jansenists. I agree, however, with you, that the establishment, in adopting so much of your discipline, as goes to bow us in a blind submission to its own articles of faith, has placed itself in a false position. You are both seeking an unity of opinion which is not attainable from men; which, not being according to the natural law, cannot be according to the revealed. But while I protest against a prostration of intellect, to the authority either of Roman or protestant orthodoxy, I cannot hold myself answerable for the errors of all who unite with me in the independent search of truth. We must each be judged by his own doctrines; and one cannot be confuted by the other. Yet why judge at all? What I have heard to-day tends only to satisfy me of what I have long thought,—that spiritual pride, and the thirst for spiritual dominion, are among the most powerful causes of Irish misery. I see in your irreconcilable disputes, and common intolerance, the greatest obstacles, not only to domestic peace, but to every common effort for your common improvement. It is the curse of this country, that it is overcharged with a fiery zeal, which is as fatal to every other virtue, as it is to Christian charity. It is this morbid excess and derangement of the religious feeling, or rather the ignorance in which these are founded, that has rendered Ireland the prey of every impostor, who, under the cloak of piety, of patriotism, or of politi-

cal ascendancy, has sought to mislead her. False zealots in religion, false patriots in politics, of every shade and colour, inculcate a blind respect for authority; and Catholic and Protestant, orange and green, alike agree in hating and fearing the man who dares to think for himself, and act according to the dictates of an independent conscience. Give to Ireland knowledge, and you will soon give her repose; give her repose, and her fierce energies will be turned upon her own interests, and find a healthy and happy scope in a well-regulated and productive industry.

MR. GRIMSHAW, (rising with a theatrical and imposing air, and overwhelming the attempts of Mr. O'Callaghan and of Dr. Polypus to speak.)

Peace! I invoke, I command it, in the name of Him, by whose call I speak. Ye have heard each other. Will ye not hear the Lord? [*He pauses, looks around, throws up his head, shakes back his long black hair, and rolls his eyes, so as to assume an appearance something between that of the Rev. Mr. Irving and Paganini.*] Oh! ye who deceive yourselves, for the truth is not in ye, hear the word! For the wisdom of the world is foolishness; and, from the beginning, the tree of knowledge was forbidden to man. Ask yourselves, then, do you enjoy a clear manifestation of grace in your souls? Have you a constant power over all sin? Are you determined to employ all your time in working for the Lord? and know ye that justification cometh by faith alone? Hear what the new St. Paul saith. True religion does not consist in these three things,—the living harmless,—using the means of grace,—and doing much good; for a man may do all these, and yet have no true religion. It is by prayer alone that we can hope for grace: and I invoke ye all, solemnly as Christians, to join in holy prayer. Let us pray.

[Mr. Grimshaw falls on his knees; the Saints follow his example; the High Church hesitate for a moment, with an expression of impatient indignation; but at length yield to the force of example. The English party startled, lean over the backs of their chairs. Galbraith flops down behind the remains of the surloin. Mr. O'Callaghan buttons up his coat to the neck, picks up his hat and whip, and, obedient only to the authority of Mother Church, stalking across the room with great ponderosity of tread and creak of boot, leaves the company, and is seen galloping with his dogs by the windows at full speed. Mr. Sackville retreats into the drawing-room, which he paces up and down, in utter disgust at the insolent assumption, ignorance, bad taste, and profane intrusion of so solemn an observance at such a moment.]

MR. SACKVILLE, (repeats to himself.)

Les hommes, la plus part, sont étrangement faits,
 Dans la juste nature, on ne les voit jamais !
 La raison, a pour eux des bornes trop petites ;
 En chaque caractère ils passent les limites ;
 Et la plus noble chose ils gattent souvent,
 Pour la vouloir outrer, et pousser, trop avant.

[He listens. There is a momentary silence ; and he re-approaches the party as Mr. Grimshaw is giving out a hymn.]

MR. GRIMSHAW, (in a loud twanging voice.)

“Oh! why did I so late thee know?”

[Lady Rosstrevor, an accomplished musician, sings forth a solo, with great expression, and an air of languishing devotion.]

LADY ROSSTREVOR.

Ah, why did I so late thee know,
 Thou lovlier than the sons of men ;
 Ah! why did I not sooner go
 To thee, assuager of all pain ?
 Ashamed I sigh, and only mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.

CHORUS OF SAINTS.

Ashamed we sigh, and only mourn,
 That we so late to thee did turn.

[Lady Emily joins in, and sings *con amore*. Mr. Binns observes Miss Mullins watching him and Mrs. Grafton.]

MR. BINNS.

Sing up, Miss Mullins ; and mind your hymn.

[Miss Mullins “sings up,” and puts them all out, by chiming in, in G major to their D minor. The English party, in want of “all power of face,” stifle with laughter. The Church party rise, with an expression of contemptuous ridicule, to take leave. The groom of the chambers enters.)

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Lady Rosstrevor's carriage stops the way. Dr. Polypus's carriage is coming round. Mr. Binn's carriage is up.

LADY ROSSTREVOR, (taking Lady Emily's hand.)

Farewell, dear Lady Emily. We part in a better spirit

than we met. Let me look forward, then, to an early and more uninterrupted interview. Let me hope that you are come amongst, indeed, for the bettering the condition of the dark, lost creatures, over whom providence has placed you. Oh ! Lady Emily, I have much to say and to show you ! Before that divine man came among us, this neighbourhood was a waste and howling wilderness. The benighted people of Sally Noggin sat in the gloomy shadows of death. It was, as Mogherow now is, under the power of the priests of Baal ! On Sunday next, after chapel, we are to have a class-meeting, at Rosstrevor Park, of the dear people. Could we hope to see you amongst us ? [*In a sweet and subdued voice.*]

“I hold with thee a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go.”

[Mr. Sackville, who has stood impatiently watching this colloquy, hastens to Lady Rosstrevor, and drawing her arm through his, hands her out to her carriage, followed by her tail. The Polypuses surround Lady Emily ; who, pale and exhausted, hangs over the back of her chair ; while the Grindalls solicit Lady Julia and the gentlemen, for various subscriptions, charities, bazaars, &c.]

MRS. POLYPUS.

The Dean and myself are most desirous to prevail on your ladyship and Mr. Sackville to give us the pleasure of your company on Monday next at dinner. You will meet all the persons of consequence and distinction of the neighbourhood, all whom you ought to know.

DR. POLYPUS.

And we are the more anxious for that day, as it is the grand anniversary meeting of our society for converting the Jews all over the world.

MRS. POLYPUS.

I have brought a little programme of the proceedings, and a list of the subscribers, by which Lady Emily will see that the principal nobility and gentry of Ireland are among its patrons. Might I solicit a name so distinguished as that of Lady Emily Sackville ?—no matter how small the contribution to the good work.

[Takes a gold pencil out of her sack, and presents it to Lady Emily. At that moment Mr. Sackville returns, and takes the pencil out of his wife's hand.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

What are you going to do, love?

[Lady Emily, scarcely able to articulate, from fatigue, nods to Mrs. Polypus to explain.]

MRS. POLYPUS.

Oh, Mr. Sackville! her ladyship has benevolently consented to become a member of the Society for the conversion of the Jews.

MR. SACKVILLE.

I beg pardon, madam; but you must excuse her. She is bound, in Christian humility, not to interfere with the conversion of the Jews. That which the Messiah did not effect, when he was among them, my little wife has not the temerity to attempt. Besides, foreign charities can have no claim on her, till justice is satisfied at home. She has a great national debt to assist in paying to this country, the long accumulating debt of the overweening rich to the over-wretched poor.

[Mrs. Polypus backs coldly out, and takes the Archdeacon's arm, to whom, as she proceeds to her carriage, she mutters some acrimonious remark, of which the words "jargon," "infidelity," are alone audible.]

MRS. GRINDALL, (advancing to Mrs. Polypus's abdicated place.)

Well, I hope *I* may be more fortunate with my little *Bizar*. Lady Emily, the ladies of the Barony of Mogherow will hold their annual *bizar* for the benefit of the distressed poor, at the Archdeaconry, on Tuesday next. Should Lady Julia and your ladyship honour us with any of your ingenious little works, embroidered pincushions, caps, card-cases, skreens, on which you will put your own prices, it will give great *éclat* to the charity. Or, if you would condescend to hold a counter

MR. SACKVILLE.

Excuse me, madam; I can answer for Lady Emily, that she will not. She, as well as myself, is perfectly aware of the mischievous tendency of these frippery charities, which

rob the independently industrious of their due reward, to benefit a few pampered favourites and sycophants of the capricious and the idle rich,—who most commonly, after raising in them undue expectations of unmerited support, leave them in sudden destitution, more helpless and more miserable than they first found them.

MRS. GRINDALL.

Oh, Mr. Sackville, you are very severe; you see these excellent institutions in a very false view. I suppose the saints have already been plying you with anonymous letters; as Priest O'Callaghan tries to write down the doctor's "Bible only" day schools—but

[Enter footman who speaks.]

The archdeacon desires me to say, madam, that the carriage waits.

[Mrs. Grindall makes a cold curtsy, and exit, accompanied by Galbraith.]

MISS POLYPUS, (on the arm of Captain Blackacre.)

Good day, Lady Emily. Your ladyship will find a little basket of trifles on the drawing-room table,—little works done at mamma's school for charity. They are all priced; and if your ladyship would allow them to remain, they may be disposed of to advantage, for the benefit of some very distressed creatures.

[Exit. The last of the visitors drive off; Mr. Sackville, Lord Fitzroy, Clarence Herbert, and Lady Julia, looking after them from the windows. Lady Emily seated, and leaning on the back of her chair, sighs deeply.]

LORD FITZROY, (putting up his glass.)

What a cargo of ignorance, pretension, and vulgarity!

MR. SACKVILLE.

Yes; it is a pretty specimen of the society of the country, of the *higher* classes, as *they* call themselves. What can be done for a people, whose destinies are committed to such hands!

LADY EMILY, (sighing and in a faint voice.)

And yet I must say, that there is something fearfully fine, in all which that inspired-looking man, Mr. Grimshaw, said; and Lady Rosstrevor assures me that. . . .

MR. SACKVILLE, (interrupting her.)

Inspired humbug! Emily, I am ashamed of you! If this is the tone of mind you bring to the great work of improving the condition of the poor people committed to your care; if every self-interested impostor is, in his turn, to gain your attention, the sooner you return to England the better; there, at least, you have less power to do harm, if you can do less good. Judgment here is more wanting than feeling. [*Lady Emily bursts into tears. Mr. Sackville throws his arm round her.*] Come, comé; you are quite exhausted; you are nervous, and completely beaten down by all you have gone through to-day. You shall retire now and throw yourself on your bed: after a long, refreshing sleep, you will help us to laugh over the very ludicrous scenes of this morning, in which you have played a part rather beyond your physical forces.

[He leads her out of the room, Lady Julia attempts to follow.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

No, no; leave her to me.

LORD FITZROY, (yawning and moving towards the door.)

Will you ride, Herbert?

CLARENCE HERBERT.

Which way are you going?

LORD FITZROY.

I shall visit my *état major* at Mog-e-row, and reconnoitre the country, touching the progress of tithe pigs and still-hunting.

CLARENCE HERBERT.

Well, I'll follow; or meet you, on your way home. We shan't dine till nine, I take it.

LORD FITZROY.

I hope not, *Belle Julie*: follow your sister's example. To bed, to bed, to bed; you are fairly done up.

[Exit.]

CLARENCE HERBERT, (lingering behind.)

I believe that it is good advice; you must be a little weary of this day; and may be glad to throw off your sack and system.

LADY JULIA, (naïvely.)

On the contrary, I have enjoyed the day particularly. I took so much less interest in what was going on, than Emily.

CLARENCE HERBERT, (takes her hand and kisses it.)

O Julia! if I dared interpret. . . .

[The door opens. The servants enter to remove the things. He drops her hand in confusion, and looks at his watch.]

Past five, by Jove—if your ladyship is disposed for a walk, the evening looks enchanting.

LADY JULIA, (confused.)

I should like it much. Perhaps we may prevail on Harry to accompany us—I'll try.

[Exit Lady Julia.]

CLARENCE HERBERT, (to himself.)

Well, 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good! I came to this most wretched spot of all wretched Ireland, to be the most wretched of all fellows on the face of the earth; and I have become the happiest of human beings! 'Tis strange that the Julia of Almack's, and the Julia of the mountains of Mogherow, should be two such distinct women! This is what is meant, I suppose, by being creatures of circumstances. Well, no matter for the circumstances, the creature is divine.

[Exit, slowly ascending the stairs to his own room.]

SCENE IV.

The tap-room in the New Inn, or Rosstrevor Arms, (in Sally Noggin,) formerly the Cat and Bagpipes, but recently converted, with its mistress, the widow Fogarty, to a new-light destination. It exhibits an orderly appearance. A sheet of "Rules and Regulations" is framed over the chimney-piece. Over the door of an adjoining room is inscribed, "Temperance Society Coffee-room." Some tracts are scattered upon the tables. The windows command the main street, where the annual fair of Sally Noggin presents a very motley and bustling appearance, as contrasted with the quiet and rather Flemish interior. MR. SAMPSON, the tithe-proctor, and MR. BRADY, the surveyor, (two brass-buttoned gentry,) are seated near the fire-side, busied over some accounts, which, with the air of Peachem and Lockit, they are winding up in a vigilant distrust of each other. Enter MRS. FOGARTY, a very comely, domestic-looking woman, in deep weeds. She is wiping a glass tumbler in an arduous manner. With downcast eyes and a mincing gait, she she approaches the demi-officials of Sally Noggin.

MRS. FOGARTY.

I thought you called, gentlemin.

MR. SAMPSON, (gallantly.)

Why thin, whither we did or no, the likes of you never comes amiss, Mrs. Fogarty. I'm sorry not to see the new Protestant inn better attended, ma'am, and this the fair day.

MRS. FOGARTY, (affectedly.)

O, sir, this isn't the pleece they like to be coming to. It's too quiet, intirely, and reg'lar ;—only for the genteels. But the Lord is good ! and Lady Rosstrevor, that took me out of the dark way, and th'ould Cat and Bagpipes, will not lave me a loser. What d'yez please to call for, gentlemin ?

MR. BRADY, (tying up the account-books.)

What would you plaze to drink, Mr. Sampson ?—for we must handsell the new Protestant tap-room.

MR. SAMPSON.

With all the veins, sir. What do you advise us to take, Mrs. Fogarty, dear? It's by your counsel, ma'am, I'd like to go, in more than a dhrop.

MRS. FOGARTY.

Why then, I'd advise ye, gintlemin, to take a dish of the Temperance Society coffee. It's strongly recommended by her ladyship, and Mr. Grimshaw,—and has saved the sowsls of many a sinner: not all as one as the raw spurrets.

MR. SAMPSON.

Arrah, be aisy now, widow Fogarty! Great a saint as you are, you musn't be afther going to the fair with us, that a way.

MRS. FOGARTY.

Is it me a saint, sir? O, Mr. Sampson, I'm far from it: though surely, my lady and Mr. Grimshaw have wrought wondhers in me, since I kept th' ould Cat and Bagpipes.

MR. SAMPSON.

Well, ma'am, the new light may do as they plaze; but them eyes of yours, Widow Fogarty, were niver given ye, for the good of your sowl: the Lord pardon them!

MRS. FOGARTY, (drawing up.)

Lave off now, Mr. Sampson, if you plaze. Such dis-coorse doesn't become you, sir, to one of my state and calling. [*Throws up her eyes, and sighs.*]

MR. BRADY.

Well, never heed him now, widow, honey; you know Mr. Sampson's a wag, and will have his joke out. But instead of recommending us the timperance coffee, what would you think, ma'am, of a little of Father O'Leary's eyewater? Kiln-dried a Protestant as I am, I'm always for the papist dhrop. Where the spirit is concerned, ma'am, there's nothing like the priest's direction.

MRS. FOGARTY, (mincingly.)

As you plaze, gintlemin; only not raw spurrets, if you plaze:

MR. BRADY.

Well, thin, a couple of tumblers, ma'am, let it be, with a dash of hot water, and a squeeze of lemon to qualify it.

MRS. FOGARTY.

It shall be attinded to, gintlemin.

[As Mrs. Fogarty is going, enter DAN O'LEARY and DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, two of the lowest class of farmers. They are wrapt in heavy frieze coats, and their caubeens are slouched. They look round the neat tap-room, with an air of humorous surprise and affected respect. Mrs. Fogarty draws up and looks coldly on them. The farmers take their seat at a box near the open window, out of which they lounge on their elbows, talking and laughing with the people in the fair. Exit Mrs. Fogarty.]

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, (looking after her, sings.)

"Tho' mass was my motion, my dewotion was she."

DAN O'LEARY, (taking a short shillelagh, from under his trusty, and laying it beside him. He speaks in a low voice.)

Why, thin, darby, wouldn't you be afther taking this for a methodist meeting-house, 'stead of th'ould Cat and Bag-pipes?

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, (laughs; then laying down a club, worthy of Hercules, beside him. He answers in a like under tone.)

Why thin, by this stick in my hand, sir, the divil a know I'd know it, no more thin the Castle of Dubling, only in regard of its being the corner of Blarney Lane. Och! lave Widdy Fogarty alone, sir. This isn't the first turn, and won't be the last she'll have yet. Well, great a pew-opener as she is, she'll be telling her padreens yet; though she's above being civil to the likes of uz, now. Didn't she look murthur at us, sir, for coming into her fine parlour, at all at all? She don't care a rotten potaty for the likes of uz, since that raal divil, Paddy Murphy, broke her coffee tay-cups to

smithereens, and lighted his bit of a *doodeen* with her bible tracks, sir; more power to him. Och! its Paddy has the wire in him, and is a fine lump ov a boy, as you'd like to meet in a day's walk: it's himself up to snuff, and a pinch above it, by Japers.

MR. BRADY, (who has been engaged with his papers, and has not noticed the new arrivers, hid out by the box.)

Well, sir, it's all fair. Short reckonings makes long friendships, they say: and except that trifle of a differ about tithe pigs and the keg of whiskey;—but sure, sir, the honestest reckonings must have “errors excepted.”

MR. SAMPSON.

To be sure, sir, it's true, for you;—and so many little items!

[Enter Mrs. Fogarty, with a smart tray, laden with tumblers, pipes, and a lighted candle.]

MRS. FOGARTY.

There, gintlemin, if yez want any thing more, there's a bell in the corner; and there's a purty little book, sent by Lady Rosstrevor, to amuse the custhomers over their glass; “The Sinner Saved,” or the Life of S. S., they call it.

MR. SAMPSON, (laughing.)

Oh! Mrs. Fogarty! Mrs. Fogarty! ye'll die with the wafer in your mouth yet; for sure, ma'am have'nt you given us “bell, book, and candle light,” after the fashion of your ould church? Well, ma'am here's to your purty health; and long may you prosper in your new undertaking!

MR. BRADY.

And a good husband, and soon, to you, ma'am.

MR. SAMPSON, (winking.)

That's putting in a good word for himself, Widow Fogarty.

MRS. FOGARTY, (smiling demurely.)

The Lord forgive you your innocent mirth, gintlemin. I'm glad, in troth, to see you plazed; and thank you for your wishes and good custom.

DAN. O'LEARY, (as she passes by the box, taking off his hat politely.)

Mistress Fogarty, I hope I see you in good health, ma'am. Your ould custhomer, Dan. O'Leary, ma'am, a gossip of your good man's, poor Jemmy Fogarty; God rest his soul! [*Crosses himself.*] Here's Darby O'Loughlin, a great crony of poor Jemmy's too.—and myself, stepped in from the fair, ma'am just to dhrink success to the new in, and handsell your undertaking.

MRS. FOGARTY, (coldly, and with downcast eyes.)

I'm obliged intirely to yez, gintlemin. But I don't sell raw spirits. I'm bound by my lace and indentures not to sell raw spirits, gintlemin.

DAN. O'LEARY.

Och! it's just all the same, ma'am; in regard of myself, being booksworn, till Christmas eve, again naked spirits of any sort or kind, to Father Phil; and Darby, too, ma'am. So, we'll throuble you for a pint of parliament, dashed through a quart of Brazier's best, ma'am; what Mr. Mac Dermot calls the pathriot's own, ma'am.

MRS. FOGARTY.

Ye shall be served, gintlemin. Luke attind the box, if you please, at the Dublin window.

[Exit MRS. FOGARTY, and presently enters a boy, who places a jug of strong ale, ('dashed' with a pint of strong whiskey,) and tumblers. Dan and Darby continue to drink, and talk, and shake hands with the passers-by under the window; contributing largely to the hat of a bear-leader, whose "baste" moves a minuet to the time of Erin go Brach. Mersrs. Brady and Sampson sip their punch, and converse in close coloquy sublime.]

MR. BRADY.

And so, sir, you tell me ye've never been up to the great house yet since the new English grandees arrived.

MR. SAMPSON.

Niver, sir; nor niver saw Mr. Lumley Sackville, nor Lady Emily, nor any of the party, since they came into the country, barring at church on a Sunday.

MR. BRADY.

Why thin, what is Jerry Galbraith about, sir? He used to be a good warrant, to do a good-natured turn for a friend. And one ought to have a face ticket on such a house as Manor Sackville, any how; especially you, Mr. Sampson, who soils a plate, betimes, with the first in the country; for they couldn't do without you, sir, and they know it well. There's no information ever government gets like yours; for the people trust you, sir.

MR. SAMPSON.

Oh! it's true for you, Mr. Brady! and the late Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville thought he could never make enough of me; and when I went there on business, oh! it was only "by this, and by that, you don't stir till you take your tumbler!" And if he was going out to dine himself, it's to good Mrs. Quigley I was handed over, and a dinner in the housekeeper's room fit for the high sheriff? But as to Jerry Galbraith, except to make the greatest of game of him, which I hear the ladies do, and dress him up, like a Christmas mummer, it's in little respect he's held, sir, by them.

MR. BRADY.

Do you tell me that, now? He that's respected by the whole country round;—that's the Protestants.

MR. SAMPSON.

Aye, sir! and more betoken, they say, that when Captain Williams, (th' auditor, as *they* call him,) comes over, Jerry Galbraith is to get the turn out intirely; and some young

Papist counsellor from Dublin is to have the agency, under the Captain! Oh, Mr. Brady, mark my words! It was a bad day for the country, that brought the *liberal* Mr Sackville (as he is called,) into the place!

MR. BRADY.

So they say, sir!—so they say. Sir Job Blackacre had it from the Honourable and Reverend, that a greater Papist, or a bigger rebel doesn't brathe than the new Mr. Sackville. He's the very reverse of th' ould gentleman, who wouldn't rest still in his grave, if he knew what was going on in Manor Sackville. What would he say, think ye, sir, to see Father Phil, and th' ould Jesuit, Mr. Everard, walking cheek by jowl with my lady through the cabins, planning and plotting th' overthrow of the Protestant church; and they dining every Sunday at Manor Sackville, to the great injury of the constitution of 1688.

MR. SAMPSON:

Aye, sir! and as they tell me, Mr. Emerson, the Protestant curate, who flew in the bishop's face about the Kildare Street schools, is hand and glove with Mr. Sackville; and aiding and abetting to have a school, where there's to be no religion at all, nor the Bible not so much as looked on by the papist brats, for fear they woudn't be sent to school at all.

MR. BRADY.

He ought to have his gown stripped over his ears, if there was law or justice to be had. Och! but it was a black day, the day that Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville went into the churchyard of Mogherow, feet foremost. I'll drink his memory, sir, if you plaze; for he was a great man, and a good; and I had the honour to belong to his lodge for fifteen years; and it's often we drank "the glorious and immortal" on our bended knees, in the prisence of the rising sun. If ever there was a true and loyal Protestant gentleman, William Fitzgerald Sackville, you were the man! so here's to your pious memory!

[They drink "in solemn silence." Mr. Sampson rings the bell, and orders two fresh tumblers.]

MR. SAMPSON.

Well, sir, niver mind; just wait a while. Sorrow long you'll be throubled with these English liberals. The place will be made too hot to hould them afore long. For though he has all as one as shaken off th' orange interest, divil a much the green care for him. He's not the sort they want, sir. There's no go in him. He's all for pace and quiet; and the pathriots have found out that he has the two ways in him. Not a pinny has he come down to the rint, though he has given them ground for a new chapel.

MR. BRADY.

That's thrue for you, sir; and besides, didn't he put his futt into it th' other day, by the spache at the great dinner given him by the pathriots at Mogherow, when he bid the people not to be unraisonable, nor to look for noonday at six o'clock in the morning.

MR. SAMPSON.

And Mac Dermott and O'Hanlon set their faces agen him for a Whig; and will bring in Sir Job, or any other extrame Orange gintleman for the county, sooner nor he. Thin, sir, he has offended the Quality by giving a dinner without distinction of creed or party; though Mrs. Polypus, (I know for sartain,) sent a list to my lady of who ought, and who ought not, to be asked together; and who was suspected, and who had friends hung in the rebellion of ninety-eight. And what does the hoity-toighty lady, but axes *them* the very first; and, to finish the business, whom did she open the ball with, but young Mr. Harry Despard, whose father was hung at the bridge of Mogherow, by Sir Job's father in '98; and she made th' honourable Captain Herbert dance with Miss Mac-lane, whose uncle died in his way to America, where he went for his life; and is now living on her friends like a poor cousin, about the barony.

MR. BRADY.

Oh, sir; but sure that's nothing to what's talked about the country now, that Mr. Sackville is to carry over a bag of petitions against the tithes; and that he is raally and truly

going to bring an action agin th' Honourable and Reverend for unlawful distraining.

MR. SAMPSON, (changing colour.)

Yes, sir, I did hear something of that ; but what did *you* hear, Mr. Brady ?

MR. BRADY.

Why, sir, the people of the wrong side say that you are a marked man, and will surely be prosecuted.

MR. SAMPSON, (tosses off his punch.)

Persecuted, you mane, neighbour Brady ; but never you mind. We're too strong for the liberal Mr. Sackville yet ; and he'll find that out, ere long ; or my name's not William Sampson : and as for his action, I defy him. [*Snaps his fingers and raises his voice.*] Sure, it's that notorious Rockite and Whitefoot, Shane Sullivan, or Shane na Dhu, as they call him, who's up the mountains, and swore that he'd have the worth of his cow in blood, or money, because, sir, the poor garan died in the pound. And that, with other little things done to bring him to his sinces, fairly dhrove him mad ; and it's on the say of that villain, that they'd bring a Protestant and loyal man into a court of justice ! and all by a stranger in the country, that knows nothing of the ways of the place !

DAN. O'LEARY, (muttering.)

Do ye hear that ? Why, thin, if the great Mr. Sackville backs poor Shane Sullivan, he'll have the prayers of the poor with him. And long may he reign ! for a greater piece of villainy than that of Shane's cow, and his woman in the straw, carted out into the road, and the bed sould from under her, niver was done under the sun ; [*raises his voice,*] and so here's to the health of Mr. Sackville !

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN.

Wisht, man ! hold your wisht ! How long have you ped Mr. Sampson the tithe you owe him, yourself, that you'd go to offend him, or the likes of him ? and the dhrop getting into your head, Dan. O'Leary !

DAN. O'LEARY, (still raising his voice, and tossing off another glass.)

If I were to go to jail this blessed night for it, I will say my say ; and that is just this,—that the pounding of Shane's cow was a mighty great villainy ; and if Mr. Sackville sees justice done him, there isn't a boy in the barony who wouldn't go to the world's ind barefoot for him,—aye, troth, and further !

MR. BRADY, (perceiving the men in the box, and lowering his voice.)

Now I remimber me, a long time afore ould Sackville died, I oncet heard the Honourable and Reverend's brother tell young Captain Blackacre, whin they were up the mountains after the grouse, and I was looking to th' illicit stills, that this very Mr. Lumley Sackville was to have gone into parliament on the Catholic interest ; only some papist lord, as owned the borough, died, and so it went the right way.

DAN. O'LEARY, (listening and filling his glass.)

Thin here's better luck to him another time ! for there's nothing he does, but what's great and grand.

MR. BRADY.

Oh, sir ! there's them about us would pison the bread we ate ! Sure I intercepted an anonymous letter at the post-office, to Lady Emily, telling the story of Shane Sullivan's wife dying on the road. Och ! I knew the hand. It was the very same that sent me notice to quit, and give up the premises of Ballycondra, on pain of death, and of a sod in the thatch.

MR. SAMPSON.

Well, sir ; the woman would have died, any how, for she was given over ; and the cow was pounded according to law ; so I defy the liberal Mr. Sackville, if that's what he calls himself. But set a case it wasn't ; what then, sir ? Where will twelve raally loyal men be found in a jury-box to say that the Honourable and Riverend did wrong ? Sure the Honourable's cousin and agent, Sub-sheriff Jones, won't let a bad man on the pannel.

MR. BRADY.

True for you, Mr. Sampson. It won't be the first time

Sub-sheriff Jones has stood your friend ; nor it won't be the last, plaze God. Here's to his good health !

DAN O'LEARY, (raising his voice.)

If there had been justice in Ireland, that nigger Jones would have been hanged long ago ; for a greater land-shark never braithed the breath of life ; and it's to him the murder of my uncle, in the skrimmage about the procession, is due intirely ; and his blood is on him and his to this day. So here's intire confusion to him !

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, (getting warm and stout.)

And didn't he turn my aunt's husband's sister, and all her little babies, on the high road, selling the very thatch from over her head, and that agin all law and justice ?

DAN O'LEARY.

And didn't he force my own brother to quit the country, and go for a soldier, in regard of his threatening to transport him, for a thrifle not worth spaking of ?

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN.

And didn't he make myself go down on my two bare knees, and dhrink confusion to the Pope—Jasus pardon me !—and he standing over me all the while with his bagonet, and prodding me, as if I'd been a brute baste ?

DAN O'LEARY, (aloud and standing up.)

Why, thin, here's long life and glory to the new Mr. Sackville ; and the divil fly away with all land-sharks, tithe-proctors, and common informers, that takes the innocent boys at an amplash ! Whooh !—Sackville for ever !

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN.

Here's Misther Sackville's good health ! and the horse that throwed King William ! Hurrah ! and the O'Loughlins for ever !

[Mr. Sampson and Mr. Brady, overhearing the two men in the box, draw back their chairs, and take a view of them ; and exhibit much surprise and stifled rage.]

MR. SAMPSON.

It's well we're not talking treason, boys ; for we little knew we had eves-droppers on the scout ; but if ye are drunk, be have yourselves, any how. Have a care, now ; mind what you are about. It would be better far for you to keep a civil tongue in your head, stout as you are, because your faction's in the fair. May be the Honourable and Riverend may be axing you, Dan O'Leary, after his own afore long ; and it's myself may be called on to give you a helping hand into the stone jug ; where I would inthroduce you, with all the pleasure in life, for your uncommon insolence this day. Mind what I say—my mark is on ye !

DAN O'LEARY.

Thin, it's yourself that need not mention the stone jug just now ; for if Mr. Sackville—glory be to his honour !—takes up Shane Sullivan's cow and wife, I know who'll be rubbing his nose agen cold iron afore long ;—and the divil's cure to them ! amen !

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN.

Och, Musha, times are changed ; and it isn't all as one, as when ye shot the priest's mare on the twelfth of July : for *he's* in the place now will back us out ; and the Orangemen won't have things their own way, like the fox in the farm-yard, as in th' ould times, gintlemin.

DAN O'LEARY.

Divil an orangeman will dare show his ugly face in the barony afore long ; and so here's confusion to the colour, by day and by night.

MR. BRADY, (winks to Sampson to be quiet.)

Aisy now, boys, aisyy ; wait awhile, and you'll see whether this great philozover from England will be able to show his own face in the grand-jury room, or at the race-course ; and whether he'll stand by you, Dan O'Leary, in regard of your run in the mountains last summer ; and the barrel of poteen you flung into the bog, O'Loughlin.

DAN O'LEARY.

Why then, Mr. Brady, if harm comes to me, or mine, for that same, it won't be the first honest boy you've sworn out of his liberty, and life too, you informing villain, you !

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN.

If Mr. Sackville stands by uz, the blue smoke will be afther rising agin in the bogs, in spite of all the perjured excisemen in Ireland ; and, moreover, here's confusion to the Polis, whooh !

[Drinks.]

DAN O'LEARY.

Amen, whooh !—[Drinks.]

MR. SAMPSON, (fumbling in his breast.)

What is it ye'd be at now ? You had better be quiet, and don't go on with your divilments here ; for the first man that raises hand or voice goes off to the police-station, were it Mr. Sackville himself ; so now you're purchasers with notice.

[Sampson and Brady edge towards the door ; but Dan and Darby guard the pass, and brandish their shillelaghs. Enters Mrs. Fogarty.]

MRS. FOGARTY, (in a whining tone.)

Oh, gintlemin dear, quit now, and don't be making a ruction in my house ! Remember, yez are not in a common *Shebean*, gintlemin, but the Rosstrevor Arms, but a genteel pleece ; so dhrink you dhrop in pace and quiet, like sinners and Christhians.—Mr. Sampson, I axe your pardon, sir ; but never mind Dan O'Leary, sir, now. You see he is hearty ; and when the dhrop's in him, he has neither sinse or raison. Aisy now, Dan, dear, aisy.

[Gets between them, and endeavouring to take Dan's shillelagh, which he brandishes in the air, while he keeps off Mrs. Fogarty with his left arm.]

MR. SAMPSON, (behind Mrs. Fogarty.)

Let him alone—let him do his worst, Mrs. Fogarty. It isn't the likes of them that I regard. They know very well

that I'll have the hanging of them some of these days : and if I was to thrash them black and blue, the rebelly Papists, it's no more than they merit.

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, (struggling with Mrs. Fogarty.)

Never mind, ma'am ; aisy now, Mrs. Fogarty. Divil a harm I'll harm your house, if it was made of glass. But, if it wasn't that you're a civil, dacent woman, by this and by that, I'd have the pleasure, for once in my life, of bating an exciseman throughout, in one day ; and it's not from out of this room he should go in a whole skin, only in respect of you, Mrs. Fogarty.

DAN O'LEARY, (with a flourish of his shillelagh.)

Whooh ! It's myself would like to see the face of an orangeman on this blissed floor, to say nothing of the Polis. [*Calls from the window.*] Hurrah ! for Mogherow, and the boys up the mountain !—

VOICES (from without the window.)

Hurrah !

[Several men with orange badges enter from the inner apartment.]

DAN O'LEARY, (from the window.)

Are ye there, boys ? O'Leary abo !

[The mob near the window, responding to this cry, rush into the house. The Catholics and Orangemen separate into two hostile groups. Brady produces a bayonet, and Sampson draws a pistol.]

MR. SAMPSON.

Pace there,—pace in the king's name, I charge you. I'll be book-sworn but this is a consarted meeting of ribbon-men, and no Fair riot ; and you, Dan O'Leary, are at the bottom of it ; and you, Darby O'Loughlin, are another. You have come into this place to circumvent us.

DAN O'LEARY.

De ye hear that, boys ? Och, murther ! it's our lives hi'd swear away afore the judge, as soon as ate a potaty.

[Mrs. Fogarty runs off, clapping her hands, and crying, "mille, murther !"]

MR. SAMPSON.

Aye, and sooner ; and right well ye deserve it. But see here now, the first of yez that stirs hand or foot, I'll blow his brains out, to tache yez to behave like decent people, for the rest of your lives.

DAN O'LEARY, (to his friends.)

Blood alive, boys, will ye stand to be shot like woodcocks ? To the divil with his pistol ! It can go off but once ; so, *flaugh na ballach* !—clear the way.—Here goes, by Japers !

[Knocks Mr. Sampson's pistol out of his hand : it goes off. A general uproar and engagement ensues ; the police rush in from the street.]

SERJEANT DONOVAN, (throwing his party between the belligerents.)

Clear the house—quit now, directly, and go home every man of yez.—Mr. Sampson ! Mr. Brady ! I hope no one has assaulted you, gentlemen. Shew me the villians, sir ! point them out !

MR. SAMPSON.

Och, Serjeant Donovan, you're come in good time, sir. That rebelly thief there, (that's a common bog-skulker, sir,) talks of Mr. Sackville being come over to back the Papists and the Whitefeet. There's bad work going on, sarjeant—a regular conspiracy—a rebellion, sir, and revolution ;—'98 to the life, sir !

MR. BRADY.

If we hadn't overheard their discourse, every Protestant of us all might have found ourselves murdered in our beds, when we woke to-morrow morning. The town of Sally Noggin was to be fired and pillaged, and the church robbed and ransacked ; and every stand of arms taken from the station.

SERJEANT DONOVAN, (to his men.)

Surround these fellows ! I'll take them to the station, sir, for to-night ; and to-morrow you can have them up to Sir Job.

MR. BRADY.

Away with them, by all manes, th' infarnal rebels!—Och, there's plenty enough to send them, every mother's son of them, to Botany Bay, if not to the gallows; and a good riddance it will be.

[The police take Dan and Darby prisoners, who make no resistance, and clear the house. The people rush confusedly into the street. The police then march their prisoners off, followed by Brady, Sampson, and the orange party, who take off their badges. Mrs. Fogarty and Luke close the doors in terror and dismay.]

SCENE V.

[Scene changes to the outside of the Rosstrevor Arms, a wide straggling street, filled with a multitude of country people, who are attending the fair; beyond the extremity of the scattered mud cabins of Sally Noggin, the country is seen wild and mountainous. A rush from the house, followed by the police, with their prisoners, &c. &c. Dan, after walking forward a few paces tranquilly, throws his hat in the face of the policeman on his right, his pipe in that of him on the left, and runs off. The mob rescue Darby, and a general conflict commences. The cries of "*O'Leary for ever!*"—"O'Loughlin for ever!"—"Hurrah for the Dorans!"—"Down with the Bradys!"—"Here goes for sport!" &c. &c.—show what various passions are engaged in the conflict. As the fight spreads, the confusion becomes more general. Tents are torn up, and their poles applied to the heads of their owners. Pedlars and packmen, bear-leaders and showmen, are overturned. The piper's instrument is broken to smithereens. The blind fiddler is rolled in the mud—Pots, kettles, tables, chairs, jugs, and glasses, fly in all directions. The various hostile factions congregated in the town have separate sets-to, "as fancy, or feeling dictate;" till Serjeant Donovan and the police, by their interference, draw the general hostility on themselves. Dan and Darby, having rallied their factions, try to seize Brady and Sampson, who 'show fight.' The police concentrate to protect their arms. Several are wounded on both sides; the police at length retreat from the town, pursued by the country people. A detachment of military, headed by Lord Fitzroy, are seen galloping down the hill. The country people draw up and receive them with stones and other missiles. Lord Fitzroy advances to address the mob, when a shot is fired from the crowd, which passes through his raised left hand. The assailant is cut down by a soldier—a drove of horned cattle are forced through the military ranks, when confusion becomes worse confounded. Many are laid prostrate of both parties. In the mean time, the thatch of the Rosstrevor Arms is set on fire. Women run about in fright and disorder; or take part in the fight, flinging stones, &c. The military charge; the parties retreat, scatter, and disperse: a few prisoners are taken. Father Everard and Father Phil now appear in the crowd, and use strenuous efforts to pacify the rioters; the former by entreaties, the latter by a vigorous application of a long heavy horsewhip. The shades of evening fall gradually upon the battle-scene, which is strewn with the broken relics of the fair and fight. Peace is at length restored; the troops and police march off their prisoners. The thatch of the Rosstrevor Arms being burnt, the fire, having nothing better to do goes out. Mr. Brady awakens from something between a sleep and an apoplexy,

into which he had been plunged by a sharp blow of Dan's shillelagh, and picks himself out of the gutter and walks home. Mr. Sampson emerges from the sty of Mrs. Fogarty's pig, (who had hospitably received him, on his retreat before superior numbers,) and likewise effects his escape. Mrs. Fogarty herself seeks protection in the housekeeper's room at Rosstrevor Park; and lastly, Mr. Galbraith, who had witnessed the row from the garret window of Maryville, hastens to make his report of the transaction to the Honourable and Reverend, who, in his turn, furnishes a flaming article to the Evening Mail, headed, "The slaughter of Sally Noggin!!!"]

SCENE VI.

[The "shop" of Mogherow, answering in importance to the "*bottega*" of an Italian country town, or the barber's shop of a Spanish one. MR. BRALAGHAN, a sullen, sickly man, sits nitched behind the counter in a sort of stall; his arms crossed, and his air idle and lack-a-daisical. MRS. BRALAGHAN, a comely, "clever" lady of the "flaughoola" order, leans over the counter, with her arms folded in her white apron; her countenance expressive of a deep and listening attention. MR. M'DERMOT, patriot to Mr. Brazier's brewery, and MR. O'HANLAN, patriot to Mr. Dicken's distillery, (gentlemen who amuse their leisure hours in keeping the accounts, and the political reputations, of their respective employers,) are seated on the cross counters, with their legs dangling beneath. On the shop stool, in the centre, sits MR. PHINEAS FINNICAN, "agitator and pacificator itinerary," from Dublin,—one ready to make or to break the peace, as the occasion may require. He is reading, for the public benefit, a broad sheet, entitled, "Grand Letter from London." A bright stream of sunshine pours in, through the door of the shop, gilding the forms of the various articles which constitute the treasures of this "*Physitecknicon*" of Mogherow,—rolls of ribbons and tobacco, muslins and mill-stones, broad-cloth and hardware, tea, coffee, and spices, cheese, "mouse-traps, and all other sweet-meats," pins, needles, tape, sugar-plums, spades, shovels, pitchforks, books, ballads, patent medicines, spirits, porter, and stamps. Mr. Phineas has just arrived at the marrow of his communication, addressed to the "eight millions of Irish slaves," when the veiling of the sunshine announces the interposition of some opaque body at the shop door. Mr. Phineas thrusts his paper into his bosom, descends from his rostrum, and retreats into the little parlour behind. Enter the REV. DR. EVERARD, the parish priest of Mogherow, a venerable personage, of strikingly intellectual countenance, tall, thin, a little bent in the shoulders, partly by the early habits of a foreign conventual life, and partly by the advance of years. Mr. Bralaghan stands up respectfully. Mrs. B. keeps her position, and looks annoyed at the interruption.]

FATHER EVERARD.

Good evening—has my little venture of Macabau arrived yet from Dublin, Mrs. Bralaghan?

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

Why thin, I'm sorry to say it has not, your Riverince;

and I expecting it every day this week, per coach—or any how, by the fly.

FATHER EVERARD.

I am sorry to observe, that little commissions have not lately been executed at your shop, with the same punctuality, they used to be, Mrs. Bralaghan.

MRS. BRALAGHAN, (pertly.)

Why thin, sir, I'm sure I don't know why; for God, he knows we are in it, morning, noon, and night, toiling, broiling, and earning our bit and sup, more like galley-slaves than Christians.

FATHER EVERARD. (shakes his head.)

The season is fairly past, for sowing the flower seeds you promised three months ago to procure for me, from the nurseryman's, Mrs. Bralaghan!

MR. BRALAGHAN, (comes from behind the counter and pushes forward a chair.)

Won't your Riverince be plazed to rest awhile, sir. It's a good step yet to your own house. You were taking your evening's walk, I'll ingage, Dr. Everard.

DR. EVERARD, (sitting down and leaning his head on his gold-headed cane.)

I *am* a little weary; I have been up the mountain, to see that poor dying creature, Pat Kelly, who was hit with a stone, at the disgraceful business at Sally Noggin the other day.

MR. O'HANLAN, (coming forward.)

Why then, begging your pardon, Dr. Everard, I thought it great fun. Good evening to your Riverince! I saw the ind of the scrimmage, all fighting through other for the bare life. The tint-keepers and their wives, making off with the crockery, the bacon and pullets flying in every direction, the *thackeens* powring like hail, and every where the *sassenach* bate to chaff.

DR. EVERARD.

What do you mean by the Sassenagh ? that's a new jargon ! In all that affair—the result of drunkenness, brutality, and party spirit—Irish blood, Irish temperament, and Irish names alone were concerned ; for the few military present, were peace-making, moderate, and patient, beyond example. Talk of *Sassenagh* indeed !—talk of your own domestic vices ! your addiction to whiskey, and its frightful violence ! Talk of the mischievous agitation of all your parties and sects, all goading the unfortunate people for the worst of purposes, though by the most opposite means.

MR. FINNIGAN, (comes forward.)

Oh ! Dr. Everard, there's never smoke without fire ; and th' agitaytors would do little, if the people weren't ready to be agitayted. The people's minds, sir, are disturbed,—and with good raison. There's but one cure for all their grievances ; and till that comes, th' emerald gem will often have its fine brightness sullied, and its rays dimmed.

DR. EVERARD.

Don't talk to me of gems, and rays, and brightness. What had the gathering at Sally Noggin to do with such trash ? It was all faction and drunkenness on both sides, and a disgrace to the country.

MRS. BRALAGHAN, (laughing.)

I hear tell, that there was the greatest of fun going on, for all that, at that turn-coat, Widdy Fogarty's, sorrow mend her, for better luck she doesn't deserve !

DR. EVERARD.

Fun, do you call it, Mrs. Bralaghan ? children left fatherless ; mothers sonless, every feeling of humanity violated, every duty to heaven scorned ! [*with a deep sigh*] hopeless, hapless country !

MR. M'DERMOT, (comes forward.)

Not so hopeless, Father Everard ; there are still those

Glimpses of glory ne'er forgot.
That fall like gleams on a sunset say,
What once hath been, but now is not,

but which may come round once more yet, sir, for all that—and will.

DR. EVERARD, (shading his eyes from the sun, and looking round.)

Why, gentlemen! You start forth from Mrs. Bralaghan's back parlour, like the warrior's of Roderick Dhu from the heath! Mrs. Bralaghan, this parlour of yours will become the Tims's of Mogherow.

MR. M'DERMOT.

The corn exchange, rather, sir, I should think. We've no Swadlers here.

DR. EVERARD.

Oh! Mr. M'Dermot, I have miss'd you at mass so many Sundays, that the assurance might be wanting. In truth, I feared you had been knocked down by the prevailing epidemic.

MR. M'DERMOT.

Thank your Riverince, I never was better: only I step up to town generally, from Saturday till Tuesday, to see what is going on, in the political world.

DR. EVERARD.

Humph! Then, you no longer "give" to the brewery, "what was meant for mankind." But how can your employer spare you from his establishment?

MR. M'DERMOT.

Mr. Brazier knows very well, that private business must give way to public interests. Oh, sir, he's a raal pathriot.

MR. O'HANLON, (emphatically.)

And so is Mr. Dickson. Our distillery yields to no man in pathriotism.

DR. EVERARD.

So then, it is public interest, that carries you so often to Dublin?

MR. M'DERMOT, (in an oratorical manner.)

Yes, sir, while the voice of an Irishman may yet brathe forth its complaints, and a muzzle is not placed upon the great organs of public opinion, I go to raise mine in behalf of the land of my love and my purtection.

DR. EVERARD, (smiling.)

Happy country, to be so protected! And what public meeting has had the advantage of your eloquence and talents?

MR. M'DERMOT.

All, sir, in turn—I hurried up to town last, however, to join those great and glorious bands, the successors of the Volunteers of '82, who again rally upon the spot where th' immortal association triumphed; and have the amazing moral courage to take that heroic and imposing name.

DR. EVERARD.

The amazing impudence, you mean. It is a sacrilege, a political sacrilege, to usurp such honored appellations, and for such purposes too!

MR. M'DERMOT, (oratorically.)

Allow me, Father Everard, to say, that the great Irish national guard of the present day....

DR. EVERARD.

Pooh! pooh! man. The little national blackguards of Mogherow there, who are rolling in the mud with the pigs, would laugh at such trash as this! It would be well in you, sir, to be sparing of such comparisons and allusions. Are you not ashamed, for instance, to place your recent meetings at the Brian Borru, over the way, in the same line with

that landmark of Irish pride and virtue, the Catholic Associations, as I see you have done, in your own report of your last speech? Gracious heaven! it makes one's gall rise, to hear that glorious assembly, (embodied for the best and wisest purposes, with motives so clearly defined, so deeply felt, and so wisely and so perseveringly acted upon, till it wrung its triumph from its oldest and bitterest enemies) thus mingled up with every gathering of the idle and the ignorant, the meddling and the mischievous. For my part, I never mention the term Catholic Association, without feeling inclined to pay it bodily homage. [*Touches his hat.*] If to the Volunteers of '82, we own national independence and a free trade, to the Association we are indebted for our religious freedom, and a reformed parliament; with all the promised blessings which must eventually come along with it, even in spite of the exertions now making to avert them. The Catholic Association, sir, struggled openly with its open enemies,—the enemies alike of every civil, every religious right; and it commanded the sympathies of all mankind. It did not enter into a base and unnatural alliance with its ancient oppressors, to make an ungrateful war on its oldest and longest-tried friends, till it had left itself without the countenance of one generous, one enlightened supporter.

MR. M'DERMOT, (sneeringly.)

Oh, Father Everard, the present government, I see, have a staunch friend and advocate in your Riverince.

DR. EVERARD.

And so they have, sir, as far at least as Ireland is concerned; and so they shall have, until I find others to take their place, more able and more willing to serve the country, than either of the parties who are striving to displace them. I admit, they have not regenerated Ireland, by a comprehensive Act of Parliament; they have not, by the stroke of a magician's wand, undone the work of centuries of misgovernment; nor anticipated the course of nature, to reap an harvest of moral and physical regeneration, before the ground can be prepared, or the seed sown. I admit, sir, that, surrounded with difficulties, encompassed by enemies, encumbered alike with the ruins of the system they have themselves overthrown, and by the raw, very raw materials of the

system which is to follow it, they have not yet done for Ireland, all they might have effected. They have, I allow, kept in power and office too many of their worst enemies,—the worst enemies of Ireland; while they have neglected the friends of both. But if the liberal Protestants, have cause to complain, it was not for us, Catholics and Irishmen, to be the first to detract from their merits, to revile their feelings, to distract their counsels, and to calumniate their intentions. “If guilty to others, they were still but too faithful” to us. Oh, Mr. M'Dermot, you have been playing an ungrateful, as well as a foolish game!

MR. M'DERMOT.

Why, for the matter of that your Riverince the pathriots have but followed the same frustry leaders, any how, that showed them the way to the victories you spoke of just now; and sure, sir, if ould Ireland is still denied justice, it makes little differ, whether the denial comes from friends or foes;—if friends these false-hearted, false-mouthed, gagging ministry are to be called.

DR. EVERARD.

I do not see, Mr. M'Dermot, how justice is denied, or (all things considered) even delayed to Ireland; nor can I perfectly comprehend the “nothing-like-leather policy” of the Irish agitators, who apply their one eternal remedy to every malady which in turn besets the state. But this I will be bold to assert, that if every substantial justice were distributed among the various classes of citizens, which an amended legislation can in possibility effect, nothing would be gained for the unhappy land, as long as distrust and turbulence are voted permanent,—as long as the labouring classes are industriously taught to hate, fear, and despise all that are not of themselves! After all, sir, our first and most urgent want is a breathing-time from faction—a moment of repose—a suspension of blood-spilling and destruction of property,—of the property of the poor, more than of the rich,—a leisure to think, to calculate to learn, and to labour.

MR. O'HANLON.

Oh yes, your Riverince, to be sure! it would be a fine

thing if we were all to go to sleep and *wait awhile*, and lave things to right themselves. Your Riverince has been taking a lafe out of the new Misther Sackville's book. Them were his very words at the meeting the other day. He's a great philozover for certain; though no great friend to the clargy, after all, Dr. Everard, no more than to the parsons; and I can tell you, he gave a death-blow to his popularity at the dinner given him by the pathriots of Mogherow, when he took part with the base Whigs, and talked of conciliaytion. He'll never be returned for the county, nor any of his sort, if there were twenty vacancies a year, for years to come. They'd sooner return Sir Job, or the greatest purple marksman in the province.

DR. EVERARD.

So much the worse for us all. It proves how little principle, and how much personal feeling, directs all your views and conduct. Mr. Lumley Sackville is precisely the sort of man the country wants. High-minded, uncompromising, unswayed by any personal want or ambition, and as much above lending himself to party in power, as to faction out,—his calm temperament, and profound sensibility, his great book-knowledge and travelled acquirements, singularly fit him for the task he has entered on, for benefitting the condition of the poor, and pacifying the country. He has begun at the right end. He has lowered his rents, and raised wages;—and in return for this, he is beset with anonymous letters, filled with the most brutal abuse of himself and his family. Ballads are made by the poets of Mogherow, and sung about the streets.

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

Och! the Lord save us! and who sowld them ballads, I wonder?

DR. EVERARD.

You did Mrs. Bralagan. Your shop is the great centre of idleness, gossip, and faction, of the whole town.

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

I declare to the Lord, this blessed day

DR. EVERARD.

Hold your tongue, woman,—you shall reply to these charges in another and more solemn place. But they have done worse ; they have houghed his cattle, burned his barns, and even shot at him from behind a hedge, the barbarians !

MR. M'DERMOT.

To be sure, your Riverince, that's all mighty bad ; but the cratur's are maddened by oppression, and fairly ground to th' arth. And sure, sir, you wouldn't stifle the free breathings of immortal liberty, as the bard says—

Sublime was the warning when liberty spoke,
And grand was the . . .

DR. EVERARD.

Liberty ! do you call destroying life—murdering a man in cold blood for the taking of land, which another chooses to keep for nothing !—liberty ? Was it “ liberty spoke ” to the poor Phelans, when their house was burned over their heads ? and was it liberty placed the lighted sod in the thatch of widow Murphy's cabin ? or shot out the eyes of pretty, innocent Mary Howlan ? Is it liberty, which leaves no man to the exercise of his own industry, the master of his own conduct,—which suffers him neither to hire, nor part with a servant, except according to the good pleasure of conspiring legislators, and midnight assassins ?—which interferes between the husband and wife, father and son, and leaves no tie, no affection, unviolated or sacred ? This is the precious liberty that must subject us all to some law of unexampled coercion, suited to such unexampled vileness,—a liberty, which will degrade us, to bless the hand that thus protects us from ourselves. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening : but before I go, I apprise you that I mean to address the people from the altar to-morrow. I will read over all the slanders and calumnies printed and circulated against Mr. Sackville,—against one who is able and willing to be our best friend. I will read them with my own notes ; and if possible, I will prevent one more absentee from being added to the list of Ireland's best and banished friends.—I will make one effort to avert that awful moment, when such men as you, Mr. M'Dermot, and you, Mr. O'Hanlon, and Mr.

Finnigan, may drive a friendly government into the fatal necessity of suspending the laws of the land, in order to protect the laws of humanity.

[Exit.]

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

There's for you now!—there's a parish priest!—show me up at the altar! the ould furrin Jesuit! Oh, these priests mistake themselves intirely.

MR. BRALAGHAN, (in a passion.)

Why thin, blood and nounter, will you hould your gab, Biddy Bralaghan? Do you want to bring ruin alive on me and mine? Is it the shop you want to see shut up, and the childer sint to beg the world? What Father Everard says is true enough. Mr. Sackville's a fine gentleman, and a great frind to the people. And didn't Lady Emily take every skreed of stuff, linen, and ratteen the blessed day, out of the shop, without even axing the price?

MR. M'DERMOT, (emphatically.)

Hold *your* tongue, sir, and take a friend's advice. Mr. Sackville may have the priests—that is, some of them, with him; but the curates are against him, we know that: and it is not your furrin fine gentlemint that the people will listen to; them who take state on themselves, and are never “hail fellow well met” with the likes of us—but hould their heads high, and rade great moral lessons, forsooth, as the newspapers call it,—like his Riverince, who is just gone; and who'd sell us all for a dinner at Manor Sackville. God forgive me for saying that of the clargy. But there's them, Jemmy Bralaghan, who is more powerful than either priests or curates, and who will send Mr. Sackville back to where he came from.. Let him go to his athiest friends, the Frinch liberals, and the political economy feelosophers of Edinburgh. He's not wanted here at all at all; and go he will, surely, afore long. Remimber, thin, James Bralaghan, that you are a thriving man, and was so before this Mr. Sackville came here, and will be still, plaze God, when he is gone. For them is here, and amongst ourselves, who can make you, and break you, and will be here to the ind of time. So take an hint—mind your business, and be aisy; and as for your par-

lour, name your terms, sir, and you shall have them for the use of it. Mrs. Bralaghan dear, good evening to you. *You* are a good Irishman, anyhow, and an honour to your sex and country, ma'am.

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

Good evening, sir ! and I am intirely obligated to you for the great compliment.

MR. O'HANLON.

I say ditto to Mr. M'Dermot, ma'am, as the poet has it. Good evening, Mr. Bralaghan.

[Exeunt patriots—manent Mr. and Mrs. Bralaghan.]

MRS. BRALAGHAN, (turning on her husband with a mixture of contempt and anger.)

You dirty Omadaun, ye ! Is this the way you drive raal gintlemin out of the place, you turn-coat, orange papist,—and bring ruin on us intirely ? Is it denounced you'll have us, to the pathriots of Dublin, like Pat Karney of Sally Noggin, that had to shut up his shop, and go to prison, with six helpless childer, because not a good Irishman in the barony dared dale with him. It's throe enough what Mистер M'Dermot said, that they can break you, or make you ; and if the pathriots set their face agen ye, sorrow ounce of tay or shugar, or as much as a penny watch-light, ever ye need think of selling.

MR. BRALAGHAN.

Hould *your* tongue, Biddy Bralaghan ; and don't purvoke me to lay my mark on ye. It's you ma'am, that brought all these idlers about the place : and what good are they, only to ride my counter, and ate the sugar-candy, and take patterns of waistcoats they never pay for ; keeping the dacent ould custhomers out of the place intirely !

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

Get out of that, you concaited bosthoon. Was it I that sent you up to town to make spaches, when you got yourself laughed at in the Dublin Evening, ye never-do-good, you ?

MR. BRALAGHAN, (a little sore.)

By the powers, if you say another word, I'll lay my mark on you, Biddy Bralaghan.

MRS. BRALAGHAN.

You bate me, you dirty Orange papist?—do then, do.

[Takes up a mop and strikes him. A contest ensues, in which the lady has the advantage, and beats her husband to her own perfect satisfaction.]

MR. BRALAGHAN.

Och ! Murther, murther, murther—mille murther !

[Enters Father Phil.]

FATHER PHIL.

Hulloa ! why what's the matter here, my dear Mrs. Bralaghan ?

MRS. BRALAGHAN, (drops the broom and bursts into tears.)

Oh Father Phil, your Riverince is heartily welcome, och hone ! you've saved my life, sir ; you're just come in time—it's only for your Riverince, I'd be a dead woman, this blessed evening.

MR. BRALAGHAN, (wiping the blood from his nose.)

Och, father Phil, it was God sent you, sir. Only for you, that terrible woman, there, would have had my life, sir, and my poor fatherless children be left desolate this day.

FATHER PHIL.

This is all very bad. I am sorry to see so handsome and so superior a woman as you, Mrs. Bralaghan, conduct herself this way. What's all this about ?

[Mrs. Bralaghan sobs violently.]

MR. BRALAGHAN.

Why then politics—sir, it's all about politics. That weary woman, there, gives me neither pace nor quiet.

MRS. BRALAGHAN, (interrupting him.)

Och ! you'd swear my life away, you ruffian, you would. Plaze your Riverince, just step into the parlour, and take a cup of tay, sir, and I'll tell you all, as if it was before your face. This way, your Riverince,—this way, Father Phil.

[She wipes her eyes, settles her cap, and follows Father Phil into the parlour, slapping the door after her. Mr. Bralaghan washes his face, looks after them, and sighs.]

MR. BRALAGHAN.

Well, there's no use in saying a word. There's no use in making a deffince. There's an ould saying, that a priest and a woman will bate the divil out of Luttrell's town.

[Puts on his hat, looks in the glass, and goes to the shop door. Looks about him; draws the half door after him—sallies out—meets a friend from Sally Noggin, who offers to treat him to a tumbler—turns into "the ould White Horse," where he remains till morning. Comes home very drunk, and beats Mrs. Bralaghan within an inch of her life, and then falls asleep.]

SCENE VII.

[An apartment at the seat of Sir Job Blackacre, something between a study and a public office.—SIR JOB BLACKACRE, (high sheriff,) MR. JONES, (his Sub,) seated, writing at a table.]

SIR JOB.

So then, during my absence, a pardon came down for Cornelius Brian, and a sharp letter from the Secretary's office, desiring magistrates to look closer into the police appointment. By —, if things are to go on in this way, the game is up. What is the use of our getting dangerous characters convicted, if government is to listen to every representation in their favour, and grant pardons because there may be something irregular in the proceeding?

JONES.

The power of the landed interest is not what it was, sir. They stand, at the Castle, too much in awe of what is said in parliament; and thus the Catholics contrive to rule the land through their own members.

SIR JOB.

Let the Lord-Lieutenant keep the people down, then, himself; for we will not hold the commission, to be reprimanded for acting on our own views, who are on the spot, and able to judge for ourselves. Besides, how do they expect the policemen to do their duty with zeal, if they are to be dismissed for every trifling mistake or overt act of loyalty?

JONES.

Very true, sir? This pardon of Corney Brian's will make men cautious how they swear. It is a direct insult upon the magistrates, who took such pains to bring the fellow to trial.

SIR JOB.

This is Mr. Sackville's doing. I had an intimation in Dublin of what was going on. That man will not be easy, till he gets a message from some of his brother justices. But I will try and get round him, and show him how much he is mistaken. There is no governing the country, if the gentry do not pull together. This pardon will make Sackville the most popular man in the country; and that, I suspect, is what he is aiming at.

MR. JONES.

Never fear, Sir Job; I have taken care of that, nately. I have "frustrated his politics" there, sir.

SIR JOB.

As how, Jones,—as how, I pray?

MR. JONES.

You were not at home when the pardon came. I, *you know*, could not open it, and so there it lay; and in the mane time, the sentinel was somehow removed from Corney's side of the strong house—you understand? and he is off, without waiting for the government's permission.

SIR JOB, (chuckling.)

By Jove, you're a clever fellow, sir. So Mr. Sackville takes nothing by his interference; and his pardon and popularity are swamp'd together—ha! ha! ha!

MR. JONES.

Exactly, sir; and what's more, Mrs. Honor Brian thinks Mr. Sackville was humbugging, just to take Corney out of the hands of M'Dermot of Mogherow, who was going up with a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant to be presented by the Liberator in person. She swears that he has sowld the mass, and threatens that she will have his life. She is a powerful woman, I can tell you, and one that will keep her word.

SIR. JOB.

Tut, tut, a poor mad creature—I'll send her to the treadmill, if she is troublesome. We must not go too far.

MR. JONES.

Well, if gentlemen won't be comfortable and hold each other up, they should be made to suffer a little. It would be a mighty good plan, not to pass the liberal Mr. Sackville's presentments. Nothing has been done to the roads on the Sackville part of the country for these two years, owing to the late man's illness; and the way to the demesne is hardly passible on this side. If he should break his carriage, or his neck, owing to his obstinacy, why he might learn better another time.

SIR JOB.

He deserves it richly: but the example would be a bad one. No gentlemen's presentments ought to be questioned.

MR. JONES.

It would be as well, then, if I spoke to the going judge, just to let him know what sort of a person we have gotten amongst us. Judge Blunderjoke always consults me, in his chamber, on the state of the country, before he ventures into court.

[Enter a servant.]

SERVANT.

Sarjeant Donovan, Sir Job, desires to speak a word with you.

SIR JOB.

Show him in. [*Enter Sarjeant—servant goes out.*] What is the matter now?

SARJEANT DONOVAN, (breathlessly.)

Och, sir, I beg your honour's pardon, but there's great work below in the town, Sir Job; quite a ruction down in Sally Noggin.

SIR JOB.

Again! why what the devil's the matter now?

SARJEANT.

Why, plaze your worship, this is a grand lodge day; and Sarjeant Mulrooney and I were just taking a pint of beer, sir, at the Rosstrévor Arms, at the little window that looks down Blarney Lane, when the widow Fogarty runs into the room in a great flusteration; and says she, gintlemin, says she, there's a great ruction in the main street. The lodge is up, says she, and every loyal Protestant in the town, says she, in regard of Mr. Sackville's riding with the boys, and the pardon for Corney Brian, who is all as one as a dead man, says she, that is Mr. Sackville, running for his life, and stones flying like kites after him, and his white hat that betrayed him. Only for Musther Galbraith, who rides beside him for purtection, says she, in his own gig, divil a hat, white or black, iver he'd put on again: so with that, your worship, I takes the short cut, and . . .

SIR JOB (rising in great perturbation.)

The blockheads! the cursed, mischievous, meddling blockheads! How unlucky and ill-timed! I hope you flew to Mr. Sackville's assistance. Where is he? Is he coming here?

SARJEANT.

Plaze your honour, we had no orders; but was delegated to keep quiet; and so I came off to tell your honour; and if Mr. Sackville is not a dead man afore this, he is on his way here.

SIR JOB, (with increased emotion.)

Order my horse immediately. Jones, you must come with me. This is the very thing I wanted to prevent.

[The door opens. The servant announces Mr. Sackville, who enters, preceded by Mr. Galbraith, and followed by two policemen. Mr. Sackville is covered with mud; the crown of his hat is beaten in; his face is much flushed, but his manner is cool and collected.]

SIR JOB, (with marked deference.)

Mr. Sackville, I am most flattered by the honour of this visit. I had purposed anticipating this courtesy. [*Pushes an arm-chair.*] Pray allow me. I hope her ladyship has received some game, which Lady Blackacre sent her this morning. My good Galbraith, how do you do? [*Galbraith bows obsequiously.*] Mr. Sackville, this is Mr. Jones, my Sub-sheriff and particular friend.

MR. SACKVILLE, (sits much fatigued. After coldly acknowledging Sir Job's civilities, and introduction of the Sub-sheriff, he turns to Mr. Galbraith.)

Pray be so good, Mr. Galbraith, as to see whether my horse is much injured. It is Lady Emily's favourite. I am convinced he is hurt. The stone hit him on the right shoulder and rebounded on mine. [*Rubs his shoulder.*] If you see any necessity, pray send for a veterinary surgeon; and despatch some one to Manor Sackville for the phaeton:—but first look to the groom, who, I fear, has not escaped scot-free.

[Galbraith winks at Jones, who follows him out of the room.]

SIR JOB, (with affected emotion.)

God bless me, Mr. Sackville!—a stone, did you say, thrown at you? Has any thing happened! You, who have done so much for the ungrateful villains. This is Father Phil's doing, and the patriots of Mogherow. Did they way-lay you, sir, or how?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Thy waylaid me after an Irish fashion, by attacking me when my back was turned; but it was not Father Phil, nor the persons you style patriots.

SIR JOB.

God bless me, sir! Where—how—who was it then?

MR. SACKVILLE.

It was an orange mob, Sir Job, assembled by some of the

gentlemen of the county, in defiance of the government and the law of the land. I was on my way to your house ; and, by Mr. Galbraith's advice, took the short cut, as he calls it, through Sally Noggin ; though my groom assured me it was the longest way. In passing through the town, I was struck by the extraordinary manifestations of party feeling and insubordination. The windows were hung with orange flags ; a procession of men, women, and children, tricked out with orange badges, and preceded by a drum and fife, playing party tunes, were parading the streets, and shouting offensive party cries most vociferously. I saw, too, a few meagre ragged, and desperate-looking wretches, peering with their dark, scowling faces from behind the mud hovels, on the skirts of the town, the doors of which (a rare occurrence in Ireland) were closed. A party which followed us through the town, ordered us to take off our hats to an effigy of King William, stuck over the pot-house, called the Ross-trevor Arms. I turned about in spite of Mr. Galbraith's remonstrance, to address the ringleaders, who actually hung upon my horse's flanks ; when I was saluted with a shower of stones and mud. Galbraith, in his mistaken kindness, whipped on my horse, who, frightened by the noise, and hit more than once, became unmanageable. The wretched, drunken people pursued me with shouts and execrations ; and what was more effectually annoying, with stones. My groom, I fancy, is injured ; and so is my horse. Mr. Galbraith alone escaped : he was in his gig, and was frequently cheered by the populace.

SIR JOB, (apparently much shocked.)

I am really much distressed. These loyal little festivals usually pass over in such perfect harmony, though always misrepresented by the demagogue press. You were mistaken, my dear sir, for some unpopular person, who had outraged their feelings.

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

Oh, no !—not I indeed ! I was saluted with the cry of popish Sackville !—Judas Iscariot,—castle-hack,—Protestant persecutor,—and the first Sackville that ever turned traitor to the good cause.

SIR JOB, (shaking his head, and looking pathetic)

Oh, Mr. Sackville ! you don't know this country. This is a popish plot, sir, and the priests are at the bottom of it.

MR. SACKVILLE.

For heaven's sake, no more of this, Sir Job. I am sick at heart of plots and counterplots. This is a wretched country, take it which way you will. But I have come to you on particular business, and have no time to lose in further discussion now. I expect some friends from Dublin at dinner, and must be at home by seven.

SIR JOB, (eagerly.)

You surely will not leave us this evening ? I hope to have the honour of your company at dinner ; my honourable and reverend friend, Dr. Polypus, and a few distinguished persons, whom you ought to know, Mr. Sackville, fortunately, happen to dine here to-day. Allow me to press on you the necessity of knowing

MR. SACKVILLE, (interrupting him.)

Quite impossible, Sir Job ! The fact is, I expect the Lord-Lieutenant at Manor Sackville, and only heard of the honour he intends me by last night's post. He is in this part of the country, and will arrive by seven ; and I wish to be in the way. The business, sir, that brought me here, is

SIR JOB.

The Lord-Lieutenant here ! impossible ! I beg your pardon a thousand times, Mr. Sackville ; but, many as are the indiscreet things the Lord-Lieutenant has done, he surely will not venture into this disturbed county,—at this fearful moment, too !

MR. SACKVILLE, (coolly.)

Yes, he will.

SIR JOB.

And for what unlucky purpose, sir ! What new insult is

to be perpetrated on the loyal gentlemen of this ill-treated county. He comes, I suppose, at the head of an army, at least?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Not exactly ;—I think he mentions that he brings an aide-de-camp. He drives over in his own phaeton, with his groom. He is simply coming to grouse in the mountains for a day or two, and returns by his yacht, which is anchored behind the rocks that shelter your pretty, but rather obstreperous village of Sally Noggin. [*Sir Job exhibits the greatest amazement and confusion.*] But my visit, Sir Job, relates to the most important part of his Excellency's letter, by which it appears that a pardon, I wrote about some time since, for one Cornelius Brian, came down from the Castle three days ago. It is about that I have ridden over here this morning, Sir Job. Every day, every hour is of consequence, where the life and liberty of a human being are at stake.

SIR JOB, (confused, but affecting great carelessness.)

Indeed, sir ! I did not know that you were—that you could be interested for that notorious ruffian and outlaw, Corney Brian, the most dangerous of the Whitefoot gang. It is flying in the face of the magistracy of the county, Mr. Sackville : but I will inquire. [*Rings the bell and a servant enters.*] Send Mr. Jones here.

[Enter Mr. Jones.]

Oh ! Mr. Jones, has any pardon come down from government for Cornelius Brian, during my absence ?

MR. JONES.

Yes, sir ; it arrived three days ago.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Then how comes it, the prisoner is not discharged ? Tomorrow was appointed for his execution.

SIR JOB.

Aye, Mr. Jones, how comes it ? Answer Mr. Sackville.

MR. JONES.

Why, Sir Job, the prisoner has discharged himself. Assisted by his wife, it seems, he burst the iron bars of his prison window, and has escaped. They are now up the mountains, at the head of a new gang, called the Redfeet; and have thus feloniously anticipated Mr. Sackville's effort in their favour.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Then has he been driven to one desperate action more, sir, by your neglect? He had not escaped the day before yesterday; for I myself saw him, in his damp, dark dungeon, lying in a state of feverish excitation, which fitted him for any act of violence. His miserable wife was never away from his grated window. Unfortunate wretch! had his pardon reached him three days ago, he might have been restored to his family, to industry, and reformation. I had work, and a cottage prepared for him. I can well understand his impatience, so long detained in prison, so narrowly escaping the gallows! convicted, too, on the oath of a notorious perjurer! Our own precipitate credulity, also so much in fault! Gracious God! is there a country in the world where human life is at so low a price, as in this unhappy Ireland!

SIR JOB, (shaking his head.)

You have yet a long lesson to learn, sir, with respect to this country. We all give you credit for your good intentions, Mr. Sackville; but regret you are not a more practical man. Your English notions are very amiable; and what you call the philosophy of politics sounds very well in an Edinburgh Review, or a national novel; but such views and principles are utterly inapplicable to this country. For instance, sir, the verdict against Brian might not be strictly borne out by the evidence; but the whole family are dangerous persons, and ringleaders of the most rebellious and disturbed peasantry in Ireland. A little hanging would have done him, or any of them, no harm, (right or wrong,) by way of example. But as he has now escaped with his life, a few days more or less in gaol could have made no difference to him. It is a fate they are all prepared for.

MR. SACKVILLE.

My English notions, as you call them, Sir Job, do indeed make me regard some things in this country in a light which I am told is thought rather extraordinary. For instance, I cannot think my rector, Dr. Polypus, quite justified in bringing his pauper parishioners into the ecclesiastical courts, and ruining them with law costs, upon dues of sixpences and shillings. Neither do I hold it very Christian conduct, when, upon my undertaking to defend a tenant whom he most grossly injured, the same reverend gentleman set up a figure of himself in a window to be shot at, in order to make the world believe it was an act of revenge in my unfortunate *protégé*, not wholly unsanctioned by myself.

SIR JOB.

Mr. Sackville, I must crave the liberty of an old friend of your family—of the name and house of Sackville at least—to remind you that you are a stranger as yet to Ireland. My honourable and reverend friend is a most estimable character, and an ornament to the church. You are wrong to believe all you hear against him. Besides, when you know the people better, you will yourself, be obliged to practise a little innocent *ruse*, every now and then, to meet their cunning, and to keep them down,—to keep them in any thing like peace and subordination.

MR. SACKVILLE, (earnestly.)

Never, Sir Job ; you may depend upon that. Honour and honesty are the best policy in all countries ; and permit me to remark, that you Irish gentlemen set the very worst example to your tenantry, when you swerve from fair dealing with them. In wresting the law aside, to violate natural equity, your “poisoned chalice” will infallibly be “commended to your own lips” in the end.

SIR JOB, (with astonishment.)

Why, Mr. Sackville, this is pure radicalism ;—an open preaching of rebellion ! You can know nothing of the state of Ireland, sir, to broach such doctrines ; and let me, in all friendship, advise you to keep your politics to yourself, if you wish to live on good terms with the loyal gentlemen of this county.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Politics, Sir Job,—such mere paltry, local politics as agitate Ireland,—are very little to my taste; Irish politics, indeed, I despair of ever understanding. So, the country gentlemen and I are not likely to quarrel on that score; though, were I disposed to side with any party in the state, it would not be the fear of any man's displeasure that would prevent me. These, however, are questions of common morality; and I cannot believe that any *gentleman* would knowingly uphold either fraud or cruelty.

SIR JOB.

Nay, sir, I mean no offence; but the fact is, Mr. Sackville, (to tell you candidly the truth,) you have, in the few weeks you have passed on your estate, contrived to render yourself an object of suspicion, if not of absolute distrust, to many persons of the first consideration. Word has, I am told, gone to higher powers than those vested in the Castle of Dublin, that you are agitating the country by your interference between the magistracy and the people: for we have agitators of all colours, religions, and ranks, here, Mr. Sackville.

MR. SACKVILLE, (pointedly.)

So I perceive, sir; but allow me to say that this is forming rather a hasty judgment upon the conduct of a stranger. Pray, what may be the grounds of this vigilant dilation?—that is, if the persons of consideration have trusted you with the secret.

SIR JOB.

I know nothing directly on the subject; but can form a tolerable guess. Did you not take informations of a fellow, whom a brother Magistrate had refused to listen to, because he knew they were against a loyal man; and have you not supported your tenantry against the incumbent, and thus drawn the whole parish into a conspiracy to withhold his dues? Then, again, your employment of that notorious Cox, the architect, whose father was hung in the rebellion;—who is known to attend the ante-tithe meetings,—and against whom, by-the-by, a secretary's warrant has just arrived by express.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Of that intrigue I was aware, and have already traced the matter to the bungling mistake of one of the subaltern pretenders to exclusive loyalty in the next town, which has been urged forward in Dublin by professional jealousy. Mr. Cox is a highly-talented, and extremely ill-used gentleman; and if he cites me as a witness into court, I shall be able to lay bare a most villainous conspiracy against him.

SIR JOB.

The Attorney-general will not thank you for any such interference; and, between ourselves, if Cox should be arrested at your house, it will be a mark of government displeasure, that will for ever stamp your character in the country, even though your friend, the Lord-Lieutenant, were your guest at the time.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Arrive que peut, fais ce que doit, is my motto, Sir Job. But really Ireland is a pleasant country to live in. Pray look at this anonymous letter. It is a notice to take care of myself; for that my life will be in danger, if I prosecute "the boys" who gave the police a *bating* at Sally Noggin slaughter. It advises me to keep clear of my Orange connexions, or Manor Sackville will be burnt over my head.

SIR JOB, (aside.)

(The Honourable and Reverend's hand writing, by heavens! How can he be so indiscreet?) [*Aloud.*] You see, sir, in what an unsettled condition this country is; and how necessary it is to protect the loyal against the disaffected, at all hazards.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Nay, Sir Job, I laugh at anonymous communications. None but a scoundrel would make them. But still, is it not whimsical, that while I am set down by your friends as no better than a Jacobian, and a Papist, I should be accounted by my poorer neighbours an Orangeman, and an oppressor: and this, too, merely for endeavouring to keep clear of all

your local politics, and doing my duty without favour or affection?

SIR JOB.

Keep clear of politics! Ha!—ha!—ha! Pardon me, Mr. Sackville, for laughing. But, is it possible that you can expect to keep clear of politics in Ireland? Every thing you say or do, here, is politics. The food you eat, the colour of your coat, the friends you see, and the servants you employ, are all badges of party. It is sufficient that you do not join any one faction heartily, to be suspected and hated by all. We are all heaven-born politicians in Ireland.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Heaven-born, indeed! for never was there less sound political knowledge, or more ignorance of all that is passing in other countries! How miserable you make each other by your factious feuds and narrow views, is but too evident. Philosophy and philanthropy are alone without partizans in Ireland. Mr. Jones, I will thank you to trust me with the pardon.

MR. JONES.

It is here, sir. [*Gives the paper. Mr. Sackville puts it into his breast pocket.*]

[Enter Galbraith.]

MR. SACKVILLE, (rising eagerly.)

Well, Galbraith, how is poor James? and the horse too—is it injured, or not?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Nothing to signify, Mr. Sackville, only just a little bruised in the shoulder; but the people in the stables think the poor baste had better be left alone for a day or two where it is. James Gernon is brave and hearty too, after losing a little blood; and will be as well as ever, before he is twice married, the apothecary says.

MR. SACKVILLE, (shocked.)

Was it necessary, then, to bleed him, poor fellow ?

MR. GALBRAITH.

It was a good precaution, as he got a hit on the head ; and th' apothecary hard by, convenient. And as you are going to remain here all night

MR. SACKVILLE, (interrupting him.)

I am not going to remain here, sir ; I must return, though I should walk home ; but I can ride the groom's horse. The evening is falling, and we shall have rather a dreary ride over the mountains ; but I will not again risk my life in Sally Noggin.

MR. GALBRAITH, (with earnestness.)

It is, indeed, mighty dreary ; and I'm thinking, sir, that if you left your groom's horse for my man, and came yourself back in my gig, (since you *are* determined on going, sir,) there is a head to it, in case of the storm coming down, that's brewing above there, in them devil's own black clouds. The gig will skim along like a curlew, sir.

MR. SACKVILLE.

With all my heart. My arm feels a little stiff and sore.

SIR JOB, (earnestly.)

But surely you will take some refreshment, Mr. Sackville, before you start ?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Thank you, Sir Job, I never eat before dinner. I will see my groom and the horse ; and then, Mr. Galbraith, if you please, we must start. [*Looks at his watch.*] It is near five already. Sir Job, you will do me a favour, by letting me see you as early as possible at Manor Sackville—to-mor-

row if convenient; for I am so hurried now, that I cannot say all I wish.

SIR JOB.

Certainly, sir; I shall have great pleasure in waiting upon you, and paying my respects to his Excellency. I really am very sorry that you must go; but if you would change your mind

MR. SACKVILLE, (bows coldly.)

I am very sorry; it is impossible you see. Good evening. [Exit.]

[Mr. Galbraith shakes Sir Job's hand, (who follows Mr. Sackville,) winks at Jones, and looks after Mr. Sackville with an expression of annoyance and anxiety.]

MR. JONES.

Cannot you let him go by himself? I don't like *your* crossing the mountains. These are no times for such daring.

MR. GALBRAITH.

It would be as much as my place is worth. With that mighty mild face of his, he is the devil's own tyrant. But I say, Jones, while he is looking to his horse and groom, do you slip out to the back stable, and order my man, Tom Reynolds, to gallop away on the groom's horse before us, to the police station at Mogherow, and meet us with a small party at the foot of the military road. [Sighs.] My mind misgives me to-night. There is a weight on my heart like a bar of iron. The Lord protect us. Amen!

MR. JONES, (laughing.)

Oh! you are worth two dead men yet. - Besides the fire is burnt out; the row in the town has settled the place for to-night. The military too are in the mountain barrack since yesterday. You will have a fine drive home by moon-light. And then, sir, you are going to meet the Lord-Lieutenant; and I'll be after asking you for a place, one of these odd-come-shortlies.

MR. GALBRAITH, (rallying and smiling.)

Well, it's a great honour, surely. I'd better be off, and make no demur. So Jones, dear, off with you and do the needful. Tell Reynolds to lose not a moment. Let them meet us at the back road, behind the ruins of Kilnailly. It's a bad spot by day or night; [*sighs* ;] but that's the safer side, and not at all as one, as th' ould kiln.

[Exeunt by different doors.]

SCENE VIII.

[A dreary sweep of country, making part of a wide, shelving slope, that descends into a billowy plain, at the foot of the barrier mountains of two counties. The distant summit of Sleive-an-jaroin is seen rising in lofty grandeur, above a circlet of dense vapours, and catching the last red gleam of the setting sun. The new mountain military road winds in a zig-zag direction, till it reaches the lowest declivity, and is lost in the grey, gloomy heath beneath. Another less distinct road winds by a small, still lake, darkened by the shadows of the black mountains, which appear almost to surround this part of the scene. The horizon is obscured by thick drifting clouds. Emerging from the latter road, MR. SACKVILLE appears, walking with a quick, firm step. His arms are folded in his cloak. He is followed by Mr. Galbraith, muffled up to the eyes, who leads down his horse and gig from the steep and rutty declivity. The lake road, at a particular point, opens sharply, between the rocky jutting of the nether hills, into a wild heath, on which the track of a bridle way is scarcely visible, in the increasing shadows of the evening. In the perspective, lies a large mass of solitary ruins, cutting darkly against the red horizon. Nearly opposite to these ruins stands an old lime-kiln. The dashing of the ocean against the iron-bound shore is heard in the distance, echoing like remote thunder.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

What awful sublimity ! what savage desolation ! The last touch of a moral interest, too, is given by that fine ruin before us,—the monument of a past and powerful superstition ! [*A short pause.*] What is the name of those picturesque ruins, which lie on the edge of that gloomy water ?

MR. GALBRAITH, (with impatient peevishness.)

I see no ruins, sir ; the sharp wind has blinded me intirely. It's a great pity we did not stay quietly at Sir Job's, Mr. Sackville. We should be now sated at an iligant good dinner, with a roaring fire at our backs, instead of perishing alive, in this wild place.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Well, and so you will soon be seated at a good dinner. But do you not see those ruins before us to the left? Look at that high, pointed belfry,—at that fine gothic arch, with its beautiful stone-belted window, so delicately defined upon the fading light of the west.

MR. GALBRAITH, (obliged to see, as he approaches the spot.)

Why, sir, I suppose it's the ruins of the Abbey of Kilmilly. I know of no other in this wild savage place. We might as well have come by Sally Noggin; especially, as I now see that I took the old military pass, which was cut in the '98, instead of the new military road to the mountain barrack, which is newly-finished, and Lord Fitzroy's men stationed in it.

MR. SACKVILLE, (cheeringly.)

Come, come; we have done very well. We have arrived nearly at the point, where you said we were to descend; though by another, and more romantic road.

MR. GALBRAITH.

Not at all, sir. I meant to have come down on the say-shore, where there is a Martello tower, and an out-station of police.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Well, it was a mistake, certainly. But the line of country is new to me; and could scarcely be seen under more favourable lights. The drifting of those dense clouds, and the struggles of that young, watery moon through them, change the aspect of the mountains every moment. 'Tis quite magnificent!—the scenery of Macbeth! How nobly that ruined abbey gains on us as we advance! What perfect forms! It is curious that so extensive a monastery should have been placed in so wild a situation! In general the monks seem to have constituted themselves into farming societies, and to have chosen the most fertile situations, for their agricultural pursuits.

MR. GALBRAITH, (bitterly, but gradually cheering.)

And do you know, sir, why the monks of Kilnailly chose this murdering spot? Because they were Carthusians, and never touched flesh-meat; and because that *donny* little lake produced thin, and produces to this day, the finest black trout, of any lake in the country. It's often the late Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville and myself spint a long summer's day here, fishing them up, from the size of a pinkeen to twenty pounds weight. And look, Mr. Sackville, that little rivulet, that sparkles in the moonshine, and flows off the lake, under the abbey arch. Well, sir, when the trout would refuse the bait or fly elsewhere, it's in basketsful we'd catch them, just at the mouth of that strame, where the monks had weirs, within a few feet of their own kitchin. Oh! they knew what they were about, I'll ingage.

MR. SACKVILLE.

What a discovery for Clarence Herbert! the most inveterate fisher, since the immortal Isaac Walton. I'll have a tent pitched here, and a cold dinner sent out, the first favourable morning. We'll have a delightful gipsey party! Lady Emily is so fond of a gipsey party! She is quite a child, in her young, fresh tastes.

MR. GALBRAITH, (emphatically.)

No, sir, you'd better not; the place is changed now. I'd be sorry to see Lady Emily here, by night or by day. It is no place for her. It has a bad name, Mr. Sackville. The last tithe-proctor of Mogherow, (a worthy fellow, and father of a fine family,) was murdered under that very window, you admire so much. It was autumn twelvemonth, about this time, sir. He was taking the short cut, poor man! as we have done on his way home to Mogherow, when the murderers rushed from the hills, behind the abbey, dragged him to the ruins, murdered him, and threw his body into the lake, where it was food for the trout, many a day. [*Sighs convulsively.*]

MR. SACKVILLE, (with horror.)

Good God! Is every scene of this magnificent, this romantic country, to be the historic site of some crime,—of some atrocious deed, to blunt the hopes, and darken the imagination of Ireland's best friends!

MR. GALBRAITH, (looking round timidly.)

Since thin, no nobody has fished in the little lough of Killynailly. But wouldn't you like to step into the gig, sir?

MR. SACKVILLE.

We had better walk on a little further, until we get into a smoother road. From the aspect of Sleive-an-jaroin, we cannot be very far from the new lodge of Manor Sackville.

MR. GALBRAITH.

About three miles, sir. But now, sir, that you have opened a new drive through the park, on the mountain side of your demesne, and that you are building that iligent fine gate, which, Mr. Cox says, is the grandest ever raised in the province, I hope you will get a presentment for this road.

MR. SACKVILLE.

I will lay down one at my own expense: for as it will be an accommodation to no one but myself, it would not be quite fair to lay it upon the county.

MR. GALBRAITH.

As you plaze, sir, surely. But sure, sir, hasn't every gintleman a road round his demesne wall, (and wherever else may shoot his convanience,) presented for him as a matter of coorse? But [*looking round him anxiously*] it's a wonder I don't see an idaya of my man, Tim Reynolds! I sint him on afore us, to pick up a little party of police, to meet us before night-fall. He has missed us, I fear, sir.

MR. SACKVILLE.

You did very wrong to part with him. I have more apprehension of the breaking of your light gig, or the stumbling of your horse, than of any thing, from which the police can save us. All is calm here—silent and solitary, even to desolation; save only those shrill gusts from the mountain, which sweep down through the glens, with such melancholy, but fine effect. We are safer here, Mr. Galbraith, than in your pet colony of Sally Noggin. These pauses in the storm are very fine!

MR. GALBRAITH.

Why, thin, I'd rather hear all the drums in the province, bating a travaillée about my ears, this blessed moment, than one of those banshee blasts. The Lord bless us ! what noise was that ? Didn't you hear a whistle, Mr. Sackville, from behind the kiln, to the right ? Christ preserve us ! Amen !

[Fumbles in his breast, and gets to the other side of the horse, to leave his right-hand free.]

MR. SACKVILLE, (listening.)

I did hear something through that blast. I believe we have flushed some curlews among the heather—aye, there they go. How shrill their scream is repeated by the mountain echoes ! How Emily would enjoy this—I almost wish she were here !

MR. GALBRIATH.

Lady Emily here, sir ! I'd rather see a stout party of police. I'd take my oath, I heard a whistle, again. [*In terror.*] Och ! I know *that* whistle !

[They walk on in silence ; Galbraith still leading his horse ; Mr. Sackville a little in advance. They arrive at that part of the road, which becomes broader, and clearer ; and at a spot, exactly between the ruins and the kiln, a mass of vapours clears from behind the Abbey, and discovers a rugged range of hills, forming the background. A gothic stone cross also appears, close to the road side. Mr. Sackville pauses for a moment, to examine it ; and Mr. Galbraith to pat and caress his panting horse ;—having now reached the level.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

This is a curious monument !

[Mr. Galbraith starts, and increases the rapidity of his movements.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

We had better get on, sir—Look, Mr. Sackville ! Do you see nothing under the Abbey wall, to the left ?

MR. SACKVILLE, (in an encouraging tone.)

I see a few miserable sheep grazing in the long rank grass.

MR. GALBRAITH, (trembling excessively.)

And do you see nothing else, sir? I would advise you to get into the gig.

MR. SACKVILLE, (putting up his glass.)

Yes, I see some poor wretch, guarding those sheep, and sheltering himself from the coming storm, under the archway. What a dreary station!

MR. GALBRAITH, (hurrying on, and speaking over his shoulder to Mr. Sackville, who is now in the rear.)

Humph! you had better get into the gig, sir.

[The figure appears to move forward.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Why, Mr. Galbraith, you are haunted by imaginary terrors.

MR. GALBRAITH, (fumbling in his breast.)

Who goes there? [*In a low voice*] Mr. Sackville, you have your pistols about you, I take for granted.

MR. SACKVILLE, (laughing.)

What! to shoot the poor shepherd, and his sheep? No, I never carried arms about me, in my life.

[The figure clears the ruins, and springing over a deep dyke on the roadside, follows the gentlemen.]

MR. GALBRAITH, (affecting a stout manner.)

Who goes there! Have a care, friend—no nearer, if you please: we are armed—pass on.

A SULLEN AND DEEP VOICE.

You had better pass on yourself, Mr. Galbraith.

[Mr. Galbraith, keeping his right hand in his breast, seizes the reins with the left.]

MR. GALBRAITH.

Och, Shane Sullivan is that you? (*aside*—I know him, Mr. Sackville, the ruffian!) (*aloud*) Is that you Shane dhu, my man?

SHANE SULLIVAN, (*walks abreast the gentlemen, with his hands behind his coat.*)

It is Jerry Galbraith!

MR. GALBRAITH, (*in a soothing accent.*)

What are you doing here at this time of the evening, Shane, my boy?

SHANE, (*doggedly.*)

My master's business:—Every man to his calling. What brings yourself here, Mr. Galbraith?

MR. GALBRAITH.

Don't be offensive, don't be offensive, Shane dhu: take a friend's advice now, and go home. There's a storm arising: so go to your cabin, man. It's time for you to be at home.

SHANE.

My home! my cabin! What home have you, and your friend, Mr. Sampson, left me Jerry Galbraith?—Not so much as a shed to die under; nor a blanket to wrap the wife in, that ye turned into the high road!.....

MR. GALBRAITH.

Oh Shane, you know well, that was not my doing, any how. I give you my word, Shane, I'm sorry for what has happened, and will go and see your wife and bring the dispensary doctor to her, to-morrow, if you'll call on me at Manor Sackville.

SHANE, (*with fierce bitterness.*)

See her! yes, you will meet her any how, afore long,

sure enough. She lies there, among them ruins, in holy ground, now. The sod's green that's above her.

MR. GALBRAITH, (with a loud voice, and affected carelessness.)

Hem! Mr. Sackville; the road is now smooth and passable. If you please, sir, we'll get in the gig. I see the lights of Manor Sackville quite plain now.

[Shane steps forward, and pushes himself between the gentlemen. He looks earnestly at Mr. Sackville, who returns his look with composure and calmness.]

SHANE.

And this is the great Squire Sackville, is it? the king of the country! Troth and faith, then, Galbraith, better protection you can't travel with. I'd advise your honour, howsomever, to drive on a bit. For there is a storm coming down the mountain, that you mayn't like, sir. [*Significantly.*]

MR. GALBRAITH, (in great agitation.)

Shane, don't forget yourself intirely. I see, you've the drop in you, boy. Remember I'm a magistrate and chief constable.

SHANE.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! I wish you joy of your office, Jerry Galbraith. This is a fine time and a great place, to be a magistrate and a constable in. It will sarve you greatly now, sir.—Mr. Sackville, I'll throuble you to step an. Take the gig and drive home to your lady, God bless her. She has the blessing of the poor of the country with her. Mr. Galbraith and I have an ould bit of a reckoning together, and the fewer witnesses the bether.

MR. SACKVILLE, (firmly but mildly.)

Sullivan, you must be a brave fellow, for you are an Irishman, and your's is not the country of cowardice. But it is the act of a coward, of the basest of cowards, to waylay an unprotected man; and it is the act of a fool, for purposes of hellish vengeance,—in requital of supposed, or real wrongs,

to commit a crime, which forfeits your life, to the laws of your country in this world, and, according to the religion you profess, loses you for ever, in the world to come.

SHANE, (furiously.)

My country!—a country to starve and perish in! What laws are there for me; if, when labouring to support a wife and five children, out of sixpence a day, paid me by that land-shark there, for twelve hours' work, I was unable to pay him his rint! and when I saw my wife turned to die on the road, and my childer driven for shelter to that ould kiln?—Forfeit my life! Oh! Mr. Sackville, is it joking you are? Why thin, it's a great forfeit, surely; and long ago, I would have forfeited it by the murther of that villian there, and other villians like him; only that I should live to earn the childer their potatie. But it's a folly to talk, Mr. Sackville—move an, if you plaze—I'm not a murtherer, Mr. Sackville, but I'm a man, God help me!—and so, there's no murther in the case. But look ye, sir. The last of my childer lies dead of the typhus, in that kiln, without so much as a candle to wake her with: but I've frinds and cronies at hand, to wake her grandly before the moon sets, behind Sleive-najaroin, there: so, sir, there's no time to lose in parley.

[Sullivan draws a blunderbuss from under his coat—Galbraith stands aghast.]

MR. SACKVILLE, (in great emotion.)

Sullivan! for God's sake; for your own, for mine—I cannot, will not, stand by and see a fellow-creature murdered! If money, if employment, and protection . . . Speak! what will satisfy you?

SULLIVAN, (passing his arm through Mr. Sackville's and leading him on a little.)

It's too late, sir—what's money to me? The mother, the wife, the childer, are all there! [*Pointing to the ruins, with a wild laugh.*] Och! there's that, far sweeter now than money, Misther Sackville!—but, *naboclish* move an, sir,—there's the horse and gig, and the lights of Manor Sackville dancing before ye, and a fine house, and a fine wife waiting for you, and . . . Ha! *A pistol-shot is fired close to his ear. He catches hold of Mr. Sackville's arm.*] Well done,

Galbraith, you murdering traitor !—but you are in the toils. Ha ! ha ! ha !—

[Drops his blunderbuss, which goes off. A shrill whistle is heard. The blast of many horns responds to the echo of the gun. Galbraith springs into his gig, and endeavours to disentangle the reins. Mr. Sackville is dragged to the earth by the murdered man, who grasps him fast ; but forgetful of himself, he endeavours to raise Sullivan, and to staunch his blood, that flows in torrents from his wound. A rush of men, from the ruins and lime-kiln, now pours upon the spot. Galbraith is seized. The fierce, wild multitude, armed in various ways, surround the dying man. A shrill cry is set up of “ *Down with the Sassenach !* ”—“ *To the lake with the land-shark !* ”—“ *Down with Galbraith !* ” CORNELIUS BRIAN, a man of gigantic stature, and the leader of the party, stalks forward.]

CORNELIUS BRIAN.

Halt, I say, and pace. [*They draw up deferentially.*] Let no man spake a word, nor raise an hand, till Shane Dhu Sullivan has said his last say. Honor, my *vourneen*, I'll take that musket from ye, now ; and take this pike yourself. You may want it before moonset.

[Honor, (a tall, powerful woman, with long, dark, streaming hair,) exchanges arms with her husband. Meantime, Dan O'Leary withdraws Sullivan from Mr. Sackville's support, and holds him in his arms, while two fierce-looking men, at a movement from Brian, seize Mr. Sackville. Honor kneels down, and presents a wooden crucifix, suspended from her neck, to Sullivan's lips, but they move not. His eyes are turned towards the kiln.]

DARBY O'LOUGHLIN, (leaning on his pike, and looking mournfully at Sullivan.)

There's no use in waiting ; Shane Dhu's gone—so up, and to work, boys, you know well, there's no time to lose, and all's ready. The Polis is on the *shaughran*, and th' army will soon get the word.

PAT DORAN.

O'Loughlin's right—what use in talk ? Down with the English traitor ; and this for his man Jack. [*Takes aim at Galbraith, who raises a shriek. Cornelius Brian strikes up the gun, which goes off in the air.*]

CORNELIUS BRIAN, (savagely, and in a commanding voice.)

By him that made and saved me, the first of yez that moves a finger, till yez have your orders, from me, or only

touches an heir of the Sassenach's head, till Sullivan spakes, is a dead man. What call have *you* to him, Pat Doran? Did he daceive *you*? Kill a Sassenach for yourself, and lave me my own. His blood be on my head, as mine is, or would have been, on his—but for God's providence. And now, make way, boys: give a little air to Shane Dhu; see how he gasps; but he is as good as two dead men, yet. What bloody rag is that round his throat?

DAN O'LEARY.

'Tis the gintleman's handkerchief, I suppose.

[Draws it off, and Honor snatches it.]

CORN. BRIAN.

Give it to me, Honor. [*He holds it up.*] Look, boys; this is the flag of the night. It's dyed with the blood of the truest poor boy, that iver was hunted to ruin. Sullivan, my man [*stoops over him,*] what's your last will and wish? Spake, if ye can; and it shall be done. Name who has murdered you, Shane Dhu Machree. Don't let us shed innocent blood, any how; but let justice be done—who is the murtherer?

SEVERAL VOICES.

Aye, aye—who is the murtherer?

[Sullivan opens his eyes, and looks anxiously round; makes a convulsive effort to speak; and then with a hoarse and rattling voice, names Galbraith, and dies. Several shots are fired. Galbraith falls lifeless at the bottom of his gig. A shower of stones is flung at the body. The horse takes fright, and runs off, taking the road to Manor Sackville. During the transaction, Brian withdraws Mr. Sackville from his keepers and seizes him firmly in the iron grasp of his left hand; while he holds his musket with his right.]

PAT DORAN.

Corney Brian, there is great work to be done yet. And what use of dragging the *Boddah Sassenach*,* after us? You're sworn, Corney. Down with him, and away. It's well known that he's a raal traitor. Mr. M'Dermot said so, at the fair of Sally Noggin; and tould the boys of Kilcash-meeting, that he is no throe friend to Ireland.

* English churl.

CORN. BRIAN, (grimly.)

I know bether what he is than you, Pat Doran, or Mr. M'Dermot either. But if he were the divil from hell, he's mine. So Pat Doran, up with your own men to the kiln; and you, Mich. Gaffney. Kelly and Delaney, down to the heather with you. The party will soon be here, that was to purtect Squire Galbraith and his honour. Padreen did his message well, I'll ingage, as well as Mr. Tim Reynolds would, for the life of him; and sorrow the message that murthuring informer will ever go agin. Now, boys, to your posts. I think I hear the trot of a horse; and there's a dust rising on the road. Here, James Dolan; give us an helping hand with Mr. Sackville.—Gintlemin's not used to leap dikes by moonlight, I'll ingage. [*Dolan seizes Mr. Sackville's left shoulder.*] Honor, you'll guard the rare, my *vourneen*. I'll just step over the way to show O'Rouke's altar to my frind and purtector, here;—who got me my repraive the day afther I was hanged, and ped me a visit in the black cell, with tears in his eyes, and traison in his heart. Now, my boys, to your bushes. I'll be back in a giffy—sorrow long, I'm iver about a job, that my heart's in. Take off Sullivan's body to the kiln. Pace to his sowl!

[A pause; the men take off their hats, and cross themselves.]

BRIAN, (in a low and feeling voice.)

We'll wake him to-night with his child. We may have more to carry with thim to th' abbey before our work is done.

[The men depart silently to their several posts, following, bare-headed, for a short distance, the body of Sullivan, which is borne away by Dan O'Leary and Darby O'Loughlin. Meantime, Corney Brian and James Dolan drag Mr. Sackville along with great violence and rapidity. They are closely followed by Honor, who, at every halt, or attempt to speak on the part of Mr. Sackville, pushes him on with her pike. They drag him over the dike, and along the banks of the lake, towards the ruins of Kilnailly.]

CORN. BRIAN, (halting.)

Whuisht—I hear the sound of horse's feet. Here, Dolan, take this bloody handkerchief, and off with you, across the ruins there, to the scout-post, near the stone of Kilcash. Give it to Shamus Brian, my brother who is on the look-

out. Tell him the pass-word is Manor Sackville—and my hid-quarters for the night, the abbey of Kilnailly.

[Dolan resigns his post to Honor, whose grasp is not less fixed and firm than his own. He bounds along with the celerity of a hound, on his mysterious mission, and is soon out of sight. Brian, Honor, and Mr. Sackville move on with a more deliberate and steady pace. Mr. Sackville shows great nerve and presence of mind. He is aware, that whatever are the intentions of Brian, all resistance is fruitless ; and his last hope reposes on moral influence. He binds up every corporeal faculty to meet with fortitude the awful event, which now appears almost inevitable. The Brians proceed in silence, diverging from the lake ; and plunge with their victim, into the most gloomy part of the ruins.]

END OF VOL. I.

DRAMATIC SCENES

FROM

REAL LIFE.

BY LADY MORGAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MANOR SACKVILLE.

SCENE IX.

[The cloisters of Kilnailly, which are still in fine preservation, and are nearly roofed by the spreading branches of a tall yew-tree, and a net-work of ivy and other creeping plants. A faint ray of moon-light falls through the green roof, upon an high, rude altar-tomb in the choir. The Brians are seen dragging in Mr. Sackville over fallen clumps of the ruins.]

MR. SACKVILLE, (stumbling over a new-made grave.)

Do not drag me with such violence; I will accompany you where you will, without further resistance. I now see too well that all resistance is in vain; I am wholly in your power. All I beg, all I beseech is, to be allowed to address a few words to you, Cornelius Brian, and to you, Honor. You, at least, Honor, will not refuse to hear a husband and a father.—[*She turns away her head. Mr. Sackville continues with uncontrollable motion.*].—Woman—wife—mother

[He pauses.]

BRIAN.

Come, sir, no palaver. Women are wake,—aye, the strongest of them, when talked to that a way.

MR. SACKVILLE.

What have you to fear from me? You are both armed and powerful; I cannot escape, if you aim at my life; for I well know that all paltry sordid views are far below the spirit of your vengeance, your ill-directed, your mistaken vengeance. At least, then, give me a moment to say a few words,

to enter on an explanation in which you, Brian, are deeply concerned ; and then, one moment—[*His voice falters*—]—for my wife, my child—I beg it.

[They halt opposite the stone altar. The moonlight which falls on it, shows it to be stained with blood.]

BRIAN, (in an agitated voice.)

Mr. Sackville, I'd give my own poor life to believe that you are not a traitor, and the worst of traitors. Look—look at that old althar, sir. It has been called, time immemorial, the traitor's stone. But that is a long story ; and many a bloody traitor did penance on that althar, Mr. Sackville ; the last not more than an hour back, one Tim Reynolds, a notorious informer in the service of the magistrate Galbraith, whose blood is on the bushes there. We did *his* commission for him ; and there he lies, behind Oonah's new-made grave. Now, Mr. Sackville, he was a poor ignorant manial, and a villain born. But what would you think, sir, of a gentleman, and the greatest and richest of gintlemen, one that did every thing, Mr. Sackville, in a grand style ; not one mane dirty trick in him ; but all grand and great, and winning the hearts of the country, so that not a boy in the barony but was ready to surrender him his arms, aye, or his life, if it would sarve him. And what do you think, sir, of this *che shin* of a gintleman, coming to the condemned cell, sir, of a convicted cratur, innocently convicted of the charge laid to him, by that very Tim Reynolds ? The gintleman worming his little saicrets out of him, and previnting him making his escape, which he could do, with the help of that poor woman, there, (and did, praise God !) and promising him a pardon from the Lord-Lieutenant ; and when he had done all this, with the face of of an angel—selling him to the dirty spalpeen magistrates and orange-men, who thirsted for his blood ; and so driv him once more to the mountains. Now, Mr. Sackville, if you were to choose a place to settle a little business with such a great gintleman as that, what fitter could you take him to, than this ould stone althar, with the bones of a traitor below, and the blood of a perjured informer above ?

HONOR, (shaking back her dark locks, and looking fiercely at Sackville.)

It's throe for him ; and if my childer have a father this

night, no thanks to you : for you sould us, you and your fine lady, intirely. Ye raal deceiver. [*She raises her pike.*]

MR. SACKVILLE, (putting back her arms.)

One moment, in the name of God. On whose authority do you speak? Who told you that I betrayed you? How do you know that I sold you?

BRIAN, (furiously.)

Every how. Mr. M'Dermot, a thrue pathriot, knew it. Mr. M'Gab, Sub-sheriff Jones's clerk, had a hint of it; and Honor, here, who was scouring the country, heard it, both from Orange and Green.

MR. SACKVILLE, (solemnly.)

As I hope for salvation, 'tis all false! There is not one word of truth in the black and infamous calumny, invented by your enemies and mine.

BRIAN, (in an undecided tone.)

I want to take no man's life without a raison; 'bove all a benefactor's, if such there be in the wide world. But where was the repraive, sir,—where was the pardon? The day came on, the gallows was getting ready, and you prevented my escape: [*puts his hands to his eyes:*] but the pardon never came. [*After a moment's pause.*] There is no time to lose, [*raises his musket,*] so now a prayer to God that made you, and a word for the woman that owns you. Honor will take *that*; and then [*hesitatingly, Mr. Sackville draws up.*] For I'm bound, sir. There's thim in the heather and thim in the kiln that waits to hear the voice of this little piece from the mountain echoes. I am book sworn, Mr. Sackville,—die you must, now, and here.

MR. SACKVILLE, (in suppressed agony.)

Great God! great God! and in the view too of my own home!

BRIAN, (furiously.)

Had I been hung at the new jail, Mr. Sackville, it would have been within view of the blue smoke of my own cabin, and innocently too; for I deceived no man. I was bad enough, Christ pardon me, but I was no traitor. You bid me not move a step, for my pardon should come. Honor's eyes, there, strained blood looking for it from the high places; but the pardon niver came. Had I oncet seen it, though I was to have been hung the day after

MR. SACKVILLE, (with a flash of sudden recollection.)

'The pardon! seen it! Great God! If that will do!—*[draws out the paper from his bosom.]* Here, here,—here is the pardon. See, you can see by this light the seal. It was sent to Sir Job three days back, but was detained in his office. It was on that account that, contrary to many warnings not to leave my own home, I went to Sir Job's this morning. There is the pardon; and here, Honor, this was for you from my wife. It contains money to take you and your husband to America, if you did not prefer to come and work at Manor Sackville.

[Honor seizes and opens the pocket: it contains bank-notes. Brian opens the pardon. His musket drops on the stone pavement, and goes off, with endless echoes. He falls at Mr. Sackville's feet. Honor drops her pike, throws her arms around him, and holds him in silent emotion.]

BRIAN, (in great agitation.)

My heart misgave me all along. I thought, with that face, and that voice, like music. I could not bring myself to shed your blessed blood—I hoped—I waited—I. Och!—

[Buries his face in his hands for a moment, and sobs—a rush—a cry—a discharge of muskets—Honor and Brian start up and seize their arms.]

BRIAN.

Whisht! they are at it above, there—I am wanted. By this time, sir, the news has reached Manor Sackville. Dead, or alive, I meant that handkerchief as a signal to your wife;

for I thought of Honor. And now, sir, away, straight forward along the dike.

MR. SACKVILLE. (faintly.)

My poor Emily! But how shall I escape? which is my road?

BRIAN.

Honor, lade him off towards Kilcash. He isn't a stone's throw from the mountain-gate of Manor Sackville,—away, sir,—off with yez.

HONOR, (anxiously.)

And you, Cornelius, asthore. Are you going to thim above? Sure you had better not.

BRIAN.

Niver mind me—off and away with Mr. Sackville. I'll be convaniant to the dike-cut.

[Brian puts up the pardon, and turns off towards the road. Honor runs over the Abbey ruins, followed by Mr. Sackville. On turning an angle, they get into a road, which is the continuation of that taken by Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Sackville, on their descent from the mountain.]

HONOR, (breathless and impatiently.)

There, sir! straight afore you. There are the lights in your lodge. Jasus and his holy mother protect you!

[She springs into the dike, and running along under the shelter it affords, returns to the scene of action. Firing is heard. Mr. Sackville hurries forward; but hearing the tramp of horses' feet, he looks back and pauses. Clouds of smoke arise. Reiterated shouts are heard. A crowd of fighting and flying men pursue the road he has taken, and pass before the tree under which he has sheltered. He pushes on,—the hights of Manor Sackville become more distinctly visible. Horsemen and a chaise and four approach at full gallop, from the Manor Sackville side. Mr. Sackville springs forward, and sees Lady Emily hanging out of the carriage window. A loud, long scream announces her recognition of him. She bursts open the door, and falls lifeless into his arms. Mr. Sackville replaces her in the carriage, and supports her. Captain Herbert places a party of men as an escort, and orders the postilions to turn. A crowd pass by, flying; and are pursued by the mountain police, who are joined by a few of the military.]

SERJEANT DONOVAN, (riding up to Captain Herbert.)

The field is our own, plaze your hononr. But plaze to send some of your men, captain, to the abbey of Kilnailley. There are a posse of prisoners there; and our men are well peppered themselves, and won't be able to keep them quiet long.

[Captain Herbert gives the order. The carriage moves on. After an interval, Captain Herbert overtakes it, and rides along, with his hand on the open window.]

CAPTAIN HERBERT.

Sackville, my dear fellow, are you safe? You are not wounded—not hurt!

MR. SACKVILLE.

No, I am quite well; quite safe.

CAPTAIN HERBERT.

Great God! What a night!—what an escape! Does Emily revive?

MR. SACKVILLE.

Yes, yes! All will be well now. [*Lady Emily's sobs are distinctly heard.*] But how did she hear of this? How comes she here?

CAPTAIN HERBERT.

There was some rumour of a meeting of Whitefeet in the mountains, and a rising for to-night. I was ordered out; and passing the gates of Manor Sackville, I turned in for a moment. Julia told me that Lady Emily had been waiting for you at the new lodge in great anxiety. She was the first to see the gig, and mangled body of Galbraith; for the horse, from habit, stopped at the gate. She would go in search of you, herself; the carriage was ordered unknown to Julia. I overtook her; and on our way, a wretched boy presented her with a bloody handkerchief, and bade her go to you at the abbey of Kilnailley.

MR. SACKVILLE, (pressing his wife in his arms, who weeps in his bosom.)

Gracious God, what horrors !

CAPTAIN HERBERT.

Well, dear Sackville, I must be off. You are now so near the house, that you want no further escort. God bless you !

[Places himself at the head of his men, and gallops back. The carriage turns into the gate of Manor Sackville.]

SCENE X.

[A small and elegant library, in a picturesque villa, of Elizabethan architecture, situated in one of the most beautiful spots of the Regent's Park. A stone balcony, filled with odoriferous plants, descends from a large casement by a flight of steps into a lawn, richly tufted with flowering shrubs, and intersected by a small lake of transparent water, covered with foreign and domestic aquatic fowl. A few sheep graze on its velvet bank. The trees of St. John's Wood, form the back-ground and are outlined on the morning horizon. Thick plantations form the inclosure of this tiny Eden, which seems to bloom in tranquil loveliness, "beyond the reach and busy hum of men." In the large open casement MR. AND LADY EMILY SACKVILLE are seated at breakfast. TIMUR lies in front of his master, basking in the sunshine. At Lady Emily's feet a beautiful LITTLE BOY of three years old is rolling on the carpet with BIJOU. A FRENCH BONNE is in waiting. Mr. Sackville and Lady Emily are deeply engaged with the morning-papers, which lie in piles on an adjoining guéridon. The time is several months after that of the last scene, and in the spring of the succeeding year.]

THE BONNE, (endeavouring to carry off the little boy, who is creeping up Lady Emily's knee.)

Viens donc, mon petit amour. Nous allons voir les agneaux, n'est-ce pas, Henri ?

THE BOY, (struggling to get into his mother's arms.)

Mamma !

LADY EMILY, (snatching him up, and kissing him.)

Mamma's love. But Henry will let mamma take her breakfast, and read her paper. [*She throws him on a cushion at her feet.*] Laissez le donc, Celestine. [*Nods her off. Exit the Bonne.*] There,—there are sweet flowers for Henry to make nosegays for mamma. [*She flings a little basket of flowers over him, with which he amuses himself. Lady Emily takes up the Court Journal, reads and laughs.*]

LADY EMILY.

How very droll ! How all things tell in print, that happen to be nothing at all, in fact ! Could any thing be more *modeste* than poor dear Julie and Clarence Herbert's wedding ; and yet here it is described like a royal marriage—*Troupeau, sultane, guirlande de fleurs d'orange, et blonde* ; and then a Brussels lace *robe-denoc*, over rich white satin, with ruby clasps—(*par parenthese*, your present of the agraffe.) And only listen now, Henry. [*Reads.*] “ After the *dejeuné* given by Mr. and Lady Emily Lumley Sackville in Grosvenor Square, to a numerous and distinguished party, the happy pair set out in a chariot and four, one of Leader's neatest turns out, for Woodlawn. Lady Emily and Mr. S., accompanied by a select party, drove to her ladyship's Elizabethan villa in the Regent's Park, where, it is said, she intends giving a series of *dejeunés* and morning *fêtes*, which are to rival the Arabian Nights Entertainments of her noble neighbour in his Alhambra. We hear also that” . . .

MR. SACKVILLE, (interrupting her impatiently, and in some emotion.)

Dear Emily,—cannot you read all that nonsense to yourself, if it amuses you ; and not tease and interrupt me with it.

LADY EMILY.

You are so peevish sometimes, Henry, of late ; particularly since your last visit to Ireland. I am quite sure you think now, that I really want to give these *dejeunés*.

MR. SACKVILLE, (sighing deeply, and without taking his eyes from the paper.)

Give what you like, love ; only, pray, let me finish what I am reading.

LADY EMILY, (looking up, and, struck by the agitation of his countenance, she drops her paper.)

Dear Harry, what is the matter ?—Good heavens ! has has any thing happened to Julia ?—to Clarence ?

[She starts up, and reads over his shoulder.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

No, no, indeed ; I am only reading an Irish paper. Don't read it, love ; take up your Court Journal.

[She still reads eagerly over his shoulder. Mr. Sackville sighing deeply.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

It is a frightful account of the trial and execution of the unfortunate Cornelius and Honor Brian.

[Lady Emily's tears drop fast upon the paper, as she continues to read. She at last throws herself on her husband's neck, with a convulsive sob. He drops the paper, and taking her in his arms, mingles his tears with hers.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

It is fearfully affecting—What a parting scene!—Gracious heavens, that habits so wild, so savage, should be mingled with feelings so profound ! I cannot reconcile facts that are so apparently at variance. Where was all this sensibility, when the crime for which they suffered was committed?

LADY EMILY.

The bringing them their infant child was no indulgence, as those wretches called it—it was a cruelty. I cannot yet believe but they might have been saved, if you had memorialized the Lord Lieutenant.

[She still weeps ; while the little boy, struck by her tears, runs to her.]

MR. SACKVILLE.

Quite impossible. The outrage was too violent, the number of lives lost too great.

LADY EMILY.

Yet was it not all that horrid Jones's fault ? Had he done his duty, instead of persecuting the Brians so unmercifully, they would have had nothing to do with that dreadful night.

MR. SACKVILLE.

That is all very true, and a tremendous aggravation it is

of that man's guilt. But still the Brians' offence was a barbarous and bloody deed; and had they been pardoned, there would have been no safety for any man or woman in the neighbouring counties. The temptations to which these poor ignorant creatures yielded, when they joined that insurrection, were indeed strong; but where such temptations abound, a greater severity is called for to preserve the peace of society. There is apparently a degree of moral wrong, or at least an irreligious sternness to a fellow-mortal, in rejecting the plea you offer. But the first interest of humanity is to prevent the total break up of all social relations, and to avert positive anarchy, *coute qui coute*, as the most hopeless and pervading evil with which our nature can be afflicted.

LADY EMILY, (weeping.)

Yet he saved your life when he might have taken it. He restored you to your wife—to your child.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Emily, why do you harrow up my feelings with such useless cruelty. Though I defend the justice of the sentence, I have done every thing that could be attempted to save the criminal. When I returned again to that horrid spot, and that too against your own entreaties

LADY EMILY.

Yes, yes, I know you did. How often has that scene arisen before me! how often it still does! That night can never—never be forgotten. But think of the unfortunate woman suffering too!

MR. SACKVILLE.

They were both convicted on the clearest evidence, and confessed their crime. The murder of the unfortunate man placed over them, in the abbey, while the Sarjeant came to Herbert, for a reinforcement, was one only, I fear, of many crimes.

LADY EMILY, (with a sobbing sigh.)

But he loved his wife! they loved each other!

MR. SACKVILLE.

But too well, poor creatures!—In her last moments she confessed that *she* had only shared the deed, to share the punishment. They suffered together, with much firmness, though with deep feeling; acknowledging the justice of their sentence, but not sensible of the shame of its penalty, which they had been taught to believe is martyrdom. They were the victims of faction on both sides; and above all, of their own cruelty and ignorance.

LADY EMILY.

And their children! that baby-boy torn from his mother's arms! [*She looks at her own boy, snatches him up, and placing him in his father's bosom, throws her arms round both.*] Both safe—I hold you both—[*a pause*].—and yet, had I been born in Ireland and in that class. . . .

[*Shudders and presses them more closely.*]

MR. SACKVILLE.

It is all true, dear—we are all human beings. Evil once done, lives long in its evil consequences; and these murderers, these outcasts, were but what circumstance had made them. The state of Ireland now images what all Europe was some two centuries ago; and the Surrys, the Sydneys, and the Russells were only the victims of similar combinations. It is knowledge, with its concomitants, liberty and good government, that forms the only sure protection for humanity, from miseries like these. You weep over this single image of misery, which you have witnessed yourself; but when you dance at the fêtes of foreign ambassadors, do you think of the horrors still committed under the governments they represent?—the dungeons of Spielberg; the Piombi of Venice: the scaffolds of Madrid, and the deserts of Siberia. It is easy to talk of Ireland, its past bad, and present weak government. But alas! for the noble hearts now breaking, the lofty spirits that are now withering under the iron sway of pure despotism throughout the continent!—Emancipated Ireland, at least, is free. She wants but time, patience, and unity, to become all she herself can rationally wish. Repose is now her most urgent necessity. Repose would bring employment—knowledge, economy, prosperity:

—I mean not a tame acquiescence in abuse or neglect ; but repose from internal dissention, from riot, and from blood. While outrage and violence are fomented by bad and ignorant men of all parties, while passion and prejudice are played upon by the selfish and the designing, no improvement, no blessing can be expected for the suffering land ; and the criminal and his victim must still continue, as in the past and at present, foredoomed to revolting and untimely ends

LADY EMILY, (eagerly.)

But *you* will not return there—not to Manor Sackville ?

MR. SACKVILLE, (smiling and putting down the child.)

Oh ! I do not promise you that, I am resolved not to be an absentee, upon compulsion. With all due respect for the Messrs. M'Dermot, Polypus, and Blackacre, I cannot give up my broad acres and ten thousand a year, to please them : nor can I contentedly draw my rents from the country, without making some effort to redeem its population from the mischievous interference of such bad and shallow men.

LADY EMILY.

But why will the Irish themselves make Ireland uninhabitable ? I am sure I was delighted to go there. I never was so happy as the first week we passed at Manor Sackville. But after all, as Fitzroy Montague used to quote from some French author, “ *Le pays où l'on aime à vivre, est celui où l'on vive le mieux.* ”

MR. SACKVILLE.

Aye, aye, that is very true. But every day, it is to be hoped, will render Ireland more habitable,—that is, if those who share its soil will but do common justice to it ; and the day is not I trust far off, when a great change will be effected in its destinies. This is the moment of transition ; but little Harry, there, will perhaps think the tradition of our first visit to Ireland, all a romance, (like the rest of its history,) and scarcely believe that “ such things were.”

LADY EMILY, (rising and shaking her head.)

A romance ! Oh ! no.—It began like a farce, and ended like a tragedy.

MR. SACKVILLE.

Your epigram contains a character of the entire history of Ireland.

THE EASTER RECESS;

OR,

THE TAPESTRY WORKERS.

THE EASTER RECESS;

OR,

THE TAPESTRY WORKERS.

CHARACTERS.

LORD DAMER—Recently raised to the peerage; the wealthy descendant of three generations of money-spinners.

LADY ELIZABETH DAMER—His wife, daughter of the late Duke of Rotterdam, and sister of the present. A woman of quality, in the old and quaint sense of the word; and ignorant of all that belongs to humanity, beyond the pale of rank and fashion. Inclined to doze after dinner, and to prose before it. "*D'ailleurs bonne pâte de femme*," and a successful intrigante, in her own dozy-prosy way, for the interests of her family. She is known in the fashionable circles, as "the aunt of the three dukes;" and though voted a bore, influential in her calling.

THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA DAMER.—Her eldest daughter, recently come out.

THE HONOURABLE FRANCES DAMER.—Her youngest daughter; very desirous to come out.

LADY ALICE MONTFORT—Niece of Lady Elizabeth, and daughter of the Duke of Montfort, (Lady Elizabeth's widowed brother-in-law.) A thorough-bred girl of fashion; distinguished by her sulky, haughty, and snpercilious air, which passes for ton, and is the result of ill-humour. For the rest, dull, ignorant, and selfish.

LORDS—**JOHN, LEICESTER, WILLIAM, and FRANCIS FITZFORWARD**, sons of Lady Elizabeth's late brother-in-law, the Duke of Dullwhosehe, and brothers of the present duke, who has recently married his cousin, the youngest sister of Lady Alice.

LORD MOUNT TWADDLEDUM, de Mount-Twaddledam—An old nobleman of the old school. A great favourite in the reign of George the Third; and very deep in heraldic lore and aristocratical etiquette.

COLONEL MONTAGU ST. LEGER—of the Guards;—who has been young

so long, that he cannot bring himself to grow old. A juvenile beauty-fancier. A leader of fashion in dress, and the object of matrimonial speculation, as nephew and heir of old Earl of Derwentwater, the Elwes of the Red-book, a valetudinarian, always dying, and never dead.

COUNT AMADEE DE VALBLANC—a Parisian “fashionable,” of small means and great pretensions, and of supreme ton in the best London circles, (through the influence of the diplomatic ladies.) The Count is the model of the dandies of the *Chaussée D’Antin*, who pronounce his toilet to be “*étourdissant*.” He was the first that introduced into France “*un tigre Anglais*,” and put the old “*Jokey*” out of fashion. The “*agencement*” of his cravat is the despair of the *élégans* of the Tuileries; and his *Froc-vert-clair* the fun of the magnates at Crockey’s. The Count is an amateur of Russian billiards and English heiresses.

MR. WILKINSON.—A nabob, and a country neighbour of Lord Damer, to whose villa he is invited, in consideration of sundry tributes to Lady Elizabeth, of Benares turbans and brocades. Mr. Wilkinson is an impersonation of Indian morgue and mullagatawney. A great worshipper of lords and ladies, and professed contemner of all, ungifted with wealth and rank.

MISS WILKINSON.—His only daughter, a fair copy of the father, in *duodecimo*; educated and chaperoned by Mrs. Primmer. Miss W. is shrewd and silly, (odd, but possible compatibilities.) She is the friend and confidante of Miss Fanny Damer, (in the country,) but treated *de haut en bas* by the rest of the family (every where). Lady Elizabeth keeps her *in petto* for her nephew Lord John Fitzforward.

MRS. O’NEAL.—A *notabilité*; an accidental guest at the Cliff.

CECIL HOWARD—With “all the blood of all the Howards” in his veins, and the head of an Antinous on his shoulders; but with a certain contraction of the muscles of the back of the neck, that gives him the air of what is vulgarly called “snuffing the moon.” Clever, elegant, and naturally superior to his class; but spoiled by his *bonne fortune* abroad,—the result of his beauty and accomplishments; and spoiled at home, by his unexpected succession to a noble fortune. *Au reste*, an egoist, living only for himself and the *qu’en dira-t-on* of the sphere in which he moved.

MRS. PRIMMER—The Madame Campan of a certain set—ex-governess to the female Montfords and Dammers—at present, the head of a splendid establishment in Portman-Square, where, in her quality of professed chaperon, and as having the *entré* of several great houses, she finishes, and presents into society, six young ladies of rank, or of wealth, at the trifling salary of five hundred per annum each. Mrs. Primmer is reckoned a very accomplished and clever person by those who—know no better. She is a distinguished professor of the fashionable tapestry work; and though not absolutely “serious,” is “properly religious,” as persons in her station ought to be. She was very nearly being married to the Rev. Dr. Doody, private tutor to the young Duke of Dullwhosehe; but the Doctor having been rapidly raised to the Bench, by the interest of the Duke, he was under the necessity of marrying a lady of rank; and united himself to the portionless maiden aunt of his patron—a previous arrangement, almost amounting to simony. At the sound of his name, Mrs. Primmer still sighs, and looks sentimental.

MR. MANDEVILLE LISTON, a young man upon town, whom every body does not know, but who is very anxious that every body *should*. He is rich, *rôtureur*, and under the special protection of Lords John and Leicester Fitzforward, who push him on in fashionable society, win his money, drive his horses, and ask their friends to eat his dinners.

MR. JOHNSON and MR. THOMPSON, from Dublin, members of the Kildare Street Club, and for Lord Damer's Irish boroughs.

MR. MAURICE MONTGOMERIE SULLIVAN; (alias Maurish O'Soolivan in Ireland;)—A politico-literary talented Irishman; who having offered to *write*, or *fight*, for Lord Damer, during the contested election of *Ballyborow*, became an *attaché* of his lordship's political staff in Ireland; and, subsequently, his *protégé* in London. Mr. Sullivan furnishes journals, gazettes, and newspapers, with fashionable articles, and political squibs;—the first manufactured from the *on dits* of his patron's drawing-room; and the last in direct opposition to his patron's interests and principles.

MR. BURTON.—House-steward to Lord Damer.

MR. WILSON.—First groom of the chambers to ditto.

TWINKLE.—Lady Elizabeth's page.

JOHN,—the first, and WILLIAM,—the third footman to ditto.

LORD EGLANTINE.—A Lord who has travelled a little, and talks of it a great deal.

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD.—An author of fashion, if not in fashion.

Duchesses, Countesses, Dukes, Dandies, Hall-Porters, Footmen, Grooms of the Chambers, Link-Boys, and others.

SCENE I.

[The gallery at Lord Damer's villa, "*the Cliff*;" a long, architectural apartment, with windows perforated in the lofty walls on one side, and pictures and statues decorating the other. With the exception of two Paul Potters, and a Rembrandt, lately purchased, the rest are good copies of the old Italian masters, or portraits of the Montford, Dullwhosehe, and Mount Twaddledum families, from the originals by Vandyke, Lily, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, (in the possession of the representatives of those ancient houses.) The double windows are "redolent of bloom and odours" from the quantities of exotics stowed, or stoved into them. The inner sashes are thrown open. On the consoles, encoigneurs, and tripods filling the piers, recesses, and angles, (each a specimen of fine marqueterie, scagliuolo, bronze, or ormolu,) stand pendules by Bhul, elaborately carved cabinets by Gibbons, with piles of Nankeen, Japan, Elizabeth, Dresden, Chelsea, and enamelled China beakers, vases, jars, dejunés, lampet dishes, arrosoirs, &c. &c. An old pair of family bellows, bearing a ducal coronet, and some other family relics (collected by Lady Elizabeth,) give to the new gallery of the Cliff the air of an old curiosity shop in Hanway Yard, or a *magazin d'occasion* on the Quai Voltaire. The centre of the vast apartment is occupied by divans, ottomans, tabourets, chairs, dormeuses, and fauteuils, of every age and country, cushioned with every sort of material, from iron to air, flock, leather, and eider-down inclusive. Several tables, round, square, and oval, are laden with albums, annuals, magazines, and newspapers. A large, round work-table, immediately under the great centre-lamp, and furnished with bourgeois and green shades, displays some scattered fragments and patterns of fashionable tapestry work. In Lady Elizabeth's arm-chair, on one side of the centre fire-place, lounges Mr BURTON, the house-steward, reposing himself, after the fatigues of waiting at a long dinner, at which he did nothing but yawn behind Lord Damer's chair, or smile at Mrs. O'Neal's jokes. In Lord Damer's chair, opposite Mr. WILSON, first groom of the chambers, is seated, bolt upright, spelling the "Age" Newspaper, with intense attention. JOHN, the second footman, attended by WILLIAM, the third, is lighting the lamps, &c. &c. &c.

MR. WILSON.

I say, here is a hit at us. [*Reads.*] "Sir Rober Damer, who has been lately raised by his new friends the Whigs, to the peerage, as Baron Damer, of Damer Castle, in Sunderland, is, we understand, to get another lift up the stick of nobility, by the appropriate title of Earl *Rat-Cliff*, of the Cliff."

MR. BURTON, (in a picktooth tone and manner.)

The AGE is getting so decidedly vulgar, that I never read it.

MR. WILSON.

Well, I think it very amusing ! Here we are again. My Lord must come down handsomely, or we shall be run as hard as our "Duchess," or "our Sam."—[*Reads.*] "The recruiting service for the Villas, this Easter, has been carried on with unusual activity and spirit : great premiums have been offered in some quarters, and to no purpose. Sion House, Hartfield, and Chiswick, are always sure ; but that modern antique mansion, the Cliff, which included among its guests, last year, the most distinguished of the ex-ministers and nobility, is reduced, we understand, to poor cousins, younger brothers, and (as they say in Ireland) followers of the family—Oh my countrymen ! what a falling off is there !"

MR. BURTON, (smiling.)

Do you know, there is some truth in that. I never saw such an Easter party here, before. Not one of the big-wigs neither the Duke, nor Sir Robert ! Not an R. H., nor an ambassador ! You ought to know who was asked, for you write the invitations.

MR. WILSON.

Faith, my lady and I marked out half the red-book ; at least, we took the cream of our own visiting book : but out of eighteen invitations to *distingués*, (as Mademoiselle Berthon calls them,) four only were accepted ; and they have not yet arrived. If they all come, some of the young Fitz-forwards must shove off their boats—so must the Paddies, the Irish M. P's., the Balliborows !

MR. BURTON.

Oh ! of course—so must Mrs. Primmer and some others. To be sure, the airs that woman gives herself, and the manner in which she rides my lady roughshod, is quite ridiculous ! my lady is so indolent. Do ye know that when

I was groom of the chambers, at my lady's brother, the Duke's, she was the governess of Lady Alice; and was glad to steal down to the house-keeper's room, after the young one was in bed, to play Pope Joan; while she, and the present Bishop of Kiltrustem in Ireland, who was tutor to the present Duke, thought it a great thing to dine at the great table, when the family were alone; and never failed, when the children retired, to take their chamber candles, and be off to bed too. The bishop is now talked of for the Primacy of Ireland; and Mrs. Primmer is at the head of a great establishment, and goes into the best society.

MR. WILSON.

Well, and if you close with Caruther and Co., you will soon be a fashionable wine merchant, entertain your illustrious customers at dinner, and figure in the Morning Post, among the dinner-givers to Royal Highnesses and Cabinet Ministers.

MR. BURTON, (smiling and looking at his watch.)

Perhaps! but how late the women sit to-day! As soon as my lady comes out, I mean to run up to town in my tilbury. I have promised to sup after the opera, at our younger partner's, that is to be.

MR. WILSON.

You will scarcely do that. I suppose it is that amusing Mrs. O'Neal, who is keeping them so late at table to-day. Who is she?

MR. BURTON.

Oh, the woman that writes the books. I wish she was at the devil now, with her stories. I told my lady, too, that I was obliged to go to town, on business, to-night.

JOHN, (lighting the candelabra on the chimney-piece.)

Please, sir, the ladies are out this half hour. My lady and Mrs. O'Neal are in the library; and the young ladies are seated round the fire, in Mrs. Primmer's dressing-room.

I took Miss Fanny her reticule, which she left under the dinner-table.

[Messrs. Burton and Wilson start up, and shake the cushions of the chairs. The room is now splendidly lighted. The door, at the end of the gallery, is opened by a fantastically-dressed little page, discovering a small, handsome library, dimly lighted, from which, LADY ELIZABETH DAMER and MRS. O'NEAL advance. The servants draw up respectfully. Lady Elizabeth is supported by "*la canne*" of the Dowager Duchess of Rotterdam, (the fashion of ladies of all ages, in the good old times. She moves like a tortoise, resembles an Indian Jos, and is involved in volumes of velvet, and bales of cashmeer. Her nondescript turban, surmounting her redundant coiffure, is weighed down by an aigrette of diamonds, which brings the whole edifice in frequent danger of utter destruction. Her fine dark eyes are set off by a deep spot of rouge under them,—worn, not to enhance her beauty, but to show her quality. Although cumbrous and grotesque in dress, she has still the "*air d'une femme de qualité, très prononcé*;" which, as her own particular set observe, when they laugh at her, "can never be mistaken." Her very obesity is an indication of caste. Mrs. O'Neal follows, alert, and full of movement; and though plainly dressed, is still within the pale of fashion. Her arms are full of books, and her countenance full of fun,—seemingly elicited by the grouping before her,—the little page, the great lady, and her fidgetty self. Lady Elizabeth sinks slowly into her great chair. Burton takes her "*canne*," and places it beside her. The page settles a footstool, Mr. Wilson arranges her shaded lights, reading glasses, and other little indispensable superfluities, on a small console, between her chair and the chimney-piece. Lady Elizabeth, during this operation, is talking to Mrs. O'Neal, who stands looking on.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (with a very peculiar drawl of voice, and nasality of accent.)

Now, do, pray, Mrs. O'Neal, let one of the men carry those books to your dressing-room. It is very tiresome,—carrying books! Wilson, do,—will you?—take those books to Mrs. O'Neal's dressing-room.

[Wilson advances carelessly, and offers to take the books languidly.]

MRS. O'NEAL, (giving the books.)

Stay, I'll reserve a volume to doze over.

[Throws herself into the opposite easy chair.]

MR. BURTON, (to Lady Elizabeth.)

Has your Ladyship any orders for town?

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh ! so—you are going to town, are you ?

MR. BURTON.

I told your Ladyship, I have business in Berkeley Square, about wines. I shall be back for dinner to-morrow, my lady.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh ! very well.—No, I do not think that there is any thing. How do you go ?

MR. BURTON.

In my own tilbury, my lady.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh ! by-the-bye, you couldn't take Miss Fanny's piano-forte into town—could you ? It wants something to be done.

MR. BURTON, (dryly.)

Not conveniently, my lady ; but I will give orders, that it shall be sent by the cart to-morrow.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh ! very well—no—I have no orders !

[Burton bows and backs out.]

MR. WILSON.

Shall I light your ladyship's candles ?

LADY ELIZABETH.

Well, I'm sure I don't know what to say ; I believe not yet. The flame is so very much in one's eyes. Can't you do something, Wilson, to prevent their glaring so ?

MR. WILSON.

I know of nothing but the shades, my lady.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Yes, but then they throw the light so downwards. Mrs. O'Neal, you are so very clever, Lord Damer says ; can't you now, in your way, hit on something to prevent lights, somehow ?

[Losing her idea, but annoyed by the sensation that originated it.]

MRS. O'NEAL.

I know—to prevent lights giving light.

LADY ELIZABETH, (rousing herself.)

Well now, that is it—something, you know, soft, that don't glare ; 'tis so *very* tiresome !—it worries one so !

MRS. O'NEAL.

Suppose a room lighted with dark lanterns !

[Wilson smiles ; and having arranged the lights, leaves the room.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (drowsily.)

Well—yes—that is it—it would be so very nice ! You are *so*-clever !

[A pause. The page stands like an effigy in wax-work. Lady Elizabeth dozes !]

MRS. O'NEAL, (beckoning the child, and in a low voice.)

Don't you think, now, you might go and play ?

[The boy looks stupified, by this proof of consideration. Mrs. O'Neal purposely lets fall her book. Lady Elizabeth starts, and opens her eyes.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (to the page.)

Did you fall ?

PAGE.

No, my lady.

MRS. O'NEAL.

He is very near *falling* asleep—poor child—May he not retire?

LADY ELIZABETH.

Well, you may go, boy—[*exit page*] and sleep.—[*Lady Elizabeth's good breeding gets the better of her lethargic tendencies:—after a few minute's indulgence,*]....Are you fond of reading, Mrs. O'Neal?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Rather, Lady Elizabeth!

LADY ELIZABETH.

Now, do pray amuse yourself: never mind me, you know. There are such quantities of new annuals! There's "The Violet." It is edited by Lady Lucy Bluetie. You *must* patronize the Violet. It is in such very good taste, they say! Lord Augustus Fritter writes for it.

MRS. O'NEAL.

To be sure. The Violet,—“sweet, but not permanent,”—the epigraph of the whole genus.

LADY ELIZABETH, (gradually sinking again.)

Indeed! Well, I'm glad you like the annuals. I hope you won't mind me. You must amuse yourself, till the men come out. Somebody says, you never talk to women, you are so very clever.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh! yes I do. [*Yawning.*] I can talk to anybody, and listen, too. I think an agreeable woman the most agreeable creature in the world. But, somehow, I am not popular

with women : your young people, for instance, and their fair Minerva, Mrs. Primmer, seem to hold me *en belle et franche aversion* : at least, they never speak to me, in London ; but toss about their pretty heads, and look disdainfully with their stag-like eyes.

LADY ELIZABETH, (rousing.)

Oh ! no, I assure you, you are mistaken ;—they are exceedingly amused by you : but then they are so much afraid, you have no idea.

MRS. O'NEAL.

At least, I have no idea why they should.

LADY ELIZABETH.

You know, they say you would rather stay with the men after dinner ; and vote women a bore.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Don't believe more than half what is said of me, dearest Lady Elizabeth ; so far from desiring to stay with the men, I think the foreign habit of men and women, rising from the table together, is *lèze coqueterie*. Besides, the half-hour's repose, for silence and digestion, is a great luxury. [*Suppressing a yawn.*] I hate talking between dinner and coffee.

LADY ELIZABETH, (half-dozing.)

Indeed ! well, it's not pleasant. Some people nap a little. Lord Damer says it's so unwholesome. He *does* talk so, after dinner ! 'tis so very odd. [*Nods.*]

MRS. O'NEAL.

The men have the advantage of us, every way. Men have always the excitements of stirring subjects after dinner,—politics,—fun ;—and then the exhilaration of wine and good fellowship : while we women rise from table upon clotted cream, iced ; or on clammy compots,—for all women are *gourmands* at the dessert ; and then we come out to gossip

with each other, about nothing at all, and when we are fit for nothing at all, but a lounge, a book, or a sleep.

[Fixes her eyes on Lady Elizabeth, who gradually falls into a deep slumber. Mrs. O'Neal then sinks *avec delice* into her arm-chair, opens her book, and mutters, "*The elixir vitæ—Beaumarchais.*" Half an hour elapses. Servants enter with coffee; but supposing both ladies asleep, (a family habit in the house of Damer,) they retire. At length, the door at the end of the gallery opens; and a romping group advance, consisting of LADY ALICE, MISS DAMER, MISS FANNY, MISS WILKINSON, and MRS. PRIMMER. "Le mot à rire," which seems to amuse them all, does not appear. Miss Fanny suddenly stops, draws up, puts her forefinger to her lip, and points to the arm-chairs on either side the fire. They all make faces, and advance on tiptoe.]

MRS. PRIMMER, (shaking her head, with remonstrating gravity.)

Mes enfans ! mes enfans !

MISS FANNY, (with a school-girl air, and in a low mutter, as they all gather round the table.)

Mind, I take my place next Mrs. Primmer; I am only going for a cushion to raise me.—I do so hate a low seat!

MRS. PRIMMER.

Fanny, my dear Fanny, you are so wild. It is for Lady Alice to choose. Pray make way for your cousin.

[Lady Alice pushes away her cousin's chair, carelessly drags an arm-chair, and throws herself languidly on one side of Mrs. Primmer.]

MISS FANNY, (with ill-temper.)

How ridiculous! taking precedence at a work-table! I suppose we must have the Red Book put down with our baskets. Alice, as mamma says, you are a true Montfort.

LADY ALLICE, (drily.)

Fanny, we cannot accuse you of the same distinction. You are a regular Damer, *jusqu'au bout des doigts*. [A general laugh; Fanny pouts.]

MRS. PRIMMER.

Doucement, doucement, mes petites.

[Enter MAM'SELLES ALEXANDRINE and JUSTINE, *femmes de Chambre*, laden with work-baskets, work-boxes, and all the paraphernalia of the strenuous idleness of tapestry workers. They distribute the materials round the table : each young lady having her own elegant and expensive apparatus.]

MAM'SELLE ALEXANDRINE, (addressing Lady Alice, who lies back in her chair, in a reverie ; while the others are engaged in making their arrangements.)

Est-ce la bourse en tissue de perles, ou en résille que miladi desire ?

MRS. PRIMMER, (coaxingly to Lady Alice.)

Don't you think, sweet love, that netting so small a thing, and threading pearl, is trying for your pretty eyes at night.

LADY ALICE.

Oh ! I hate it. I like nothing in this world so well, at night, as my lamb's-wool work. But the frame is so large, to bring into company. Don't you think so ?

MRS. PRIMMER.

Not at all, dear. The Hauntenvilles, even in London, bring down their frames in the evening, when they have working parties at home ; which they have once a week.

MISS DAMER.

Oh ! I assure you, *I'll* have my round frame down. I hate working on the finger. It looks like mamma's charity-school girls, in the country, working Adam and Eve under a tree, on a sampler. [*They all titter.*] Justine, bring me my cat and mackerel. I can ground in grey by lamp-light.

MISS FANNY.

And bring me my little ivory frame. I'll finish my dog's tail to-night. I give myself *that* task : 'tis black, and I cannot go astray. I worked four hours at it to-day.

MISS WILKINSON, (timidly.)

Mam'selle Julie, will you be so kind as tell my maid I would be glad to have my tapestry frame : the inlaid one.

MISS DAMER, (haughtily.)

Nonsense, Miss Wilkinson! we cannot have *all* our frames, you know.

MISS WILKINSON, (smiling, and colouring between subserviency and resentment.)

Oh! no, to be sure—I will work at my fringe, then.

MRS. PRIMMER, (with emphatic gravity.)

I think, my dears, we had better settle our plans for the evening, before the gentlemen come out, to avoid all little disputes on the subject. Lady Alice and Miss Damer will have their small frames. Fanny, love, you can finish your dog's tail on your finger.

MISS FANNY, (pouts.)

I will *not* rip it out of the frame; that's poz.

MRS. PRIMMER, (angrily.)

Well, then, *have* your frame; and you, Miss Wilkinson, can knot your eternal fringe. I, as usual, will have my cherry-tree net. It's the only work my poor eyes are equal to. [*Exeunt maids for the frames.*] That immense carpet I worked for the Duchess, finished my eyes, last winter.

MISS FANNY, (spitefully, but with great naïveté.)

And do you know what she said, when it was laid down in her dressing-room?—"Take it up, take it up—one can buy a prettier for three shillings a yard, at Waterloo-house, and choose one's own pattern and colours into the bargain."

LADY ALICE, (positively.)

I am sure she never said any such thing.

MISS FANNY, (more positively.)

Upon *my* honour, she did—I was by—so was the Duke and Euphemia.

MISS DAMER.

Every one has flattered you, Fanny, on your *naïveté*, till you say all sorts of disagreeable things. Cecil Howard says it is more knavery than *naïveté*. [*Fanny laughs.*]

MRS. PRIMMER, (contemptuously.)

Poor Fanny! Perhaps it is a little of both.—[*A titter.*]

[Enter the maids with the frames, work-boxes, &c. &c. Lady Alice takes from a magnificent box of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold and gems, all the implements for her work.]

LADY ALICE, (after a moment's pause.)

Alexandrine, take away that odious box. I hate it—I am sick of it. [*She sighs.*]

[Miss Wilkinson pushes the box to Alexandrine; it strikes up the air of the Muette de Portici. Miss Damer looks at it with eyes of covetousness.]

MISS FANNY, (dropping her work in extacy.)

Oh! how I do love that air! Don't I, Emma Wilkinson?

MISS WILKINSON.

Yes, you *do* love it so?

MISS DAMER.

I am sick of it. One heard nothing else at Almack's all this season. How often do you think it was played? William Fitzforward and I counted. [*They all guess.*]

MISS DAMER.

More, more, more—fifty-four times!

MISS FANNY.

I don't wonder in the least, I'm sure! William Fitzforward does play it so sweetly on his guitar!

MISS WILKINSON.

Oh! so sweetly—particularly in a window.

[The young ladies look significantly at each other, and smile.]

LADY ALICE, (peevishly.)

If you have done looking and listening, we will send it away, if you please. Alexandrine, do not bring it out again, till I call for it.

MISS DAMER, (maliciously.)

What, your beautiful box! the *cadeau de nocces* from the Duke! Well, next to the Duke offering me his hand, and coronet, I should prefer that box to any thing.—I should so like to have such a box; would you sell it?

LADY ALICE, (insolently.)

Yes, if you are rich enough to buy it. It cost sixty Napoleons at Bautte's, at Geneva.

MISS DAMER, (examining it with envious admiration.)

Sixty Napoleons! but as a thing *d'occasion*, you couldn't ask that for it now, Alice!

LADY ALICE.

Oh! *Je ne mercede pas*. Besides, what does it signify what I ask for it? You are not rich enough this season; I know, to buy it;—and I am too poor to give it you for nothing. Our tapestry-work has ruined us all; my Prussian hussar cost me six guineas.

MISS FANNY, (who had been whispering with Miss Wilkinson.)

Alice, dear, Miss Wilkinson will give you your own price for the box, if you really wish to part with it.

MISS WILKINSON.

Any thing of dear Lady Alice's is beyond all price. Papa gave me a fifty pound note for my Easter gift, to furnish my

tapestry-table with ; but I would much rather possess that beautiful box ;—especially as having been Lady Alice's.

LADY ALICE, (eagerly.)

Oh ! it is your's, Miss Wilkinson, with much pleasure. I get so soon tired of toys ! You are to observe, all the turquoises and gems are real. It is intrinsically very valuable.

MISS WILKINSON.

I am sure of that. (*She searches in a magnificent Indian ivory box for a bank-note.*) Here is the money. I am so much obliged. [*Gives the note, and draws the box to set it playing.*]

MISS FANNY, (caressingly.)

And what will you do with your own pretty box, dear Emma ?

MISS WILKINSON.

Give it to you, dear, if you will do me the honour to accept it. Now, you really must ; it is *my* Easter gift.

MISS FANNY.

But you have given me so many pretty things already.

MRS. O'NEAL, (to herself.)

The Plunderers !

MISS WILKINSON.

Well, but I have such heaps of Indian things and boxes. [*With Lady Alice's manner.*] I am so sick of them ! One does so tire of every thing.

MISS FANNY, (kissing her, and taking the box.)

You are so generous. But you must let me net you a purse with my cipher in my own hair.

MISS WILKINSON, (much flattered.)

Oh ! that will be so beautiful !

LADY ALICE, (turning to Alexandrine.)

Alexandrine, bring me down my *cabas*. I must have something to toss these things in.

MISS DAMER, (pausing in her work.)

A *cabas*! Have you really a *cabas*? Why De Vœux told me there was not one yet in England; that it was only mentioned in the last "*Revue Fashionable*."

LADY ALICE.

Neither there is, save and except mine. It was sent me by that dear comtesse de Crevecœur.

MRS. PRIMMER, (in a pointed tone.)

Dear, indeed! She was near costing some folks very dearly.

LADY ALICE.

If foolish boys will fall in love with women older than their mothers, they must take the consequences.

MISS DAMER.

I don't think my brother would have thought of her, if she had not, as papa says, thrown out lights. [*Enter Alexandrine with the cabas.*] Was there ever any thing so pretty! so new! so simple! What is it made of?

LADY ALICE, (taking out a rose-coloured paper.)

Here is the countess's own charming letter, and description of it. Shall I read it?

OMNES.

By all means.

[Every one pauses from work to listen.]

LADY ALICE, (reads.)

"Voilà! votre *cabas*, chère belle,—mot disgracieux à

prononcer, mais objet à faire fureur, ici. Je vous l'envoie en paille, tressée au jour, doublée en soie rose, moirée. C'est très simple, mais c'est distinguée. Le cadeau de noces, donné par le Tellier, (riche Banquier,) à sa fille, qui vient d'épouser le Prince de Potemkin, étoit un cabas en résille de cordonnet blanc, ayant, en place de chaque neoud, de la maille, une tourquoise; l'intérieur doublé au moire bleu celeste; et au bout, deux superbes glands, melangés de crépines blanches, et à filet en perles."

MISS FANNY.

Well, I do not understand one word of all that. [*A laugh.*]

MISS DAMER.

What! you do not understand that?

MISS FANNY.

No; I don't know what is *résille*, nor *maille*, nor *crépine*.

MRS. PRIMMER.

Well, she is quite right. All the new phrases of the work-table are very difficult. My French governess is going to publish a "*dictionnaire de tapisserie, et d'ouvrages ingenus et amusants*. I hope you will all give your names to her list of subscribers.

MISS DAMER, (impatiently.)

Yes, yes, to be sure; but pray go on, Alice. I do so like such letters. Well! and the fashions? Is it really true that hoops are coming back, as the *petit Courier* says?

LADY ALICE.

Oh, she is quite eloquent about tourneurs,—“Les tourneurs baleinées sont passés, comme le tems du bon Roi Dagobert. Et les étoffes, employés par Victorine, sont plus souples, et ne font aucun bruit.”

MISS FANNY, (emphatically.)

That is an advantage, Mrs. Townley Durwin's tourneur

creaks like an old gate. [*They all laugh.*] Well, go on, Alice.

LADY ALICE, (reads.)

“Mais actuellement on vient d'adopter le système d'un mechanique perfectionné par l'experience, d'un petit resort qui fait gonfler où aplater la tourneur, à volonté. Jugez quel commodité pour les voitures, où le volume de notre parure tient beaucoup plus de place, que nous mêmes. Les maris en rafollent ; et plusieurs vont dans la même voiture avec leurs femmes, même aux bals parés.”

MISS DAMER.

'Tis a great invention ; I'll make Carson write for one.

MISS FANNY, (laughing.)

Dear, I should so like to have one ! I should always be playing with the springs.

MISS WILKINSON.

So should I.

MRS. PRIMMER.

It's all preposterous. There is some taste and dignity, too, in hoops. They belonged to the best times, when religion and morality were still in fashion ; and they distinguished women of rank from the *canaille*. None of the lower orders could wear hoops. It was like the rouge, a mark of quality.

MISS DAMER.

So mamma says ; but it's all nonsense. All fashions are the best, while they are fashions.

MISS FANNY, (in consternation.)

Oh my ! If I haven't taken five threads, instead of two. My dog's tail looks like a feather fan. Oh ! what shall I do, Mrs. Primmer ?

MRS. PRIMMER, (petulantly.)

Why you giddy thing ! How often I have told you, that you cannot talk and work at the same time.

[Takes the frame, puts on her glasses, and endeavours to remedy the fault. Lady Alice, wholly absorbed in the contents of her French letter, throws herself in her chair. The rest of the ladies work à tout outrance. They appear to have quite forgotten the occupants of the arm-chair by the fire-side.

[enter servants with coffee.]

MISS DAMER.

Don't awaken mamma, Wilson. You know she never takes coffee.

[She perceives that Mrs. O'Neal is not asleep, and makes signals to her own party. Servant presents coffee to Lady Alice, and then to the other ladies, according to precedence. The young ladies fill their cups with quantities of hot cream, with which they wash down quantities of mouillettes.]

MISS DAMER, (insolently.)

Miss Wilkinson, don't detain the cream all night ; you see Mrs. O'Neal has not got any.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Thank you Miss Damer ; I never take cream at night with my coffee.

MRS. PRIMMER, (in an ironical under tone.)

In France, you know, my dear, nobody takes milk with coffee. [*A general smile.*]

MRS. O'NEAL, (dryly.)

Don't you approve of that, Mrs. Primmer ?

MRS. PRIMMER, (a little fluttered.)

Who, I, ma'am ? I don't much approve of the French, or their fashions, in any sort or way.

MRS. O'NEAL, (smiling.)

What ! not of their *cabas, de résille de cordonnet blanc*, or their *tourneurs mechaniques à resort* ?

MISS DAMER, (in a low voice.)

Did you ever ! I guessed it was a weasle's sleep.

MRS. PRIMMER, (bridling like one of Richardson's "charmers;" the young ladies nudge each other.)

I admire the French, madam, in matters of mere taste ; but I hate their principles, their morals, their politics, and their want of all religion.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Under which of these categories do you place their not taking cream with their coffee ?

[Lady Alice makes a sign with her head to Mrs. Primmer not to answer ; who colours with resentment.]

MRS. O'NEAL, (placing her cup on the salver.)

For my own part, I think if the French are deficient in any one point, it is in matters of mere taste ; of which the caprices in their fashions are proofs. In all that depends on the mind, upon intellectual development, they may be trusted. Their habits generally are admirable, healthful, rational, and sober. The addiction of the higher classes under the old regime to frivolity, I give up ; with the *toilettes, tourneurs, and cabas*, of modern times : but, [*with affected emphasis and gravity,*] I must plead for their wisdom, in not loading their quintessential coffee with thick cream. After a full dinner, coffee is not taken by them as a meal, but as a fillip to exhilarate the spirits and promote digestion, which the cream would prevent.

MRS. PRIMMER, (insolently.)

I am not prepared, ma'am, to discuss the *almanac des gourmands* with you, nor to give a medical dissertation on the subject. Women, and young women especially, have nothing to do with such pursuits.

MRS. O'NEAL.

I am aware that such things *do not* enter into female education in England, (of which, however, *gourmandise* practically forms a leading feature, from the very cradle.) But I think it would be as well if young people were better taught how much of health, happiness, and even of beauty, depends upon certain habits of life. There is no cosmetic like a good digestion; and there is no temper nor heart that will resist a bad one.

MRS. PRIMMER, (much offended.)

English young ladies of fashion, madam, are brought up with notions of delicacy, unknown to French girls. They never think upon such subjects; much less speak of them in company.

[The young ladies exchange looks of disapprobation at the very idea.]

MRS. O'NEAL, (with an air of humorous surprise.)

What subjects?

MRS. PRIMMER, (with modest hesitation.)

Why—di-gestion, madam; I don't think, my dears, you ever heard the word before, at least never from me, I am sure.

YOUNG LADIES, (eagerly and in a breath.)

Never, never, never!

MRS. O'NEAL, (opening her eyes.)

No! Is that possible? What culpable neglect! what blameable ignorance!

MRS. PRIMMER, (indignantly.)

Ignorance, madam, ignorance!—Ignorance ma'am is one thing, innocence another;—I, at least, who have had the honour of educating Lady Alice Montford, and her sister the Duchess of Dullwhosehe, and Miss Damer, have made a point of instilling nothing that can detract from a perfect purity of mind, and innocence of character.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Humph ! Apropos to instilling,—did you ever, Mrs. Primmer, by way of experiment, try to *distil* any thing out of the female mind ? To *express* its natural tendencies, instead of *impressing* and *repressing* them ? Do you know I have often thought such an experiment would be worth attempting.

MRS. PRIMMER, (confused.)

Madam ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

As, for instance : if you would draw from the rose its *atar*, you would *distil* it ; or to get at the perfume of the violet, you would *express* the precious odour. You would not *instil* or *impress* either with foreign scents—you would not surely deluge, either, with Hungary water, or *eau de Cologne* ; to make all smell alike, all equally *fade* and artificial.

MRS. PRIMMER, (contemptuously.)

I dare say this is very clear to you, madam ; but really I do not understand it.

[She looks sneeringly at her *élèves*, who sneer responsively.]

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh ! it is all very simple, and goes to this ; that there is a jargon which it is high time should lose its currency, and of which young women are victims, and their ignorant mothers the dupes. Young people, especially young women, from never knowing the precise meaning of words, grow up without one precise idea on any subject. This instillation of sounds, and impression of barren generalities, is carried so far, that the pupil is left incapable of independant thought or action,—unfitted alike for self-direction, or the care of others ; precisely what Pope meant, when he said, “ Most women have no character at all.”

MRS. PRIMMER.

I beg to say, Mrs. O'Neal, these young ladies have not

been educated to listen to such matters. They have not been intended for physicians, nor for French philosophers,—for learned ladies, or blue stockings.

MRS. O'NEAL, (falling back in her chair, and resuming her book.)

Oh ! possibly.

[Enter Wilson with a packet, which he presents to Miss Damer ; while other servants, in long file, bring the tea equipage. A table-cloth is laid on a distant table ; and two French maids, elegantly dressed, with white gloves, &c., commence the elaborate process of tea-making, assisted by the page, and a groom of the chambers, who, like Tom Jones, " might be mistaken for a lord, by those who never saw one."

MISS DAMER, (unfolding an acre of canvas, partly worked, and entirely drawn and shaded.)

What have we here ?

MISS FANNY.

O gracious ! How beautiful !

MISS WILKINSON.

What is it ? O, how beautiful !

MISS FANNY.

A Turk's head with a pipe in his mouth ; don't you think so, Emma ?

MISS WILKINSON.

Well, I am sure, it is very *like* a Turk's head !

MRS. PRIMMER.

My dear Fanny, how can you be so foolish ! Don't you see that it is an elephant ? Miss Damer, read De Vœux' note, love :—he will tell us all about it.

MISS DAMER, (reads.)

"Hypolite de Vœux presents his respects to Miss Damer ; takes the liberty of forwarding the last new pattern for a *tapis-*

serie de canapé, being an accurate portrait of the royal elephant, the celebrated Mam'selle Djeck, to match Miss Damer's giraffe. De Vœux sends the shades of lamb's-wool requisite. Body and trunk in grey; grounding in sea-green, to represent an Indian jungle; to be worked in cross-stitch, picked off in silver. Housings in double gobble, crimson shaded in gold. De Vœux incloses six bobbins of gold and silver; eight shades of white, and ten of black. De Vœux presumes to forward a memorandum of his little bill for last year. De Vœux has for sale, (being part of the Duchesse de Berri's *meuble de broderie*,) a beautiful lady's *marqueterie* work-box, and a large lady's work-table, with the Duchesse's own *métier à ressort*, ivory inlaid with brass, *en bhul*; to be raffled for, (if not sold by private contract, before the eighth of next month,) at ten guineas a ticket."

MISS DAMER.

Dear! I must have that box. I have been longing all my life for a *marqueterie* box. It is such very good taste; and one is so tired of mother-of-pearl, or or-molu; and of those vulgar *petit Dunkerque* musical boxes.

[Miss Wilkinson sighs.]

MRS. PRIMMER, (looking over the bill.)

My dear, had you not better pay this bill first? Twenty-five pounds eighteen and eleven-pence halfpenny. It is a great deal! I am sure De Vœux overcharges. I wish you would go back to Gotty and Wilkinson. Here is ten pounds for gold and silver thread alone; and here are fifty skeins of Wellington blue silk! What could you use all that for?

MISS DAMER, (petulantly, and taking the bill out of her hand.)

Why, for working my peacock's tail. My dear Mrs. P. how tiresome you are! [Rumples the bill, and throws it into her basket. Mrs. Primmer draws up; and Miss Damer throws her arms round her neck, and caresses her.] Well, now, I beg your pardon; but you know, *you* say, troubling oneself about any thing after dinner makes one's nose red.

MISS FANNY.

Then I'm sure Emma Wilkinson troubles herself very much. Only look at her nose, now! Did you ever?

MRS. PRIMMER, (authoritatively.)

My dear, you ought to use cold cream to your face in the morning, and drink cellery tea. I always give my young ladies cellery tea for any little redness in the face.

[The young ladies are again settled at work. A great clatter of tea-things, and hissing of urns. Lady Elizabeth begins to revive, and rub her eyes. Mrs. O'Neal is buried in her book.]

MISS FANNY.

Mrs. P. love, what is it makes the nose red?

MRS. PRIMMER.

One, two, three, four, five.

[Counting her stitches.]

MRS. O'NEAL, (aside.)

That's a poser!

MISS FANNY.

It is so vulgar!

[Mrs. Primmer reckons her meshes; Fanny nudges her arm.]

MRS. PRIMMER.

What? Dear me, you've made me miss my count! How can you talk such nonsense, and ask such silly questions? There are a thousand things that *cannot* be accounted for.

MRS. ONEAL, (half to herself.)

Which makes it an imperative duty to explain those which may.

MISS FANNY, (turning quickly round to her.)

Can *you* tell me, Mrs. O'Neal? I really want to know; for I hate a red nose beyond—beyond. I *am* always afraid of catching it from Emma. Now, what would cure Emma's nose; Mrs. O'Neal?

MRS. O'NEAL.

I think, if Miss Wilkinson did not take so much hot cream

at night, it would spare her the trouble of applying cold cream in the morning.

MRS. PRIMMER, (much mortified.)

Well, Miss Fanny ; now your *very* important question is answered so very learnedly, I hope you will change the subject.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Do you know, Mrs. Primmer, I think it is a *very* important question. A red nose is a sign of ill health, or of intemperance ; and therefore I agree with Miss Fanny, that it is vulgar ; for, nine times out of ten, ill health is the result of ignorance ; and ignorance or intemperance are great elements of vulgarity, all over the world.

[The groom of the Chambers approaches Lady Elizabeth with a plateau of tea, followed by a servant with a salver of bon-bons.]

MISS FANNY, (to Miss Wilkinson, in a whisper.)

Well, I do think, as Papa says, Mrs. O'Neal is very amusing, somehow.

MISS WILKINSON.

So do I—somehow !

LADY ELIZABETH, (helping herself abundantly ; being assisted by Mrs. Primmer to furnish a small table, which is placed near her.)

Oh, dear ! I believe I have been dozing,—a little !

MRS. PRIMMER, (in a toady-ing tone.)

I trust you have refreshed yourself. I thought dear Lady Elizabeth, you had a very fatigued air at dinner.

LADY ELIZABETH, (emphatically.)

Well, I *was* very fatigued. That drive to Lord Leasowe's in the morning,—(nothing makes me so drowsy as the motion of a carriage ;) and we sat so very late at dinner. It does make one so very heavy !

MRS. PRIMMER.

So it does, ma'am. Try this *brioche* ; it is so light and wholesome after dinner.

LADY ELIZABETH, (much revived by a very strong cup of green tea.)

Oh, Mrs. O'Neal ! Still at your book ! How very fond of reading you must be ! Do you never work, Mrs. O'Neal ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

I have never leisure to work, Lady Elizabeth.

[A general titter round the work-table.]

MISS DAMER.

That smells of Ireland a little.

LADY ALICE.

Rather !

MRS. O'NEAL, (overhearing them and smiling.)

It sounds like a bull ; but it is a fact. Before one can spare time to sit down for four or five hours a day, to cover leagues of canvas with silk thread or worsted, to dot pin-cushions, or caricature the arts by attempting to represent something that never existed in nature, one must have more leisure, as well as more money, to throw away, than I ever had to dispose of.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh ! but as my aunt, the dowager Duchess, (who worked forty-eight chairs, four sofas, six carpets, and two state-beds,) used to say, you can work when you can do nothing else.

MRS. O'NEAL.

But when is it that you can do nothing else ?

MISS DAMER.

In society, for instance ; you can work and talk too.

MRS. O'NEAL.

I rarely see that the case : counting stitches, taking up threads, matching shades, and copying patterns, with eyes rivetted, heads poked, shoulders bent, chest contracted, and

the mind fixed on the most trifling objects, is a strenuous occupation, which I do not think leaves much possibility of talking. To talk even nonsense, (pleasant nonsense, I mean,) you must have ideas of some sort; and ideas are only to be acquired through knowledge. Gobble-stitch gives none. To talk well, you must, moreover, sit at ease. An easy chair is the sibyl's tripod; for when the body reposes, the mind is free to make its most gracious excursions. Attention is then undivided; the spirits are concentrated; and a pleasant woman, sunk in her fauteuil, gives out even her "*infinite deal of nothings*," with a more powerful effect on her auditors, than can be attained by the most finished coquet, who dovetails her "yeas" and "nays," with "take two threads, and drop one,"—"Dear! I have missed a whole row,"—or, "O my! if I have not shaded my hussar's whiskers with Wellington blue; and given my angel a black eye!"

[Lady Elizabeth, Miss Fanny, and Miss Wilkinson laugh. The two latter insensibly drop their work; the others remain sullenly silent, and work with redoubled diligence.]

LADY ELIZABETH.

Well, you are so very amusing, as my lord says; and such a very droll mimic. Who did you mimic then?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Nobody in particular; but working misses and ladies in general. I never touch on individuals, only on classes;—hit folly as it flies; never the fool, who unconsciously sits for me.

LADY ALICE, (to Mrs. Primmer.)

She is quite too impertinent. My aunt is rightly served for letting such persons into her intimate society. We shall all be booked, you may depend upon it.

[Mrs. Primmer nods assent, and counts her meshes. Miss Damer whispers her, (a very vulgar habit with great young ladies.) They both laugh affectedly and contemptuously.]

LADY ELIZABETH.

But I think, Mrs. O'Neal, women of a certain rank have always been such workers,—formerly, you know, when there

was a court, Duchess Catherine, there, (as we call her,) in the blue velvet, over the library door, [*points to the picture ;*] (she was first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Anne)

MISS FANNY, (interrupting)

Mamma, what does that really mean ?

LADY ELIZABETH.

Why it means *that*—first lady of the bedchamber.

MRS. O'NEAL, (drily.)

Exactly—a lady who fills the office of a chambermaid ; and, in the good old times,—when it was a distinction to occupy the most servile stations near the person of princes,—actually performed its functions.

MISS FANNY, (laughing.)

Dear, how odd ! Well, and did Duchess Catherine sweep rooms, or what ?

MRS. PRIMMER.

Dear Fanny, you know very well that great ladies, in the Queen's service, do nothing, but stand about her, or sit, if she gives them leave. Duchess Catherine, I have heard your ladyship say, was a great tapestry worker—one of the most eminent in Queen Anne's court ; and worked footstools for most of the sovereigns of Europe, particularly for the Court of Versailles.

[Lady Elizabeth nods and sips her tea.]

MRS. O'NEAL.

British women of rank might, I imagine, be better employed than in working footstools for despots and their state mistresses ; but on this point the British aristocracy are not particular ; and had not the two last Georges, you know, been the most moral and religious of men, and so saved their valiant peers and high-minded peeresses from the temptation of toady-ing the Sultana of the day, there is no knowing but the scenes of Whitehall, and of "Nelly's lodging," might have been repeated at Windsor or Brighton.

MRS. PRIMMER, (to Lady Alice.)

What very improper conversation !

[Lady Alice tosses her head in contemptuous assent.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (stupidly.)

Well, it is very true ; the foreign courts are so very immoral. My aunt, Lady Betty Montfort, used to say, there was no virtue or religion out of England. [*Yawns.*]

MRS. PRIMMER.

No, to be sure ! the British court has always been a pattern. The court of Queen Anne, in which your ladyship's ancestress flourished, was celebrated for its purity. It was a great age—the Augustan age, it was called.

MISS FANNY.

In whose reign did Queen Anne live ?

[Mrs. Primmer frowns.]

MRS. O'NEAL, (laughing.)

In James the First's, if you believe the Jacobites ! but really in that of Sarah of Marlborough, and Mrs. Masham, or their factions. The ladies of her day were coarse and uneducated, and the jargon of her court would shock the bon ton of a modern steward's room, and would scarcely be tolerated in the servant's hall.

MISS DAMER, (in a whisper to Mrs. Primmer.)

Did you ever ?

MRS. PRIMMER.

Never, never !

LADY ELIZABETH.

But they did work so very beautifully in Queen Anne's time, as Lady Betty used to say.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Queen Anne very early lost her sight, and introduced tapestry work, as requiring no very delicate vision.

MISS FANNY.

Did no one embroider before Queen Anne's time, Mrs. O'Neal?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Why, works that require neither taste, talent, nor study, and are suited to the lowest capacities, and the most indolent habits, have always been pursued whenever the ignorance of the women, and their false position in society, have left them no choice of occupation. Were I a Tory minister, I would bring in a bill for the encouragement of tapestry-working, and make it a ministerial measure. I would make reading, among the women, penal; and by turning their minds on lamb's-wool and gobble-stitch all day, would insure their talking nonsense on politics all night.

[Miss Fanny and Miss Wilkinson laugh without well knowing why.]

MRS. PRIMMER, (very angrily.)

You laugh, young ladies; but you are not aware that all this is Jacobinism.

MISS FANNY, (gravely.)

Indeed! well I never knew before what jacobinism was. But do you know, I think it so very amusing. Don't you, Emma?

MISS WILKINSON.

Oh! so very amusing!

LADY ELIZABETH.

But I should like to know so very much, what you would have girls to do, when they don't work, particularly in a morning: you know there are those *very* long mornings, from breakfast till luncheon;—after, it is easy enough—one rides or drives till seven; and then the dressing, and things. But those long mornings! they are so *very* long! [*Yawns.*]

MRS. O'NEAL, (with great animation.)

Oh! those very long mornings are glorious things, Lady Elizabeth! [*After a pause, her imagination mounting, and*

forgetting the fools she is talking to.] O the freshness, the vigour of those long mornings! Health under arms; spirits free from artificial excitement; the mind, like the frame, rested, refreshed, in the fullest possession of all its powers. The petty passions of the evenings, with the many uneasy sensations generated by a false and vicious system of society, all at rest! It is in these long mornings that the divine arts go forth in search of immortality, at the call of Fame. Then Painting, with her bright intensity of gaze, plants the easel, and seizes the pencil, destined to perpetuate the passing inspiration through the far-distant ages! Then Music, with her upturned eyes, sweeps the harp, and breathes the song, which, in other times and places, is to enrapture thousands. Then genius, concentrated and creative, embodies the image, or discovers the truth, which will delight the world, or serve it. Oh! the morning, the morning! the spring of day and of daily life, there is nothing like the morning!

LADY ELIZABETH, (starting from an incipient slumber.)

Then you really do *not* like lamb's-wool tapestry!

A VOICE AT MRS. O'NEAL'S EAR.

What a bathos!

MRS. O'NEAL, (turning round, and seeing Cecil Howard behind her chair.)

Oh! you are there, you charmer! I little thought I had such an auditor.

CECIL HOWARD.

You little deserve such an auditor. Look at the class, I beseech you, that you are holding forth to.

MRS. O'NEAL.

I was not conscious that I was *holding forth*, as you call it, at all.

CECIL HOWARD.

O yes! *celà vous est égal*. I have seen Madame de Staël standing, like the Pythian priestess, and twirling her sprig of laurel, while she gave out such charming things to gaping dulness! The besetting sin of genius is this want of tact.

MRS. O'NEAL.

A sweeping accusation, and not applicable to me ; because I am not a genius,—not Madame de Staël ; and, moreover, I think I happen to have a good deal of tact. But *je fais mes farces* ; and amuse myself, when I cannot amuse others. When I get among the shallows, I like to set the little minnows fluttering and spluttering, by a dip into thought, or a soar into fancy ; and then, what staring and sneering, and “ Did-you-evers ! ”

CECIL HOWARD.

Well, you do wrong ! What to you is sport, or impulse, to them is ridicule. Every thing out of the little circle of diurnal fashion is, to them, absurd, or wicked, or both.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Perhaps ;—but what would you have of women educated by the Mrs. Primmers ?

CECIL HOWARD.

Or born of the Lady Elizabeths ?

MRS. O'NEAL, (with vivacity.)

Oh ! if you get upon race, I am lost ! It is my theory, my system, my church. “ *Mère Ecrevisse et sa fille*, ” is the illustration of my whole creed upon that all-important subject. It is my last ; so don't tempt me. I must learn, at your dictation, to “ consult the genius of the place in all ; ” and not go back to first principles, where even their last results are not understood. This is difficult enough ;—to me sometimes impossible. For I have a sort of barrel-organ mind ;—wind it up, who may, forth comes the Gregorian chaunt, or the Irish lilt, as accident determines ;—time, place, and persons, all going for nothing.

CECIL HOWARD.

That, I suspect, is the secret of your agreability, and of—your indiscretion. Alas ! that those barrel-organs should ever get out of order, move slowly, and stop !—that the fire-fly mind of an high organization should become as dull and dreary as one of *us* !

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh ! that "*us* !" that fatal "*us* !" It is the conviction of the supremacy of that *us* which makes you dull, and keeps you so. It is that social exclusion from your species, which draws you out of the pale of humanity, and leaves you beyond its sympathies, and ignorant of its relations and its interests.

CECIL HOWARD, (sighing.)

There is something in that :—but *we* want motives.

MRS. O'NEAL, (quickly and petulantly.)

Oh ! you want much more than motives. I will tell you a little secret, which to the mass of society is none : you of the "*us*," of "*the order*," want regeneration, "*reforming altogether*." The sap and vigour of the original stock, that sent forth the first bold shoots, is exhausted. The physical and moral energies which took plebeian worth out of the "*common roll of men*," and raised it to prompt pre-eminence, is no heir-loom ! it must be fed and perpetuated by other accidents than those which men who live in clubs and cabs are liable to.

CECIL HOWARD, (languidly and looking round him.)

Don't speak so loud, child. What you say is clever, and perhaps true ; but what *I* complain of is not only the *mal-apropos* of your *diatribe*, here, but your petulance, your earnestness of manner : the thorough-bred never speak loud, and are never petulant.

MRS. O'NEAL. (impatiently.)

The thorough-bred horse is !—Petulance, as you fine people call energy, comes of strong volitions ; and strong volitions of superior structure.

LADY ELIZABETH, (having received a significant glance from Mrs. Primmer.)

Cecil Howard, do take my cup, will you, there's a good man !

[Cecil Howard sees the manœuvre, and reluctantly obeys the command, dragging his "*slow length along* ;" and then, to the disappointment of the diplomates, throws himself on a divan, before a volume of engravings, and not beside Lady Alice, as was intended.]

Several gentlemen now loiter in :—LORD MOUNT TWADDLEDUM, COL. ST. LEGER, MR. WILKINSON, MESSRS. THOMPSON and JOHNSON, M. P.'s; LORD DAMER follows; none of the juniors appear. Col. St. Leger flutters up to the work-table. Lord Mount Twaddledum moves "noblement et avec dignité," (like Louis the XIVth.) to the same point; and puts on his glasses, to examine the tapestry work. Mr. Sullivan, with folded arms, and an air of intense thought, places himself opposite to Lady Alice. Messrs. Thompson and Johnson, M. P.'s, draw up, like the "mutes and others" in the last scene of a tragedy: Sahib Wilkinson, after a reconnoitring glance for the greatest Lady in the room, takes his stand behind Lady Elizabeth—the Begum Sumroo* of his aristocratic devotion.]

LORD DAMER, (to the servant and flinging himself beside Mrs. O'Neal.)

Take coffee to the Billiard-table room.

[The young ladies look round, disapprovingly; then bend their swan-like necks, and continue to ground in grey, and gobble in green.]

MRS. O'NEAL.

Who are your two friends, my lord, who stalk in and out together, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in Hamlet?

LORD DAMER.

Those are my members for my Irish boroughs.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh! the collective wisdom of Ballyborow and Bally-poreen! So I thought! I heard one of "giving them his honour" most emphatically at dinner: "*Et dans ce mot là, j'ai reconnu monu sang.*"

LORD DAMER, (smiling.)

I assure you, they are not the less excellent fellows for a little national peculiarity; though not as gifted, perhaps, as my friend Sullivan there, who, I predict, will get up the stick rapidly. I shall return him to parliament, and I should not wonder if some of these days he held one of the very highest situations in Ireland.

MRS. O'NEAL, (drily.)

Nor I—"rampant et médiocre, et l'on arrive à tout." Besides, Mr. Sullivan has something better than *that*—presumption; which hazards all, and therefore *must* hit some-

* See "Sketches in India," by Captain Mundy.

thing ; like the habitual punster, who out of ten tiresome things, contrives now and then to say one good one.

LORD DAMER.

You are very severe on poor Sullivan ! you wits never love each other. But I grant you Sullivan *has* a dash of pretension, which is rather Irish ; and belongs, I believe, to the national temperament. My other friends there, however, are the reverse. They are merely honest Irish country gentlemen.

MRS. O'NEAL, (laughs.)

A celebrated Irish Baronet of jobbing memory, once got up in *our* House of Commons, just after a job of more than ordinary audacity ; and with an air of *bonhomie*, began, "I present myself to this Honourable House as an honest Irish country gentleman !" Loud cries of oh ! oh ! oh ! "I say an honest—" "Oh ! oh ! and "shame," echoed from all parts. "I say I present myself as an *Irish* country gentleman." An immediate—"Hear him ! hear him !" and unanimous cheering, rewarded the amendment. [*Lord Damer laughs.*] Country gentlemen, like other country things, are best in Smithfield—Honest, or dishonest, "what can they argue, but from what they know ?" and how little is that ?

LORD DAMER.

Observe, I have not made the *éloge* of their wisdom, or their knowledge ; I only pledge myself for their honesty.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Without doubting, my lord, the *honesty* of your legislators, "nate as imported," I must beg leave to say, that the country gentlemen of Ireland, (like the country gentlemen every where,) have so many obstacles in the way of their honesty, that it is nothing less than a miracle, when they preserve it ; and as this is not the age of miracles

LORD DAMER.

The laws of nature will not be violated in favour of my friends,—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, I assure you, that Johnson, whom I must present to you, is reckoned a fellow of some abilities, and of infinite humour in Ireland. His

mots à rire, are in every mouth in Dublin ; and yet, when I brought him over, as the drollest fellow in the world, he turned out the dullest dog imaginable, and disappointed a large company, invited on purpose to hear him.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Yes, humour is local, and there are wits who are the reverse of prophets, and are never honoured, save in their own set, or country. But Johnson ? Johnson ? this is surely not the "*pais and grass*," Johnson, is it ?

LORD DAMER.

I don't know the anecdote. What is it ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Why, when a very great lady visited Ireland, on some very great occasion ; intending to *fêter* a very great personage, in a very great manner, she procured, as a very great treat, a very little portion of *petits pois*, which were served up at a guinea a pint. Mr. Johnson, who was asked to be, for the time present, a sort of "king's jester," happened to be as *friand* as the the illustrious guest himself ; and fixed his eyes on the *petit plat de petits pois*, with a look not to be mistaken. My lady, who understood the language of the eyes, (*comme de raison*,) endeavoured to draw off Johnson's, by presenting to his special notice a delicious dish of asparagus. But the *indomptable* Johnson, drawing the *entremet par excellence* of the second course, to the edge of his plate, helped himself to nearly the whole ; simply observing, "No thank you my lady, never titches the grass, once the *pais* comes in."

LORD DAMER.

Bravo ! Do you wonder I should return such a man for an independent borough, who maintains his own sturdy independence, on so trying and awful an occasion ?

[They continue to talk and laugh.]

MISS DAMER, (snapping her needle, and breaking her lambswool.)

What a nuisance a billiard-room is, in a country house ; at least, in a villa ! It breaks up the party so—especially when it is as small as ours this recess.

COL. ST. LEGER, (who has been fluttering about Miss Fanny, now draws a chair and insinuates himself between the sisters.)

Why, one *would* think, the work-table "had metal more attractive," for the young men: it always has for me. I am an absolute adept in threading needles, and winding bobbins.

MISS FANNY, (carelessly.)

Did the young men of the Guards, in your days, love billiards, as much as they do now?

COL. ST. LEGER, (evidently hurt, but laughing.)

In my days, "Miss Fanny Damer!" Why, I *am* in the Guards *now*, a'n't I? But if you mean, when I was a little ensign of the Coldstream, and borrowed my sister's white gloves to go to a dowager's ball, I think young men were then more occupied with belles, than billiards. Generally speaking, men of all ages were more susceptible, more slaves to such lovely tyrants as yourselves, than they are in these march-of-intellect times; when "the little unknown" has his arrows as much upon his hands, as a manufacturer of Manchester has his corduroys in a glut of the market, and love is as much out of fashion as the drama.

MISS FANNY.

Dear, how tiresome!

MISS WILKINSON.

Very tiresome.

MISS DAMER.

Well, do you know, that mamma, and all the women of her standing, say just the same? What is the reason? Are the women not so pretty? or what?

COL. ST. LEGER, (with gravity, sipping his *chasse*.)

The women are always divine;—but there are many causes. The most obvious are quadrilles and standing suppers. To "thread the mazes of the gay quadrille," is no joke. It requires head—undivided attention, at least. A country dance was so simple, and its short figure so reiterated, that one danced, as Falstaff ran away, upon instinct. Attention was then concentrated upon the lovely partner of the set, (which frequently consisted of forty, or fifty couples,

and lasted for an hour or two,) during which time, one never lost sight for a moment of the lady of one's lot or choice.

MISS FANNY.

That must have been very pleasant. Lord William Fitz-forward says, he hates changing partners: it's so tiresome.

MISS WILKINSON.

So very tiresome!

COL. ST. LEGER.

Then came the supper; when, seated *tête à tête*, with "the fair, the inexpressive she," one had time and opportunity to begin a flirtation, fall in love, pop the question, or make up one's mind to jilt or marry, as circumstances and champagne directed: for men are desperate upon champagne, who are very cool on claret.

MISS DAMER, (laughing.)

You cruel creature! How *can* you talk so?

COL. ST. LEGER, (with a languishing smile.)

I, at least, was any thing but cruel:—to my cost, I was, and am, "more sinned against than sinning;"—whatever the world may say.

MISS FANNY, (with naïveté, and raising her eyes from her dog's tail to the Colonel.)

Oh! I read all about you, and Lady Mary Oldfield, in the Court Journal. They called it "an old affair." Though I a'n't out yet, like Augusta, I do pick up a little news here and there; don't I, Emma?

MISS WILKINSON.

Oh! you do indeed! and so do I.

MRS. PRIMMER, (who all this time is netting at the rate of ten knots an hour, but still looking "en sournois," at Lady Alice and Mr. Sullivan.)

Fanny! my dear Fanny! How can you talk such nonsense to the Colonel?—She is such a child of nature!

COL. ST. LEGER, (trying not to hide his affected confusion, in a book of patterns.)

Yes; so I perceive! but, fairest of Fannys, if *you* get scandalous, *I* must bolt.—I cannot stand such attacks, and such eyes, all at once; [*mutters to her as he passes;*] you are a most dangerous little creature—you are, upon my honour.

MISS FANNY, (whispers Miss Wilkinson.)

Do you know, I think he is a very nice person.

MISS WILKINSON.

So *very* nice! I *do* think.

[Colonel St. Leger lounges to the tea-table; and begins a "keen encounter of the eyes," with the soubrettes, who draw up their tight white gloves, and drop large lumps of sugar into the cups, with their fingers. The Colonel sips his tea, and flirts in French, learned at Brussels, in the Waterloo days. Lord Mount-Twaddledum has drawn a prie-dieu chair, beside Lady Elizabeth, who still munches her brioche, and sips her hyson. He places himself, bolt-upright, in the same attitude in which he made the tour of Europe; and resumes a conversation he had begun at the dessert, which originated in a new service of Dresden china, with the arms and crests of the Damers united with those of the Montforts.]

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

To go back to where we left off, Lady Elizabeth; if there is a subject on which I know something, it is heraldry. Now, I have no objection to Sir Robert,—I should say Lord Damer,—or any other private person, (for with me, a *nouvelle noblesse* goes for nothing,) having his arms, or what he assumes as his arms, on his porcelain. But I object to private gentlemen, whether on plate, china, or elsewhere, blazoning their coats by precious stones. You of course, know that we give it for a rule, that the coats of sovereigns should be blazoned by the planets, (Sol, Luna, or Saturn,)—those of nobles by precious stones, (as topaz, pearls, sardonyx,) suited to the or and argent, sable, or sanguine;—but for private men, or esquires...

LADY ELIZABETH, (rather piqued, and less drawling than usual.)

But you are so very odd, Lord T., persisting to call Lord Damer a private gentleman!

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

Pardon me, my dear friend, if I call him so; it is my

courtesy that grants so high a grade as *gentil-homme* to Lord Damer. In fact, he is not heraldically a gentleman; because his family cannot prove that it is without the alloy of trade, profession, or some other personal exertion for maintenance, for four hundred years. His great-grandfather was a Manchester spinning jenny. His grandfather and father were bankers, the last a baronet; all, men living by trade; worthy men, no doubt, and very rich; but as tradesmen, not entitled to paternal arms. However, their assuming the real Damer arms (when or why nobody knows) is not without precedent; and Lord Damer having acquired a right to arms of alliance (that is, yours) on a 'scutcheon of pretence, gives him an excuse for blazoning the ruby: but in strict heraldic science, it is wrong. The heralds of Vienna would not allow it.

LADY ELIZABETH, (taking a pinch of snuff from Lord Damer's box, which he presents.)

Well, I must say that the idea of Lord Damer, a peer, the son of a baronet, with a rent-roll of forty thousand a year, and married to a Duke's daughter,—not being a gentleman, is rather pleasant.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

But, my dear Lady Elizabeth, your father, though a duke, was not a gentleman. I calculate, that out of every sixty peers, there are not six gentlemen.

LADY ELIZABETH, (laughing so as to shake her sides.)

Well, now; that is really too droll! you are quizzing, Lord M.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

Never was more serious in all my life. I repeat, that to be a duke, it is not necessary to be a gentleman. I could quote you a dozen, not one of whom *are* gentlemen. Nay, some of the royal families haven't a gentleman among them.

LADY ELIZABETH, (reconciled.)

Oh, well, perhaps so—but it's very odd! What very good snuff! It a'n't Lord Petersham's new light?

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

No, madam; I have never changed my snuff, nor my principles, nor ever shall. This is the snuff taken by Sir Walter Raleigh, who first brought tobacco into England. You know our motto, "*nec mutatus, nec mutabilis*;" and at the end of six hundred years, I, Geoffroi, Lord Mount-twaddledum, am an impersonation of the hereditary temperament of my race; a monument of what the English nobility was, and might still have been, if it had taken due care to avoid *mésalliance*, and to resist innovation upon all points and particulars.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Indeed! well, certainly you *do* wear very well; but I remember, when you first came from your *grand tour*, and were such a favourite with Queen Charlotte,—you had such a fine colour, people said you rouged.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (pre-occupied and not listening.)

I am counting the "*familles chapitrales*" of England. It is astonishing how few they are: I don't think there are six incontestable. Your mother's family can count their sixteen quarterings, as I can; but I doubt whether *you* would be admitted into any of the German chapters. I don't think they would really make you a Chanoinesse, at Vienna.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Well, I'm sure, I don't want to be a Chanoinesse, the least in the world.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

Oh! in Vienna, mind, I say: but elsewhere...

LADY ELIZABETH, (interrupting him.)

You have interest at Vienna, by-the-bye, haven't you? That is very nice. You shall do something for me, there, for one of those poor Fitzforwards, my nephews. I want to get William out, as an *attaché* to Vienna—paid, you know: there are so many of them. Don't you think you could? You know, you provided for all the Boscovilles; two of them you made pages to the late king. They held two commissions each. And then the two you quartered on the Irish

Lord Lieutenant, and the boy that went out to the Brazils. You might, I think, place one or two of those poor Fitzforwards—they are so very poor.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (taking an unusual quantity of Snuff.)

He! he! he! My lady, you are dreaming. I place anybody now! you don't mean that? [*With gravity and importance.*] I did indeed serve some of my friends, in the two late reigns; I had some influence then: well, madam, I have not now interest to obtain a pension on the Irish concordatum list. But those I did place, when I was in power, how did they repay me? Out of eighteen younger brothers, that I got bread for, twelve have ratted to the present ministers; and the rest are neither fish nor flesh; but vote with their elder brothers, through thick and thin.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh! but those poor boys, my nephews, will go any way you like. My eldest nephew, you know, Dulwhosehe, married my niece Georgiana Montford, and not Alice, as *we* all thought; who really refused Cecil Howard, poor thing! before he came in for that fine property; and he says he can't do anything for them, (that's the Duke,) though he is so very rich, because he has paid them their two thousand pounds each, in commissions and things; and they have no clean gloves. The old duchess, their grandmother, allowed them fifty pounds a piece for clean gloves, while she lived. But she left every thing to the Duke Dullwhosehe, whom she so hated. She always said the eldest son should support the *dignity* of the family; and so she left every thing to him.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

She was quite right. Our primogeniture is all that is now left us. But the present Duke is a trimmer. Let him get places for his cadets from his new friends, the Whigs. It is pitiable in him; for the Dullwhosohes are really a *famille chapitrale*—which means that they can prove the nobility of their grand-father's grandfather, their grandfather's maternal grand-father; the nobility of their mother's grandmother, grandfather, and

LORD DAMER, (breaking off from his conversation with Mrs. O'Neal, and addressing them, in a tone of suppressed annoyance.)

What—what—what! Oh!—how!—still at your grand-

fathers and grandmothers? Eh! Lord Mount Twaddledum! at your old pedigree again! Why, who can tell whose son any body is? It all depends upon the women, you know. What has become of the genealogical tree of Clanlofty's? Ha! ha! ha! Ask Signior Benvenuti, the Italian singing-master: that affair went on for ten years, and the old lord never found it out! And there is the present lord, with Benvenuti's black Italian eyes staring every one in the face, and his little squint towards the nose; and singing like a *primo tenore*. Then there's Lord Brentford's hopeful youth, as like that scamp, Captain Lighthouse, as

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (much shocked, and rising.)

For the present, Lord Damer, we will drop the subject. *Les gens, les gens! Respectez l'innocence!* [Looking at the servants, and the young ladies.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (drawing up to her uttermost, and tossing back her turban, which had gradually fallen to the tip of her nose.)

Aye—yes. He is so very shocking; a'n't he? Before those girls too! as I often say, poor dears! Lord Damer, you shouldn't really be so very shocking. This is beyond—did you ever!

LORD DAMER.

Shocking! Come, I like that. As if those girls and boys there, didn't know all about such things, and read them every Sunday in the papers, before they go to church. Why do you take the papers, and t'other periodicals, all about fashionable life, and delicate affairs, and strange rumours, and elopements, and *crim. cons.*, and *double entendres*, and funny puns? Why, Fanny there, read me two columns of Lady Laura Golightly, and Henry Wishit, last Sunday morning, while we were waiting for you to go to St. James's chapel. Egad! I didn't know well what to do, or which way to look. I was afraid to check her; for, after all, she might not understand what she read, poor love! But she laughed *comme un bossu*, as Madame de Creveœur says. By-the-bye, Lord Mount-Twaddledum, what is become of your pretty little French friend? I don't see her about town now. Is she off at last?

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

Poor lady! She has gone back to France. She only came to town on some business of the illustrious and royal

victims, whom she serves with a loyal fidelity,—a devotedness that is quite fine, and indeed unexampled in these *girouette* and jacobinal times.

LORD DAMER.

Well, my opinion of your pretty coquettish Countess is, that she is a devilish clever little *intrigaunte*, and *ambassadrice de poche*; and that she would never have gone back to France, if she could have run down my son, who had a narrow escape of her, though she is old enough to be his mother; or even, if your lordship had laid your coronet, as the world says you did your heart, at her feet. She would have planted “the royal victims” at old Holyrood, depend upon it; and would have condescended to enlighten the Tory coteries of St. James’s with the politics and *les mœurs* of the *pavillon Marsan*. If I had not hurried off Damer on his diplomatic mission to Russia, she would have *fait ses paques* at the Cliff this spring.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (sharply.)

The world assigns another motive for your lordship’s acceptance of a place under the present ministry, than that of saving Mr. Damer from the fascinations of the Countess de Crevecœur.

LORD DAMER.

Yes; I know—*your* world, the conservatives. Something about another step in the peerage! All I can say is, that I know nothing about it. But you know, I never was an ultra in politics. At present, my principle is not to scramble for more; but to try to keep together what I have got,—by Jove, no easy matter! These are times, in which our grandfather’s grandfathers can do nothing for us; and I fear that the unalienable estates lodged in the brains and sinews of *les familles industrielles*, are more available in the present day, than all the claims of the *familles chapitrales*, that ever existed since the line of Noah,—even when advocated by such truly honest and honourable *gentlemen* as your lordship. We must go with our age, my dear old friend; or our age will leave us in the lurch.

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (rising in dignified contempt.)

When your ladyship is ready for your whist party, I am at your service.

MR. WILKINSON, (from behind Lady Elizabeth's chair.)

And I, Lady Elizabeth, will be most happy to have that honour.

LADY ELIZABETH, (looking back surprised.)

O, dear ! are you there, Mr. Wilkinson ? Well, you are so silent ! Don't people talk in India ?

MR. WILKINSON, (with the air of Tippoo Saib.)

Sometimes—to their equals.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh, indeed ! I really believe I never thanked you for this very pretty Benares turban. 'Tis so nice !

MR. WILKINSON, (bowing his head like a Chinese mandarin.)

I have a piece of Keemc'ab waiting your ladyship's acceptance.

LADY ELIZABETH.

You are so kind ! I should so like to go to India. One gets such nice things there : Cashmeres, and atar, and gold chains ; and all for nothing at all.

MR. WILKINSON.

Not for nothing, Lady Elizabeth.

LADY ELIZABETH.

No ! Well, I thought you nabobs somehow did. Somebody gave me *such* a pretty chain for my *étrenne* last year ! I forget how it is called.

MR. WILKINSON, (much mortified.)

A Trichinopoli chain ! It was *I* had the honour of presenting it to your ladyship.

LADY ELIZABETH, (coolly.)

Well, only think ; so it was ! It was so very kind ! Do you think you could do any thing for my nephew ?—my nephew, Lord William Fitzforward. Get him out to India as an *attaché*, (*payé s'entend*), or a cadet, or something ?

MR. WILKINSON, (with deference.)

The Duke of Dullwhosehe's brother! If his Grace would let me know his wishes on the subject, I should at *least try* to meet them.

LADY ELIZABETH.

Oh! the Duke dines here to-morrow, and you shall talk to him. I must present you. You must get on the Duchess's list, you know, for her Monday soirées!

MR. WILKINSON, (highly gratified.)

Your ladyship does me great honour. I shall be too happy.

[Wilson advances the card table, and places chairs.]

LADY ELIZABETH, (brightening up at the sight of the cards and counters.)

We still want *one*. Where are all the young men?

LORD DAMER.

All in the billiard-room, as usual. But here is my friend Johnson. He is reckoned one of the best whist players of the Kildare Street Club in Dublin.

MR. JOHNSON, (smiling.)

Give you my honour, my lord, I am no great things at the game, no more than the mare that ran for the whiskey—only just luck.

LADY ELIZABETH, (looking at him through her half closed eyes, as if she saw him for the first time.)

So! we don't play higher than sovereigns, Mr. . . .

MR. JOHNSON, (cutting in.)

Whatever your ladyship plazes, from a *cronaban* to a guinea.

[Lady Elizabeth, to whose lot he falls, stares at him.]

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, (apart.)

A joint of Damer's Irish tail. Very vulgar.

LORD DAMER.

Now, Johnson—they don't talk here at cards, so don't draw them off with one of your droll stories, mind!

MR. JOHNSON, (dealing with an air peculiar to himself.)

Oh! never fear, my lord: it's a rule with me at the card-table never to let fall a word, till the *Puldoodies* come in; and then of course I rest on my arms!

LADY ELIZABETH, (intent on sorting her cards.)

Are *Puldoodies* Indian? or what?

MR. JOHNSON.

No, my lady; they are Irish. Some prefer the *Malahides*; but of a small oyster, there is nothing like the *Puldoodies*!—Hearts trumps! that *street* of a queen never brought me luck yet; whenever she turns up, I'm sure to be out for *the rob*, like the knave of clubs at "five and forty."

LORD DAMER, (laughing.)

Is that an Irish game, Johnson,—five and forty?

MR. JOHNSON, (playing with vehemence.)

It is, my lord—or *was*, in the good ould times! I believe your ladyship has *reneagued*!

LORD DAMER, (laughing.)

Translate that, Johnson, for the benefit of the country gentlemen.

MR. JOHNSON.

Is it *reneague*, my lord? Sure isn't it to refuse following the lade!

MRS. O'NEAL, (approaching the table.)

Like many words, that in modern parlance sound vulgar, or are deemed obscure, Mr. Johnson's *reneague* is from the old French. I think St. Evermont uses it in one of his card playing dialogues at the *Duchess de Mazarin's* with "*Mi Ladi Kildare*," and other gambling beauties of the court of Charles the Second!

MR. JOHNSON, (taking up the trick.)

Thank you, ma'am; that's my maning intirely—Ireland against the field! I'll trouble your ladyship not to thrump my best card again!

[Lord Mount-Twaddledum and Lady Elizabeth stare, and exhibit signs of increasing annoyance and ill-humour, and finally lay down their cards, as Mrs. O'Neal draws out Johnson to talk.]

LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM.

It's impossible to play.

LORD DAMER.

Come, Mrs. O'Neal, you and I are evidently *de trop*.
We must pair off..... Oh! Thompson! do you play
ecarté?

MR. THOMPSON.

I do, my lord.

LORD DAMER, (taking his arm.)

Come, then! Wilson, set a table.

[Mrs. O'Neal returns to her book and chair.]

SCENE II.

[The Billiard Room. COUNT AMEDE'E DE VAL BLANC, LORDS JOHN, WILLIAM, and FRANCIS FITZFORWARD, MR. MANDEVILLE LISTON. Count Amadée and Lord Leicester are playing; Lord John and Mr. Liston betting.]

MR. LISTON.

Five to four the striker marks !

LORD JOHN.

Done ! Pounds ?

MR. LISTON.

Fives, if you will.

LORD JOHN.

Done !

LORD LEICESTER.

That is a bubble bet, Johnny ! the thing is impossible !

COUNT AMADE'E.

Mais, pourtant, je tacherai.—Milord, vous avez perdu.

LORD JOHN.

Eh bein ! C'est que vous êtes trop forte, Comte. On ne peut rien contre vous. Marker, count the game.

LORD WILLIAM.

Seventeen to sixteen.

MR. LISTON.

Will you double your bets ?

LORD JOHN.

Thank you ! no ; but I'll take five fives to two, the Count does'nt mark twenty-one this game.

MR. LISTON.

Done !

[They play several coups.]

LORD JOHN, (impatiently.)

C'est a vous à jouer, Comte. Car mon frère n'a pas carambolé.

LORD LEICESTER.

Je ne le cherchais pas. Je n'ai voulu que coller mon jeu.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Ma foi vous n'avez pas mal réussi.

LORD WILLIAM, (marking.)

Eighteen—fifteen.

LORD JOHN.

Bravo, Comte ! grand jeu, parblue ! Vous donnez là votre coup, sans avoir à peine visé ; et je suis enfoncé. Et voilà qu' à present vous bloquez la bille à votre adversaire.

[Lord Leicester plays, wins an hazard, and keeps the ball till he scores twenty-one.]

LORD LEICESTER.

A present le jeu est à vous ; vous ne le manquerez pas.

MR. LISTON.

I'll bet two sovereigns to one that I win my two fives this coup.

LORD JOHN.

I'll indulge you—that is, the Count does not score twenty-one this coup.

MR. LISTON.

Done !

COUNT AMADE'E.

C'est immanquable !

MR. LISTON.

Oui, avec votre jeu d'aujourd'hui. Vous jouez comme un ange.

[The Count plays, and missing his queue, pockets his own ball, and loses the game.]

COUNT AMADE'E, (dashing down his queue with great violence, and rumpling his hair with both his hands, in irrepressible rage.)

Oui ! Je joue comme un démon ; et je perds toujours comme une bête. Sacre, est il possible !

LORD LEICESTER, (coolly replacing his queue.)

Que l'on perd son jeu ; mais que l'on ne derange pas sa coiffure.

COUNT AMADE'E (with a sudden burst of good humour.)

C'est vrai ! [*Hums an air, "On revient toujours,"*] &c.

MR. LISTON, (taking out his pocket-book.)

I lose seventy pounds and win twenty, (I believe,) including the off bets. There are fifty pounds—I happen to have the money about me.

LORD JOHN.

As you please, if it saves you trouble.

[Count Amandée throws himself on an ottoman beside Mr. Liston. The two brothers talk, apart, in an under tone. The two younger begin knocking about the balls.]

LORD JOHN, (sharply.)

Francis, be quiet, will you ? You make such an infernal noise with those balls.

LORD FRANCIS.

Noise ! I like that. I'll play against you, John, and give you odds.

[Lord William flings down his queue, and goes to the ladies.]

LORD JOHN.

Nonsense, child ; you play !—go and play with your cou-

sins in the next room—or go to your holiday task. The holidays will soon be over, old boy. School opens next Monday, mind!

LORD FRANCIS, (with great ill-temper.)

I'll lay you what you like, I don't go back to Eton any more.

LORD JOHN, (vehemently,)

Done!

LORD FRANCIS.

Done!

LORD JOHN, (getting earnest.)

Who has a betting-book?

LORD LEICESTER.

I have. I never go without one. 'Tis "*mes heures*," as Madame de Crevecœur says of Chateaubriand's "*Christianisme*." What's the bet? [*Takes out his book.*]

LORD JOHN.

I bet my grey colt, against Francis's gold repeater, chain, seals, and diamond ring, left him by his grandmother.

LORD FRANCIS, (sulkily.)

No, I won't lay that.

LORD JOHN.

What! a touch of sentiment for the old lady, whose lap-dog you choked? Come, you can't be off, boy.

LORD FRANCIS.

I won't lay that, I tell you. Besides, your colt is not sound. It's not worth ten pounds.

LORD JOHN.

Not sound! Come, that is too good. The fact is, you haven't your watch—you've—

LORD FRANCIS, (interrupting him petulantly.)
I'll lay you five guineas I have !

LORD JOHN.

Done ! Produce !

[Lord Francis takes out a large old silver watch, worth a pound.]

LORD JOHN, (angrily.)

That's not *the* watch, sir !

LORD FRANCIS.

You didn't say *what* watch. This *is* mine !

LORD JOHN, (struggling with his temper.)

That's not a fair bet, Frank. It's no go, my boy.

LORD FRANCIS.

Yes, but it is a go ; and you shall pay me, too, John ; sha'n't he, Leicester ?

LORD LEICESTER.

To be sure he must, little Pickle. You have done the knowing one, and it's all fair. [*A general laugh.*]

COUNT AMADE'E, (replacing in his shirt a button of enamelled gold, which Mr. Liston had been examining with attention.)

Il n'y a pas de règle, à la rigueur. On agraffe les chemises comme on veut. Mais point de large plies, vous entendez ?

MR. LISTON.

Oui, monsieur.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Vous lisez " LA REVUE FASHIONABLE," n'est ce pas ?

MR. LISTON.

Oui, monsieur.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Vous avez vu comme on place les agraffes ?

MR. LISTON.

Oui, monsieur.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Vous seriez grandement en erreur, si vous croyez que les boutons sont placés, comme les gravures de la revue ; en prenant les deux bords de la chemise croisés l'un par l'autre.

MR. LISTON.

Oui, monsieur.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Diable ? voilà un "oui" en grand service ! Il n'est pas fort celui-là. Oh ça, Monsier Liston, we shall speak English, if you please it ; dat is equal to me. Je rafolle de votre vie de château—your life in a castle—'tis very charmin'—but your société is—is much—be it littel weighty—tant soit peu hebète, as we say at Paris ; but that is equal. What magnificence ! You live in prince in your country-house. Miss Damers, dey are very rich, n'est ce pas ?

MR. LISTON, (with difficulty repressing a laugh at the Count's English.)

Not very, I believe. But they have great connexions by the mother's side. She is called the aunt of three dukes. They are excellent matches for men who don't want money.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Don't want money ! Ah ! *la cosa rara*—Miladi Montfort, est elle riche ? She is what you call heiress ?

MR. LISTON.

Oh dear ! not at all,—not a shilling. But with such high blood, and fashion, and all that, 'tis not wanted. Lady Georgina, you know married the Duke of Dullwhosehe the other day ; and a young one, not out, is reserved for the rich young Marquis of Chesterton.

COUNT AMADE'E.

And you ave not one heiress of de parti ? *Point de bon parti ?* dites donc !

MR. LISTON.

No, except you count that little Indian girl, the nabob's daughter, an heiress. She will have a hundred thousand pounds, 'ts said ;—but no connexion !

COUNT AMADE'E.

Hundred tousand pounds !—bagatelle ! Ca fait plus que deux millions de francs. C'est une revenue de prince, parbleu !

MR. LISTON.

Yes !—but she isn't the least well-looking ; not at all *distinguée*.

COUNT AMADE'E.

Qu'est ce que ça signifie ? “ Elle est faite,” comme dit de Grammont, “ comme toutes les heretières.” Let us come ! [*Rises and takes Mr. Liston's arm.*] You are going to present me to her ?—n'est ce pas ?

MR. LISTON, (smiling.)

Oh ! with pleasure. But I give you notice ; she is not reckoned bon-ton—doesn't go to Almack's

COUNT AMADE'E.

That is perfectly equal to me. Presentez moi, tout de même.

[They return to the gallery ; followed by the other interlocutors.]

SCENE III.

[The gallery, as in Scene I. THE LADIES, at the work-table. LORD MOUNT-TWADDLEDUM, LADY ELIZABETH, MR. WILKINSON, and MR. JOHNSON, M. P., at Whist, which they now play with great earnestness, gravity, and silence. COLONEL ST. LEGER is seated near Miss Damer, in a flirting attitude. MR. SULLIVAN is behind LADY ALICE's chair: whom he addresses in a low and emphatic mutter. Cecil Howard and Mrs. O'Neal are seated as before, and conversing.]

MR. SULLIVAN.

I will not now press your ladyship further, for I see [*glancing at Cecil Howard and Mrs. O'Neal*] we are not only observed by "the *observed* of all observers," but by the *observer* of all observers, my talented countrywoman, there.

LADY ALICE, (looking spitefully pleased.)

Yes, I see; we are down for a page, I suppose. Do you know her?

MR. SULLIVAN.

O dear no! I lived exclusively with the officials, when I was in Ireland. But things are so changed now, that the society of Dublin is quite another thing. How did she get here, Lady Alice?

LADY ALICE.

Don't know at all—my uncle and my aunt like geniuses, —people who talk, and, what Lord Damer calls, keep up the ball.

MR. SULLIVAN, (doubtingly.)

Still, I believe, that is any thing but bon-ton. Don't you think it is very vulgar to talk across the table?

LADY ALICE.

I really never thought about it. One does not naturally

talk at dinner. One never hears any one talk across the table, but foreigners, the Irish, and *les beaux discoureurs*, who are asked on purpose. The Irish have odd manners, rather vulgar. Apropos! what did you mean by engaging me "for the supper-set" at Lady Di Walker's? I have been thinking of it ever since.

MR. SULLIVAN, (a little confused; but instantly recovering his presence of—impudence.)

Have you, indeed!—[*with increasing ardour of manner.*]
—O! Lady Alice! if I might,—if I dared believe that you really had been thinking of *me*,—of any thing that I could have said: and ever since too!—Lady Alice, you are not aware of the delicious poison you are administering, or you would not be so kindly cruel. This may be sport to you; it is death to me!—[*A pause. Lady Alice throws down her eyes and reddens.*]

Mr. SULLIVAN, (lowers his voice, and goes on with increasing energy.)

You know your own sweet song. I may say, with Desdemona, "That song to-night will not go from my mind:"

"Je ne vous dirai pas que j'aime,
Votre rang ma le defend.

I dare not finish the stanza: but recall it to your mind, dearest Lady Alice; and forgive and pity, though you do not concede.

MRS. PRIMMER, (fidgetting.)

My dear Lady Alice, will you change places with me? You are so near the fire, it has quite caught your face!

LADY ALICE, (with hauteur.)

Had I felt any inconvenience from it, I should have made you the proposition before.

MRS. PRIMMER, (emphatically.)

Oh, my dear, you may not suffer any inconvenience *now*; but at a future moment, you *may* feel the imprudence of exposing yourself to such a hot fire.

MR. SULLIVAN, (impatiently and pointedly.)

Lady Alice, will you allow me to give you a chance of revenging yourself at the chess-board, after your complete defeat this morning?

LADY ALICE, (rising, and pushing away her frame.)

Oh ! I shall be delighted ! As Mrs. Primmer observes, the place *is* beginning to be too hot to hold me.

[She laughs, and moves away. Mr. Sullivan places the chess-board in a distant part of the room, to which they both retreat. Mrs. Primmer exhibits great annoyance ; she places herself before a book of prints, half way between the work-table and the chess-board.]

COL. ST. LEGER, (to Miss Damer, who continues to ground in grey, and flirt with equal assiduity.)

Then you really will not ride to the Oaks, to-morrow ?

MISS DAMER.

No, I really will not.

COL. ST. LEGER.

Do you really mean that, Miss Damer ?

MISS DAMER.

I really do, Colonel St. Leger.—How you look !

COL. ST. LEGER.

Then, neither will I.

MISS DAMER.

What, after you made the party yourself, and sent to town for your horses !—nonsense, you must.

COL. ST. LEGER.

Not I, upon my soul—I hate riding parties in the country ; nothing but mud and turnpikes. I never ride beyond the parks ; and had no earthly object in proposing the party, but the hope of being your cavalier for the morning.

MISS DAMER.

What would Lady Di Walker say, if she heard you ?

COL. ST. LEGER, (conceitedly.)

Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. If you really knew the secret of that affair. . . . one cannot be savage, and. . . .

[He draws his chair closer, and letting his voice sink into an inaudible whisper, continues his narrative ; to which Miss Damer, bending

over her frame, "doth seriously her ear incline." Enter the party from the billiard-room. COUNTESS AMADE'E is presented by Mr. LISTON to Miss Wilkinson; and takes a chair near her, with the airs of an empress of a man in love, or one determined to be so. He caresses his "favorites;" and begins a scientific course of gallantry, to which Miss Wilkinson, (to the great detriment of her knotting,) shows herself as willing a disciple, as Cousin ever won over to Kantism and the "absolu." LORD JOHN and Mr. LISTON pair off to the whist-table, and bet high. LORD WILLIAM is seated by Miss Fanny, his uplifted hands serving as a reel, off which she winds her gold thread, with a great many little coquetries. LORD FRANCIS spoils the reeling and the flirtation by frequent interruptions, for want of something else to do. LORD LEICESTER, "pale et de fait," like the hero of a French novel, takes Mrs. Primmer's vacated chair, and yawns and sighs, as exhaustion and ennui dictate.]

MISS FANNY.

Now do be quiet, Francis; you are as mischievous as mamma's green monkey.—Do speak to him, Lord Leicester; he has broke my thread again.

LORD LEICESTER.

Speak to him! what, as representative of Mrs. Primmer, I suppose—Well, there is no such folly as bringing home boys for the holidays—school-boys are great nuisances.

LORD FRANCIS.

And so sometimes are boys that never were at school, but were brought up at their mother's apron-strings.

MISS FANNY, (laughing.)

Oh! that is a hit at you, Leicester, I remember. My aunt educated you herself. The other boys were such Pickles!—But did you not run away from Dullwhosehe House one day; and weren't you found at last driving the Heavy Birmingham—and so, was put into the army at fourteen, to keep you out of mischief, and off the road?—[*They laugh.*]

LORD LEICESTER, (yawning.)

Perhaps—it may be so.—I forget all about it now, it is so long ago—*Je suis vieux, comme les rues!*

MISS FANNY.

Long ago—how long? How many years is it since?—Do keep your hands steady, William.

LORD LEICESTER.

Years!—I don't count by years, child, but by epochs!

MISS FANNY.

What does that mean, pray?—Francis, do be quiet!

LORD LEICESTER, (rising from his chair.)

Oh! if I must rise to explain, I bolt. Frank, my boy, have you a mind to risk one of your five sovereigns on the *écarté* players?

LORD FRANCIS.

Hang the five sovereigns!—I'll bet you what you choose. [*As they turn off.*] I say, Leicester, Burton's a capital fellow—he's my banker here!

LORD LEICESTER.

Yes; but take care what you are about, boy. Some ten years hence—*à la bonne heure*!

LORD FRANCIS.

One can trust Burton, you know. Besides, I protect young Burton, his son, at Eton.—I say, he's such a mill! Do you know he floored the Marquis of Marybonne the other day, for refusing to play cricket with him, because he is the son of a servant. Marybonne was cock of the walk, before little Burton came.

[*They take their places behind the écarté players.*]

MISS FANNY.

How very fond of play that foolish boy is!

LORD WILLIAM.

Very. John *would* take him to Epsom, and to the Cock-pit, when he was but six years old, and make him bet. It is a pity; for he is the cleverest of us all.

MISS FANNY.

All your brothers are fond of play, except the Duke?—But what are you fond of, William, besides your guitar?

LORD WILLIAM.

Fanny, do you ask that? [*Looks earnestly at her.*]

MISS FANNY, (blushing.)

What a foolish boy!—you have broke my thread again.

MRS. O'NEAL, (reading from the "Marriage de Figaro," to Cecil Howard, who is lounging beside her.)

"Parceque vous êtes un grand Seigneur, vous vous croyez un grand génie. Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places; tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes *donné la peine* de naître! et rien de plus." It's no wonder that the French aristocracy took such pains to run down Beaumarchais. His comedy is the quintessence of political philosophy; and at the same time, a *camera obscura*, in which every vice of the system is depicted,—from the most sweeping public injustice, to the most trivial private absurdity. The manner in which he and his production were discredited, is detailed by himself in his preface, with more than the humour of his celebrated pleadings; and the passage is worth preserving, as an abridgment of the whole theory and practice of hypocrisy, *à l'usage du monde littéraire et fashionable.*

CECIL HOWARD.

Nay, he had no reason to complain. His play *was* played. Fancy it in the hands of our deputy licenser! It certainly is the wittiest, as well as the severest production of the French Revolution. That little phrase, "*se donne la peine de naître*," is excellent!

MRS. O'NEAL.

The whole passage is excellent. It is the highest philosophy, because it is the purest truth.

CECIL HOWARD.

But we, again I repeat,—we who have only *de nous donner la piene de naître*, want the motive: we are born to that, for which other classes have to toil and labour.

MRS. O'NEAL.

In the French Revolution, there was motive enough, Heaven knows. But the greatest pressure of circumstances

that ever called for human exertion, produced no genius among the emigrant aristocracy! The old families were worn out. The genius of France, of England, of Europe belongs to another race and structure, than that, which has only to "*se donner la peine de naître.*" The descendants of *les soldats Heureux*, of those who made kings and princes,—the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, the Braganzas, the De Montfords, the Mount Twaddledums, and the Dullwhosehes, have long exhausted those original energies, which made the founders of those families, "the best of cut-throats," in times when physical force governed society, and laid the foundations of those inevitable institutions, which have become the abuses of the present day. The philosophy of your mews is wanting in the palaces of your kings and the mansions of your nobles.

CECIL HOWARD.

Come, there is something in that.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh! you may depend upon it. Look around you! The highest grades of European society are becoming mere players of billiards, and workers of tapestry,—menials in the palaces of kings, where they are so delighted to serve, and so ready to be trampled upon, and sybarites at home, the victims of their own idleness, luxury, and selfishness. In society, they are the patrons of a corrupting literature;—in the senate, the conservatives of by-gone institutes, which always violated the laws of nature, and are now utterly inapplicable to existing interest;—institutes perpetuating habits, destructive of health of body and force of mind; giving to the nation, a few over-weening despots, to govern its opinions, by the enormity of their concentrated wealth; and overflowing it with multitudes of ungifted and improvident creatures, that prey upon society, because it affords them no legitimate provision. Meantime, the class of the Figaros "*keep moving.*" They are pushing on *la ronde machine!* a little too rapidly, perhaps; but still it is not your dogged resistance to all change, that will slacken their movements, or check their impulsions.

CECIL HOWARD.

If you mean, that we of the higher classes should lend a

hand to upset the system of institutions, by which we ourselves exist, and by which we are convinced that the whole frame of society is kept together,—if, to prove our intellectual equality with the middle classes, or our claim to the higher range of philosophy, we must be false to our order, and surrender our time-honoured privileges, for such a miserable remnant of power and property, as our new allies may be contented to spare us ; why then, I draw in.

MRS. O'NEAL.

I mean no such thing ; I neither set up your “ system of things ” as an idol, nor decry it as a chimera. Whatever of it is really useful, practical and applicable, I respect ; and the world would do so too : not because it is instituted, but because it is true and good, and wanting ! But, as it is not for any one caste, to withstand the progress of necessary change, so it is not for any fractional portion, even of the people themselves, to give an wholesome direction to reforms. Party, at best, is passion ; but faction is madness ; and if instead of coalescing for a common good, peers or people choose to stand aloof from each other, and consult alone their respective antipathies, why they will only succeed in making the nation a Bedlam and a charnel-house. Besides, you overestimate your strength and importance. Events are more powerful than even the largest masses. They hurry forward the very persons who appear to impel them. At the present moment, events have been prepared by circumstances, deep rooted, and converging rapidly to a point ; and that point is the annihilation of aristocratic influence, and the growth of another, and more resistless dominion. The hope of checking these events, and controlling their march, by conservative conspiracy, is folly ; but the alliance of the conservatives with their natural enemies, the destructives—the effort to overthrow the only guarantees for moderation and wisdom, to make way for an anarchical revolt of pauperism against property, would be an act of the deepest criminality, if it were not at the same time the result of the most hopeless, helpless imbecility.

CECIL HOWARD.

Nay, according to your own showing, we have nothing else left for it ; and we may as well try the experiment as sit idle.

MRS. O'NEAL.

The French noblesse tried the experiment, and with what result I need not say : but the lesson is lost upon you : what must be, must ; you will, you can, do nothing for yourselves, or for us : you will not be the break-water, that should stem (not stop) the influx of those changes, which threaten the most iron-bound shores of custom and authority. When all, however, is done, and a new order of things is setting in—when the dove shall return with the olive branch, just, if you please (such of you as survive the deluge) look to your women. The destined mothers of the future Solons, and Lycurguses of England, the instructors of those who are to instruct and regulate their species, must not be tapestry-workers, and automata, unreasoning, unideal, and unawakened ; or awakened only through their uncontrolled, and therefore uncontrollable, passions.

CECIL HOWARD.

Oh ! my dear Mrs. O'Neal, spare me the sex ! Kings, lords, and commons, I surrender at discretion ; the Charles Street gang I deliver up to be dealt with at your wisdom and mercy : but the women ! for heaven's sake, do not measure them by your utilitarian scale. The hard hands of a housemaid and the weather-beaten features of your itinerant countrywomen, the venders of green peas and oranges, are infinitely more tolerable, than the callosities of heart and of mind, which a reasonable education would inflict. Who could love a syllogizing beauty, or adore a philosopher in petticoats ! It is the weakness, the helplessness of women, that is alone truly irresistible.

MRS. O'NEAL.

There again is another heresy of your caste. Selfish voluptuaries, you would sacrifice even your offspring to your pleasures. Is it not the temperament, the impressions, the associations, of those fair, feeble, effete creatures—those night blooming primroses of society—that must determine the bent, the creed, the principles, the mental infirmity, and corporeal debility of your hot-bed successors,—of those to whom your “system” would consign the fate of millions in perpetuity ?

CECIL HOWARD.

Why that to be sure, is rather an awful consideration !

MRS. O'NEAL.

Rather.—Look then a little more to your stock, to your race; look to the rearing of those, on whom it depends; not to title, ton, or fortune.

CECIL HOWARD.

What would you have one do? Advertize for a wife, as for a race-horse? “Wanting a healthy, handsome, gifted young woman, who can prove a descent of unblemished and talented parentage from the fourth generation. Letters directed, (post paid,) to Cecil Howard, will be promptly attended to.”

MRS. O'NEAL, (laughing.)

And why not? It would sound as well as—“Wanted a consumptive imbecile, with three estates and two titles centered on her head. Lunacy in the family will form no objection.” Well, after all, there is no such fun as philosophy; and notwithstanding your affectation, you have more of them both, than belongs to your caste and breeding. But for all that, you will go the old way, and marry

CECIL HOWARD.

Who?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Lady Alice Montfort de Montfort, who is come of a race of female tapestry-workers and card players, since the time of Queen Anne.

CECIL HOWARD, (starts and colours: he affects a peculiar dry tone.)

So! It must be on “compulsion,” then.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Yes, the compulsion of necessity. The dire necessity of previous associations. I don't say you will marry Lady Alice in *propria personá*; but you will marry the thing that comes nearest to her:—some younger sister, with the same *prestiges* of ton and high blood;—the little Lady Euphemia, for instance. *C'est égal*. Your die is cast: and as for Lady Alice, if she does not marry you, she will marry at you, to spite and mortify you, though she destroy herself.

CECIL HOWARD.

As how, fair sybil ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

She will marry something the reverse of you, something to pull down your pride ; for men are all in their pride,—women are more in their passions.

CECIL HOWARD.

And who is he to be, the *souffre douleur* of her ladyship's resentment, my Madam le Noir ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Who ? *que sais-je ?*—that talking potatoe, there, Mr. Sullivan, perhaps ! Some *charlatan* or other, who will avail himself of her excited feelings.

CECIL HOWARD, (with a shout of laughter.)

Oh, par exemple celà passe outre. Burn your book, fair sybil : your spell is broken ; your art lost. Alice Montford marry an Irish adventurer ! Blood of the Mirables !

MRS. O'NEAL.

Well, never mind, "*Tempo è galantuomo.*" He always tells truth ; and time will justify my prediction, however wild it seem.

CECIL HOWARD.

Well then, read on. False or true, I like your prophesying. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato* : so pray dispose of the rest of the party, after your most approved manner.

MRS. O'NEAL.

To begin, by the red-book, with the Lady Elizabeth, *très haute et puissant dame*. The organ of the family aggrandizement is the only organ developed in her turbaned head. Stupidly persevering in one permanent idea, and always drowsily at work, like the paddle of a steam-engine, she will place some of her scampy nephews, and marry both her silly daughters to her own satisfaction ; and then, she will fall asleep, some fine day, "*so very nice,*" that she will forget to awaken ; and so be gathered to her stupid mothers, bequeathing their dull organization to unborn races, as deficient, and imbecile, as herself.

CECIL HOWARD, (laughing.)

And Lord Mount-Twaddledum ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh ! he will twaddle off, with his head full of *les familles chapitrales*, true to his family device, on his hereditary seal ; and (fortunately) he will leave no successor behind, to propagate the feeble but haughty race, of the Mount-Twaddledums, de Twaddledum, de Boreum, de Prosingly ! But to go on with "*les puissances*," whether of caste, or wealth,—the little foolish looking Begum of Bengal, there, with her bag of rupees, will "*donner dans la seigneurie* ; and if her father refuses consent for her marriage with the Count, or Lord John, (for she is not particular,) she will probably elope with one to Gretna Green, and afterwards perhaps with the other, *Dieu sait où !* for where there is no feeling, there is no conduct. Women, without *that*, may be virtuous by chance ; but the profligate are ever passionless—and insensibility and honesty are all *but* incompatible.

CECIL HOWARD, (sighing.)

Oh if you knew how true that is ! And old Tippoo, how do you dispose of him ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Old Tippoo, finding that nabobs are no longer (out of India) the Burrah Sahibs, they were in the days of Warren Hastings ; and that the English Burrah beebees will accept of all his Trichinopolies, and his kingcobs, without even remembering whence they came—will return whence *he* came, to flog his Jemadars, bamboo his Herkarahs, taste once more the sweets of pure despotism, and die of the cholera,—just as his carriage awaits to take him to the tiffin of some great lady, the queen of fashion of the Chouringhee.

CECIL HOWARD.

And the Count ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

The little Count ! why if the legitimates should be restored, he will be sent over here as ambassador, the future Polignac of Henry the Fifth, or the Talleyrand of some political petticoat coterie. [*goes to a table, and takes her chamber*

light.] And now, as the ghost says, "Dismiss me—enough! my hour is come."

[Points to the pendule on the chimney piece, which strikes twelve. He holds her hand to detain her.]

CECIL HOWARD.

Stay yet one moment! One word more.

MRS. O'NEAL.

You want another word! about yourself! but the cock crows, and the ghost vanishes.

CECIL HOWARD, (still detaining her.)

One word more; for I really have faith in your prophecies.

MRS. O'NEAL. (putting up her finger.)

Euphemia!

[Exit.]

CECIL HOWARD.

How very odd! I have never breathed the thought;—never—scarcely to myself. [*Shakes his head and smiles.*] Well, what must be, must, I suppose. She is quite right.

LADY ELIZABETH, (whose half-closed eyes are reconnoitering the different parties.)

Cecil Howard, do hold my cards, will you? Colonel St. Leger, make Fanny go to the piano and sing "*E vezzosa; si la rosa*:" 'tis so very nice. William Fitzforward, give me your arm child! Mr. Sullivan, do push me forward that *prie dieu chair*! there; 'tis such a change! Now do tell me about the Court Journal. Are you really the editor? or Sir Walter Scott, or who? He is so very ill, a'n't he? And Mr. Rogers!—he is so very clever, the Age says;—and—O!—well—there—thank you!

[Lady Elizabeth having *de-composed* and re-composed the whole society, according to her views, and for the better carrying on of her schemes, toddles back to her place at the card-table, and having given one glance of perfect satisfaction to the *piano-forte*, where Col. St. Leger hangs, as enamoured over Miss Fanny's chair, as he had done a moment before over Miss Damer's,—whist resumes its influence; until the entrance of trays preludes the retreat of the younger members, and restores the exhausted energies of the elders, for a fresh rubber, and higher betting.]

SCENE IV.

[The great hall and stairs of D—— House. Time, midnight. The hall is crowded to excess with servants, in liveries of every colour, in and out of the rainbow, intermingled with chasseurs, and foreign lacquies. The livery servants of the house are arranged in single file, on either side. The Grooms of the Chamber, and the maitre d'hotel, occupy the first landing-place, and the corridor leading to the suite of rooms. The hall porter's stentorian voice is heard in successive roulades, announcing arrivals, departures, carriages that "stop the way," and calls for carriages that are wanted to stop the way. The stairs and corridor are crowded to suffocation with the *élite* of rank, fashion, beauty, and notability of London in particular, and Europe in general. The press is occasioned by stoppage of door-ways, flirtations, *causeries*, and other similar incidental *réunions* of the *beau monde*.

PORTER.

Lady Mount-Mangerton's carriage! Duchess of Dullwhosehe! Lady Mount-Mangerton's carriage not up.

GROOMS OF THE CHAMBER.

Duchess of Dullwhosehe!

DUCHESS, (laughing, nodding, and elbowing her way up.)

How do, Lord Englantine? Do help me on a little, will you? Dear, 'tis so tiresome!

PRINCE VON HOCHEN HAUSEN.

Bon soir, belle Duchesse! Votre Grace vient de l'opera?

DUCHESS.

Pour mes pechés.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

The Duke of Dullwhosehe's carriage!—Duke of Dullwhosehe's carriage! The Duke is coming down!

[The Duke and Duchess meet.]

DUKE, (pettishly.)

Georgina ! what on earth has kept you so late ?

DUCHESS, (sharply.)

Late ! now what do you call late ? I left the ballet not half finished. I could not get Euphemia away.

PORTER.

The Duke of Dullwhosehe's carriage stops the way.

[They pass on.]

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Coming down.

PORTER, FOOTMEN, and GROOMS OF THE CHAMBERS,
(reiteratedly.)

Lady Mount-Mangerton's carriage !

PORTER.

Lord John Fitzforward ! Lord Leicester Fitzforward !

[A great struggle. The two Lords force the pass ; but halt half way, to talk and increase the crowd.]

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Mr. Cecil Howard's carriage !

PORTER.

Ready !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Mr. Cecil Howard is coming down.

SERVANT'S, (severally.)

Lady Mount-Man—ger—ton's carriage !

[A general laugh.]

LORD LEICESTER.

Where are you going, Howard, so early ?

CECIL HOWARD.

To the House.

LORD LEICESTER.

It's rather late for that—is'nt it ?

CECIL HOWARD.

No ; I only left it half an hour ago, to make my bow here, and meet my wife, who wants to go to the ventilator, to hear Sir Robert. But as I left Sullivan on his legs, and he has orders to talk against time, I have an hour at least.

LORD JOHN.

How that fellow has got on, to be sure !

LORD EGLANTINE.

Isn't he the Irish adventurer, that Lady Alice Montfort went off with, after refusing half the *nouveaux' riches* in London ? By-the-bye, Howard, you were talked off with her, when I left England. How came it you didn't marry her ?

CECIL HOWARD.

Simply because—I married her sister.

LORD EGLANTINE, (affectedly.)

Oh, true ! I do make such mistakes ! I have lived so much abroad ! One never sees Lady Alice about. I hear she is ashamed of her husband,—has turned Methodist, and is going out on a mission.

LORD JOHN.

For a man who has lived so much abroad, Eglantine, you have picked up a devilish deal of what has been going on at home !

THE DUCHESS, (still getting on.)

If you wait for Euphemia, Cecil, you will wait some time. She *will* see the new ballet out. This is always the way with *debutantes* ; but they soon tire of that.

CECIL HOWARD, (annoyed, and looking at his watch.)

I shall give her ten minutes, and then be off. She is always behind her time.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Countess of Derwentwater's carriage.

LORD JOHN.

So, this is Fanny Damer's first appearance since her marriage.

PORTER.

Countess of Derwentwater's carriage stops the way.

[Lady Derwentwater and her sister, Miss Damer, push down. They are in deep mourning; and are attended by Lord W. Fitzforward.]

LADY DERWENTWATER (to the Duchess.)

How do, Georgina?

DUCHESS.

How do, dear? Why are you taking Augusta away so soon? Leave her with me.

LADY DERWENTWATER.

Thank you, love. This is our first night, you know, [*Looks at her mourning.*] And neither Augusta nor I dance, we are in such *very* deep mourning. [*They pass on.*]

LORD JOHN, (to Lord Eglantine.)

How very much Fanny Damer is improved! Since her marriage, she has got an *à plomb*, which she wanted much. *Au reste*, 'tis a wretched marriage, in point of disparity of years; if that signified much.

LORD EGLANTINE.

Is Derwentwater very old? I have been so long abroad, I forget every body.

LORD JOHN.

You must have known Montague St. Leger of the Guards, who succeeded to his uncle, the late Lord Derwentwater.

LORD EGLANTINE.

St. Leger! You don't mean the dowager dandy of the reign of the Brummels; who's *not* to his French tailor,

when he brought home his *pantalons collants*, "*si j'y-entre, je ne les prends pass,*"—furnished Potier with the best trait of his "*Ci-devant Jeune Homme.*"

LORD JOHN.

Indeed I do ! He is a greater dandy now than ever, and wears amazingly well.

LORD EGLANTINE.

But he is old enough to be that pretty creature's father. She looks as if she were still in leading-strings.

LORD JOHN.

Yes, and so she ought to be. She is a regular Becky ; she would have married my brother William, without a shilling, if she had not been prevented. But she has made a famous match. Her mother has been working at it these ten years. From Fanny's childhood she shut her up in a box ; let her out only on old St. Leger ; and having fulfilled her vocation, died of an apoplexy, caught by a surfeit at the marriage festivities, a few weeks back.

LORD EGLANTINE.

La pauvre femme ! Who was she, pray ? I forget every body ; I have been so long from England.

LORD JOHN.

Lady Elizabeth Damer,—my aunt.

LORD EGLANTINE.

Beg pardon, a thousand times ! What *gaucherie !*

LORD JOHN.

Make no apologies, pray. [*They pass on.*]

[Cecil Howard remains with his glass to his eye, looking down the stairs anxiously.]

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD.

If you don't take care, Howard, you will crush that Lady's hand.

[Cecil Howard turns, and perceives a lady seated on the stairs, in earnest conversation with a foreigner. She draws away her hand.]

MR. HOWARD.

I beg a thousand pardons ! I hope I have done no mischief.

THE LADY, (looking up.)

None whatever,—to me at least.

CECIL HOWARD.

Good heavens ! Mrs. O'Neal ! I am delighted to see you. 'Tis an age since we met :—not since that Easter Recess, at the Cliff, two years ago. Where do you come from ? the Pontine Marshes, or the Bog of Allen ? [*He seats himself a step below her.*]

MRS. O'NEAL.

I only arrived in town last night, from “the castellated Rhine.” And here I am, under the special protection of Madam de Montolieu, who brought me here ; and for whom, “patience per force,” I am waiting, far beyond my ghostly hour of retreat.

CECIL HOWARD.

So be sure ; I remember. You were always for bringing in a bill for the promotion of early hours. But it is pleasant to meet you at any hour ; you are always a flapper.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Yes ; but I am accused of flapping, sometimes, a little too hard—very unjustly though.

CECIL HOWARD.

That is true, I bear witness—I tell every one you are the best-natured woman !

MRS. O'NEAL.

With the “worst-natured muse !” eh ? [*Laughing.*]

CECIL HOWARD.

No ; your muse is a true Irish muse—a little wild and very amusing. It is only when you part company from her fantastic inspirations, and get upon fact, that you are rather severe, and certainly very anti-romantic.

MRS. O'NEAL.

That is, when I draw from the life, my pictures have some resemblance to the originals. You would not have a *Tableau de genre* resemble a Salvator Rosa, would you?

CECIL HOWARD.

No; but I should prefer a Salvator to a Teniers. I am weary of facts. But haven't you been up stairs? The crowd is tremendous—still, if you will trust me to pioneer you, I will return *sur mes pas*.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Thank you; I have already risked suffocation, and have narrowly escaped. I am so seldom in town, that such occasions of seeing what is going on, are not to be neglected. With the exception of the music saloon, in which I got crushed, all the other magnificent apartments were left silent and cool. In one I saw a solitary chaperon dozing on a divan. In another, a pretty *delaissé* making a *tête-à-tête* with Canova's divine Magdalene; and looking quite as *triste*, if not as penitent—while in the farthest room I stumbled upon a pair of silly candidates for a column in the Morning Post, whose flirting had they carried it on in a crowd, would have escaped notice. These excepted, the whole suite was vacant.

CECIL HOWARD.

To be sure: man is a gregarious animal, and woman also; and to squeeze and be squeezed is a first law of nature, or of ton. Are you going to give us any thing this season, Mrs. O'Neal? We are horribly *à sec*.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Nothing—I have nothing new to say; and if the patient public will read old things newly vamped to order, I cannot write them. “*Il me faut du nouveau; n'en fut-il plus au monde.*”

CECIL HOWARD, (with a suppressed sigh.)

Yes, 'tis the greatest want,—society's so *routinière*, the young women are so insipid, and the old so *borné*!

MRS. O'NEAL.

And the men ?

CECIL HOWARD.

Are just what the women make them !

MRS. O'NEAL.

There is the secret of the whole philosophy of society, or it's economy rather. I shall take your concentrated axiom for a text, and write a book on it, when this epoch of transition is passed, and people may again have time to read one.

CECIL HOWARD.

Here is an author *à la mode*, who waits for no such intellectual millennium ; but writes on through all "seasons and their changes." [*He points to a very all-alive young man, who flutters about Mrs. O'Neal, to the utmost range of his sphere, and then whispers Mr. Howard.*]

CECIL HOWARD.

Mrs. O'Neal, here is a brother chip, (or a "kindred spirit," I should say, in Album language,) desires the honour of being presented to you—the Honourable Captain Sir William Light-head, A. D. C., Grand Cross, and Ex-Magnus Apollo of the once *sweetest* of Annuals, "the Violet," whose "supplianee of a moment" has ceased during your absence.

SIR WILLIAM, (bows, flutters, and laughs.)

Come now, Howard, you really make me blush. Talk of my *light* effusions, to such an author as Mrs. O'Neal !

CECIL HOWARD.

Light ! dark, you mean,—*du plus beau noir*. I assure you, Mrs. O'Neal, if you have not read his "Season of Sorrow," his "Ode to Death," and his "Anecdotes of the Grave," you have read nothing ; they are the rage.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Yes ; that is always the way with you amateur and aristocratic authors : you think you can never be sufficiently "gentleman-like and melancholy." While we of the trade, writing to *l'actualité de la chose*, (as the new French phrase

runs,) must write for the times, and not for a caste. Besides, we who write in earnest, bring a different temperament and view of life to the task.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Madame la Comtesse de Montolieu's carriage !

[Mrs. O'Neal starts up ; but perceiving Madame la Comtesse wedged in above, resumes her seat.]

MRS. O'NEAL.

Isn't there an unusual press to-night—what is it? Every one seems to be crushed on the landing-place, like the victims of the black-hole in Calcutta, or the anxious spectators of a royal *trousseau* in the good old times of the Restoration.

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD:

Can't the least guess the reason ; unless it's Lady Mount-Mangerton, the new Irish peeress, who has got possession of one of the door-ways. There will be neither ingress nor egress, till that fair redundancy of Irish aristocracy clears out.

THE PORTER, (with angry vehemence.)

Lady Mount-Mangerton's carriage stops the way.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh! does it? There it must stop, then. You will as soon move Mangerton mountain itself, and the lakes of Killarney along with it, till this lady of many coronets has "prated of her whereabouts" to the whole neighbourhood of Picadilly. The link boys have been calling her carriage from Hyde Park Corner to the Haymarket this hour, till the very echoes of Kensington repeat the sound.

CECIL HOWARD.

How did she get here ?

SIR WILLIAM

You'll hardly guess. Her husband, who rattled from the Orange party, in Ireland, wanted an English peerage ; but the Premier has put him off for the present, by getting my lady a card for an exclusive party at this exclusive house.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Lady Mount-Mangerton is coming down.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Oh! there, the relief bill is passed at last!

[As Lady Mount-Mangerton flounders down, there is a general draw back, to make way for her descent, as if she came tumbling in a parachute. Sir William returns her familiar nod, with a reverential bow and insinuating smile.]

CECIL HOWARD.

What a salam! You know then this *donna d'importanza*?

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, to be sure; she is a very important lady—in Dublin.

MRS. O'NEAL.

And you are grateful for dinners yet to come in Merrion Square, and for *battus* in embryo, at Mangerton Castle, in the kingdom of Kerry.

SIR WILLIAM.

I plead guilty to the soft impeachment.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Your regiment I take it for granted, is quartered in Dublin?

SIR WILLIAM.

It has the supreme felicity of being stationed in the barracks of Beggar's Bush, in the vicinity of Merrion Square; where I am permitted to revolve round that *resplendent* body, which has just now shot from her orbit.

MRS. O'NEAL, (laughing.)

And you are preparing for the transit of Mars. The lives of you military men are made up of strange vicissitudes!—Almack's to-night, Donnybrook Fair to-morrow; Burlington House and Beggar's Bush, all in the same week. These "piping times of peace" are charming things; they have done more for you military than almost for any other class.

SIR WILLIAM.

You think that ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

To be sure : they have taken you out of habits of blood and blind obedience, enlisted you in the ranks of citizenship, left you time to think, and given you motive for conduct ;—men now, (machines before,) you have obtained a brevet rank in the great army of humanity, and are re-incorporated with your species,—from which thirty years of sanguinary policy had divided you.

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD, (eagerly.)

Pray let me come and talk this matter over with you—or rather read it. I have finished a poem in six cantos on this very subject, called the “Pleasures of Peace.”

MRS. O'NEAL, (with affected terror.)

A poem ! in cantos, too !—“ Take any form but that, and my firm nerve will never shrink ! ” Besides, in these railroad and steam-engine times, all that need be said on any subject, may be said in a squeeze on a staircase, while philosophy waits for its carriage, or genius (which rarely possesses one) for its link-boy's vociferated “ Number a hundred and seventy-five,” which haply may condense a thought into a phrase, and turn an essay into an epigram.

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD.

Well ; though this be true, still I mean to show in my poem, which is rather didactic, that the present state of society.

HALL PORTER.

Sir William Lighthouse's carriage stops the way.

SIR WILLIAM LIGHTHEAD.

I must be off, or I am here till morning ! *Au revoir !* delighted to have had the honor of making your acquaintance ! [*Bustles down.*]

FOOTMAN.

Sir Willian Lightfoot is coming down.

MRS. O'NEAL AND CECIL HOWARD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

CECIL HOWARD.

A rapid illustration of your axiom !

SERVANTS.

Lady Euphemia Howard !

[Mr. Howard ceases to laugh, and starts up. Meets Mrs. O'Neal's eye, and colours. A fair, fade, distinguished-looking girl ascends the stairs with languid listlessness. She pauses to talk with Lord Eglantine, and backs with him into a corner.

MRS. O'NEAL, (smiling.)

It is late, I suppose, to wish you joy, Mr. Howard ? I did not know you were married. How like Lady Alice Lady Euphemia is grown !

MR. HOWARD, (confusedly.)

Well, you were a true prophetess, you see.

MRS. O'NEAL.

Of the *Cassandra* school ! I have predicted many strange things, of more importance than that, (which is to you the most important of all things,) and have been anathematized and read out by bell, book, and candle-light, by every party in turn, for the unwelcome intelligence. But time has stood my friend, and in its "*whirligig hath brought about my revenges.*" Was I not right when I said, at the Cliff, that "*Tempo è galantuomo.*" [Mr. Howard silently nods assent.]

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.

Madame la Comtesse de Montolieu is coming down.

[Mrs. O'Neal joins her friend. They are attended to their carriage by Cecil Howard, who passes his wife, without noticing her.]

CECIL HOWARD, (putting Mrs. O'Neal into her carriage.)

Where are you to be found ?

MRS. O'NEAL.

Here to-night ; but where to-morrow ? So don't trouble yourself to look for me. The meetings of accident are

always the pleasantest—because, perhaps, they are usually the shortest—*A rivederla!*

MR. HOWARD.

A rivederla; and soon, I hope; be it where it may.

HALL PORTER.

Drive on, coachman!—Mr. Cecil Howard's carriage stops the way!

MR. HOWARD, (springing in.)

To the house!

TEMPER.

TEMPER.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WENTWORTH.—The only son and heir of a late wealthy merchant, well known upon 'Change. Mr. Wentworth, is well-looking, well-educated, husband to the woman of his choice, and father to two beautiful children.

MRS. WENTWORTH.—His young and pretty wife; accomplished, amiable, and sweet tempered.

MRS. GODFREY.—Mother of Mrs. Wentworth, a woman of strong mind, considerable attainments, and extensive reading. She has produced an anonymous work, on the Education of Infants, which, through its prevailing tone of philosophy, failed; and another, a mystification, on Poonah painting, which succeeded. She is the fairest specimen of the best educated women, of the rank she illustrates.

FRANK EVESTON.—Lieutenant of his Majesty's Life Guards, and son of a retired merchant of Bloomsbury Square. His ambition is to be a man of fashion; and he fancies he succeeds, by adopting the follies and vices of the circle, into which he finds it so difficult to obtain admittance. He is the intimate friend of Mr. Wentworth.

MRS. WILSON.—Mrs. Wentworth's maid.

DENIS O'DOWD.—An Irish servant, picked up during an excursion to the lakes of Killarney; and engaged in the service of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, for his amusing absurdities; which, though very entertaining at the Kenmare Arms, Killarney, (where he was "Boots,") are by no means useful in London. His master has twenty times made up his mind to part with Denis; but Denis has made up his, not to part with his master,—who, though passionate, is kind and generous.

MR. REYNOLDS.—A Surgeon of great professional and scientific eminence; and a friend of the Godfrey family.

WILLIAM.—Mr. Wentworth's Butler.

HOUSEMAID.

SCENE I.

[Mr. Wentworth's house in Russell Square. A drawing-room opening by a folding door into another, which terminates in a well-filled conservatory. The furniture is costly, and in the extremity of the fashion. A harp, a piano-forte, a "*table feuilletée*," covered with prints, albums, and other testimonials, showing educated habits. A French "*secrétaire*," open, and scattered with elegant writing materials occupies a corner. Other little objects peculiar to the salons of Paris, prove that Bloomsbury, if out of the pale of London fashionable topography, is not out of the line of European refinement. A moveable book-case stands in the centre of the room, and is filled with the latest productions in French, Italian, and English. The verandah blooms with exotics.]

[Enter, as from riding, MR. WENTWORTH, flushed, heated, and languid. He looks about, with the air of a man, who wants something to find fault with.]

MR. WENTWORTH.

Those eternal windows! [*Shuts them all with violence.*]—Emily doesn't care in the least who suffers, if she enjoys the fresh air,—as she calls the roast-beef odours of a Bloomsbury atmosphere. And then, when one comes in, heated from a long ride, with this current of air rushing by one, like a tornado, it's no wonder if one catches cold! *She* "lives in the air, and never gets cold." Women are such selfish animals! [*Flings his hat, whip, and gloves, on the table, among the knick-knacks, and oversets a vase of flowers. The water streams over a volume of French caricatures. He laughs.*]—I am delighted! Emily will never be cured of stuffing every table with expensive trash, until every thing is spoiled or broken. Not to reserve a place even to put one's gloves on—'tis too ridiculous! What a slavery is fashion! what fools are women!

[He throws himself on an ottoman, flings his dusty boots on a silken *couvre-pied*, and yawns repeatedly. He then suddenly starts up; and drawing down all the blinds, breaks the springs, and sinks again on his couch.]

How I hate a square, with its rank churchyard grass, and dust-coloured trees; its eternal children, and children's maids!—above all, Russell Square! I would as soon live in one of Owen's parallelograms, as in such a square as this. Croker was quite right: his terra incognita was famous! Alas! he was too happy, in not happening to know any thing of it. I have known nothing else,—Eton, Cambridge, and my trips to the continent excepted. [*Sighs.*] Well, this shall be my last year. I'll let this odious house—purchase Judge Fitzherbert's place in Surrey—take lodgings for myself in the Albany—and settle my wife and the children in the country.

[Enter the HOUSEMAID, with her shawl and bonnet on, who begins to close the shutters.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (sharply.)

What are *you* about, there?

HOUSEMAID.

Oh, dear me, I beg pardon, sir. Please, sir, I thought you and my mistress had gone out to dinner over the way, at Mrs. Godfrey's, as it is Sunday, sir.

[He frowns awfully at her; she escapes in a fright.]

MR. WENTWORTH.

Because it is Sunday!—Sunday in London is a day set apart for every species of bore, annoyance, *ennui*, and vulgarity. The house is to be shut at noon-day, because it is Sunday, and the housemaid must go and walk. I am to dine at Mr. Godfrey's, "over the way," because it is Sunday; and since the servants all expect to go out, and Mrs. Godfrey chooses to keep holy the seventh day, by gathering all her family around her, as a hen does her chickens, I am obliged to endure every species of vexation and privation, because it is Sunday! Sunday in England is the head and front of all melancholy and misery,—especially in London! The dreariness of one's own dull, silent house, is insupportable, and even the parks are detestable on that day; at least they were so to me this morning. The heat, the dust, the burning sun, and the chilly east wind,—the vulgar bustle of the cocknies, and the overbearing insolence of the fashionable aristocracy in Kensington, were quite insufferable! And then, the Bloomsbury and the Bedford Square gentry are certainly the most absurd of all; with their competition of new carriages and flaming liveries; and their lilac bonnets and laburnum

flowers! The middle classes in England are odious: they are neither fish nor flesh. Their place is not sufficiently defined, like that of the *Bonne Bourgeoisie* of Paris. I would rather be a pastrycook in the Palais Royal, or a shoemaker in Holborn, than a man of good fortune in Bloomsbury. Were I not saddled with a wife, encumbered with children, tied to the stake of my property in Bloomsbury, and pegged down, like Gulliver, among the Liliputians, by the interference of my wife's family, and her mother's domineering spirit, I would sell off every thing, and settle on the continent this very summer.

[Enter WILLIAM, the Butler, with his hat in his hand.]

WILLIAM.

The hot water is ready, sir, in your dressing-room. [A pause.] If you do not particularly want me, sir, my mistress has given me leave to go as far as Paddington, to see my mother; as it is Sunday, and the family dines over the way, at Mrs. Godfrey's.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Go! go! go! go! to the——wherever your mistress chooses.

[William gives a significant shake of the head: and avails himself of the permission, with singular promptitude.]

MR. WENTWORTH.

I cannot get over the disgust of the Park to-day. Every body, I wanted to address, seemed disinclined to acknowledge me; and every body I wished to cut, fastened on me like so many barnacles! I never shall forget Sir William Fitzharding's look, when that good-natured, but obtrusive Dixon, drove up in his rum touch of a tilbury with his usual "How goes it, my boy?" and proposed my "steaming it" to Richmond, to Bob Wisdom's dinner-party of Dick, Tom, and Harry.

[Enter Mrs. Wilson in a smart walking-dress, looking for something.]

MRS. WILSON.

Keys are the most tiresome things!—[*Rumages about, till she sees Mr. Wentworth.*] Oh dear, sir, I beg pardon; I thought you were in your dressing-room. It is not far from six. Mr. Godfrey dines punctually at six, for the sake of the children, sir, on a Sunday.

MR. WENTWORTH, (angrily.)

Have you found what you want ?

MRS. WILSON.

Yes, sure, sir—my mistress's small keys !

MR. WENTWORTH.

Then you may leave the room. [*She looks at him, shakes her head, and goes out.*] Vulgar, pert creature ! she rules my wife with a rod of iron. I hate her !

[*He rises, takes a book, and throws himself again on the ottoman.*
Re-enter Mrs. Wilson.]

MRS. WILSON.

Please, sir, my mistress desires me to say she is dressed. [*He takes no notice.*] Mr. Godfrey, you know, sir, always dines at six, on Sundays, because it is a family dinner [*Apart, perceiving the gradual knitting of his brow, and deepening of his colour.*] Oh ! the storm is brewing. Well, I'll be off before my leave of absence is recalled. But first, to tell Mrs. Godfrey, according to promise. [*She turns away and leaves the room.*]

MR. WENTWORTH, (throwing by his book, and pressing his temples.)

I have got such a confounded headach ! I am a pretty subject for a family dinner ; to listen to the wise saws of my clever mother-in-law ; play small plays with the young ladies, and their cousins from Friday Street ; and look amazed for the hundred and fortieth time, when the plum-cake comes on at tea, to give the children a surfeit ! I won't go, that's flat. [*Walks to the window.*] What a lovely evening ! I wish I had accepted Dixon's invitation ; we should have had some fun at Wisdom's. Talking over our gay Cambridge days is quite as good as listening to Mr. Godfrey's journey to Scotland for the hundredth time—as tedious as Bozzy, but not as entertaining.

[*Enter Mrs. Wentworth, elegantly dressed in demi-toilette, drawing on her gloves, and with her shawl on her arm.*]

MRS. WENTWORTH, (gaily.)

Not dressed yet love ! I sent Wilson to tell you the hour. [*She looks in the glass, and settles a flower in her cap.*] You know my father is so particular about dining, to a moment,

at six, on Sunday; on account of the young folks. We are to have such a congress to-day! Don't you hear me, Frederick?

MR. WENTWORTH.

I must be very deaf else. I think, Emily, your voice gets shriller every day. 'Tis quite unpleasant.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (turning round, and looking at him.)

Why what is the matter? Has any thing happened, dearest?

MR. WENTWORTH, (bitterly.)

Happened?—No, no such luck. This Sunday is a *fac-simile* of all the blessed Sundays we have passed since our marriage—eight years yesterday. Heigh ho!

MRS. WENTWORTH, (with anxious surprise.)

You are not well, surely? What is the matter?

MR. WENTWORTH.

Never better in all my life; so you are quite out *there*!

MRS. WENTWORTH.

My cousin William said he saw you riding to-day in the Park, with your new friend, Sir William; and that you were in high spirits.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Yes! your "cousin William" was enchanted to see me; I thought he would have hugged me. Pray tell him not to ask me "how my mother is" always.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (laughing.)

Oh! men of fashion have no mothers.

MR. WENTWORTH.

At least, they don't issue bills of health for every member of their family, to all they meet, on the highways and by-ways.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (smiling.)

Come now; you are out of humour. You frequently are

of late ; particularly before dinner, I observe. You will be all the better for your soup and sherry.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Nonsense ! that's one of your mother's cut and dry phrases. [*She smiles, and caresses him.*] Pray don't tease me. [*He flings off her arm.*]

MRS. WENTWORTH, (impatiently.)

Tease you ! Why 'tis six o'clock ! Pray go and dress. You know my father's hour for a family dinner.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Oh ! for heaven's sake, spare me the eternal ding dong of the family dinner, and your father's hour. Cannot you go without me ?

MRS. WENTWORTH.

Well, but my sweet love, if you *are* to go, there's no time to lose. I have given the coachman leave to go and see his family, and mean to walk to my father's.

MR. WENTWORTH, (petulantly.)

Well,—walk—who the deuce prevents you ?

MRS. WENTWORTH.

Without you ! This is really too unkind Frederick. You outrage the indulgence, with which I bear your caprices and humours.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Not go without me ? ha ! ha ! ha ! now that is too childish ! You can potter up and down Oxford Street, shopping, with your footman, all day ; and yet you cannot walk with your footman to the opposite side of the Square, without me ! [*Rings the bell violently—rings again and breaks the bell.*] Is there no one at home ? [*Throws himself on the sofa.*] Is every body gone out, because it is Sunday ?

MRS. WENTWORTH.

John has walked to my father's with the children, and William is gone out ; but Denis is at home.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Denis ! Is it possible you have committed your house to the care of that Irish ass ? that idiot ?

MRS. WENTWORTH.

He is honest, and stay-at-home, and trust-worthy ; but never mind him : surely you mean to go with me, dear Frederick—go as you are : we are to be quite a family party. [*Enter Denis half asleep.*] Oh, Denis, bring a brush and some warm water, and a towel, or——

MR. WENTWORTH, (*rising in a rage, shaking his clenched hand at Denis.*)

If you show your d——d Irish face here again to-day, I'll turn you out of the house that instant.

DENIS, (*not quite awake, but quite amazed.*)

Lord Jasus preserve us ! [*He runs out and is heard tumbling down stairs.*]

MRS. WENTWORTH, (*stifling her resentment.*)

Are you not ashamed to expose yourself thus, to your servant ? Your temper is becoming quite insupportable. What am I to say to my father ?

MR. WENTWORTH.

What you please.

MRS. WENTWORTH.

The fact is, then, that you are unwell, and unfit for society.

MR. WENTWORTH.

If you say that, you will tell a what is not true : I never was better in my life.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (*impatiently.*)

Mr. Wentworth, this is ungentlemanlike, unmanly—I really cannot go on, enduring for ever—[*She bursts into tears*] not to be borne !

MR. WENTWORTH, (*relenting, but peevishly.*)

Then why are you so devilish provoking ?

MRS. WENTWORTH.

What have I said? What have I done? You know my poor dear father has no pleasure, since my brother's death, but in getting us all about him on a Sunday.

[Mr. Wentworth takes up his book and reads.]

MRS. WENTWORTH, (after pausing and looking at him.)
You *won't* come?

MR. WENTWORTH.

How can I? I'm not dressed.

MRS. WENTWORTH

I will bring you down your things, if that is all. I will be your valet—now then, dear. [*She runs out.*]

MR. WENTWORTH.

What a fool I was to refuse Dixon and Wisdom—I should have been spared all this bore. Oh! this periodical family party! To be affectionate once a week—what an idea! And after all, perhaps, to meet in cordiality, and part in a huff, if the old one happens to be out of temper. Besides, I go for nothing. They have so many things to say in common—old scenes and old friends!—Pshaw! I am a mere make-weight, “my daughter's husband,” as Mrs. Godfrey calls me. She makes personal property of me. I am not the least considered for myself, “Well Emily, don't be late on Sunday. Mr. Wentworth comes *of course*.” I am asked, “of course;” or rather, I am not asked at all—I never was asked since my marriage! never formally invited! Everston quizzed me about it the other day. He calls me “the family man,” “the mother's own.”

[Re-Enter Mrs. Wentworth.]

MRS. WENTWORTH.

Every thing is ready in your dressing-room; but I couldn't manage to bring you the details, and dared not call poor Denis into the service.

MR. WENTWORTH.

I really will not go, Emily.

MRS. WENTWORTH.

For heaven's sake why, Frederick?

MR. WENTWORTH.

Because I am not invited.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (laughs.)

Not invited! This is too pleasant. Not invited to my father's, where you have dined every Sunday for the last eight years, except when we were abroad, or in the country.

MR. WENTWORTH.

That is the very reason, why I will not dine there again, on a Sunday. I am perhaps the only married man in London of a certain rank, (or fortune at all events,) who is weekly served up, with the roast beef and plum-pudding, at the family Sunday dinner. Besides, if you will know the truth, Mrs. Godfrey is becoming quite insupportable!

MRS. WENTWORTH.

Mamma? to you, Frederick? You, who were always so amused, so delighted with her? who said the other day, that she is handsomer than her daughters, and wittier than her sons!

MR. WENTWORTH, (sneering.)

A rather equivocal compliment. But if she were a tenth muse, and a fourth grace, I would not—will not—longer stand her domineering manner, her overpowering fluency. I see her object is to make the same fool of me, that she has done of your eldest brother, and your weak submissive father.

MRS. WENTWORTH, (weeping.)

This is past all endurance. [*Apart.*] What shall I do? To give way for ever to this temper, is weakness, folly; and yet to leave him thus! I could bear it myself; but I will not insult my poor father and mother, even for him! [*Aloud.*] As you have wreaked your ill-humour on me, I shall leave you to enjoy the consciousness of having sent me, unoffending as I am, miserable and wretched, to a circle, where, until I married you, I always brought pleasure and happiness,

[She draws on her shawl, wipes away her tears, and after a moment's hesitation, departs, drawing the door after her with some violence.]

MR. WENTWORTH.

What a violent temper ! just like her mother, who with all her apparent gaiety, is . . . is . . . what a curse a violent temper is ! Well, I am *quitte pour la peur*. One calm, quiet evening I shall have, at least ; that is something.]*Lies down and reads.*] But where the devil shall I dine ! *Looks at his watch.*] Half-past six. It will be time enough to think of that, this half-hour. I'd go to the University Club ; but I hate going, even to the club, undressed : it is so very *bourgeois*. Yet, I wouldn't take the trouble of dressing now, to dine with the Earl of The manner, by-the-bye, in which Sir William shirked introducing me to-day to that lord, was too obvious. It was he himself, that proposed it at dinner, here, yesterday. Oh ! the great, the great !—I hate the world, 'tis all false, hollow. [*Reads ; and after a long pause, rises.*] I'll have a cutlet here, and some of the cold turbot of yesterday ; and I'll send in for young Fitzherbert to come, and read his eternal poem on "Time" to me, over our coffee ;—that's a famous idea ! He has been boring me this age to hear it, thanks to my own prize poem at Cambridge. This will flatter the poor old judge, who thinks his son another Byron—I owe them so much. [*Goes to his secretaire and writes.*] There, that's in Fitzherbert's own blue-stocking style—"Dear Fitz—Alone and head-achy—come and charm away melancholy and low spirits—divine verse, as Horace says—coffee at eight." That will do.

[While he writes and reads this note, DENIS O'DOWD is heard singing on the stairs.]

I am a rake, and a rambling boy,
My lodging, it's in Auchnacloy ;
A rambling boy, dear, altho' I be,
I'll forsake my home, love, and follow thee.
Fal lal la, fal lal lal la.

[Enter Denis, with the watering-pot, and waters the plants in the verandah ! Not seeing Mr. Wentworth, and supposing all the family out, he continues singing, outside the balcony.]

I wish I was a little fly,
On my love's buzzom I would lie ;
Then, all the wor-ald might plainly see,
That I loved a girl, and she loved not me.
Fal lal la, fal lal lal la.

Well, sorrow more throublesome thing there is in the

house, than my mistress's posies and flower-pots; for give 'em as much to drink as yez will, to-day, like ould Terry Magill of the upper lake, its dhryer they'd be to-morrow.

[Sings, and lays down his water-pot, to tie up a flower.]

My fader being out very late one night,
He called sorely for his heart's delight;
He went up stairs, and the door he broke,
And he found her hang-ging by a rope.
Fal lal la, fal lal la la.

There then; my mistress will be plazed intirely, to say the scarlet kidney banes tied so iligantly. I'd do more than that for her; for she's mighty quiet; and she's that taking way wid her. "Denis, (says she,) what would smell sweet and look purty, says she, in my balcowny?" "Why then, innions, ma'am," says I; and she laughing so pleasantly, and not all as one as the masthur. Well, he's the devil, God bless us!

MR. WENTWORTH, (having sealed his note.)

Denis!

[Denis, who is carrying off a flower-pot, by mistake for the watering-pot, lets it drop in consternation. The earth falls about the handsome carpet. Denis rushes out, and tumbles down stairs.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (with returning ill-humour.)

So there are thirty pounds' worth of damage done! A carpet only laid down yesterday! Emily's eternal flower-pots, and her man Denis! By all that's sacred [Rings the remaining bell violently—no body answers. He resumes his seat, and beats a tatoo with his foot]—Denis! Denis! [roaring.] Den—n—is!

[Enter Denis, walking in backwards.]

DENIS, (in a tremulous tone, and with his back still turned.)

Sure, I'm here, plaze your honour!

MR. WENTWORTH, (looking up.)

What do you mean by that, you ridiculous blockhead? Why don't you turn round your stupid face?

DENIS.

Sure, your honour swore sir, you'd turn me out of it, &c.

ever I'd show my damned Irish face in the dhrawing room agen, sir.

MR. WENTWORTH, (almost subdued by his obedient stupidity, and in a more encouraging tone.)

Well, you may turn round your stupid face, Denis, for once. Now, mind me, send the housemaid up, to sweep the carpet and repair the mischief you have done.

DENIS, (frightened.)

I shaul, sir.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Next, desire the cook to send me up a dish of the cold turbot, *à la maître d'hôtel*.

DENIS.

I shaul, sir.

MR. WENTWORTH.

And, thirdly, take this note into Judge Fitzherbert's. It's for young Mr. Fitzherbert; and mind—wait for an answer.

[Denis takes the letter; but stunned by the multiplicity of his orders, remains open-mouthed.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (kindling.)

Well, why don't you go? Don't you understand me, blockhead?

DENIS, (starting.)

Is it understand a blockhead? I do sir.

MR. WENTWORTH, (with a sudden burst of temper.)

Well, then, what have I desired you to do? What orders have I given you?

DENIS, (trembling.)

To . . . to . . . sweep up the housemaid . . . send . . . Major Turbot from the hotel, to dine with you; and to give young Mr. Fitzherbert the Jidge's letter, sir, for the cook next door.

MR. WENTWORTH, (throws himself into the chair, struggling with his temper, and suddenly affecting calm.)

Denis, I don't wish to be violent. But listen to me; for

I am resolved you shall do what I desire you, and that there shall be no mistake, no blunder. Take—that—note—next door—to Judge Fitzherbert's ; and wait an answer.

DENIS, (recovering himself, and quite *au fait*.)

I shaul, sir. Take that note to the Jidge's, and wait for an answer.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Very well :—and send—the—cook—to—me.

DENIS.

And send the cook to me. I shaul, sir. [*Going,—he returns.*] The cook's gone out, plaze your honour.

MR. WENTWORTH.

So—the cook's out too !—well—Tell the kitchen-maid to broil me a mutton cutlet.

DENIS, (in some confusion.)

The fire's gone out too, plaze your honour : but I'll tell her, when she comes in, sir. And it's to the Jidge, next door, I'll take this letter, and wait for an answer ? I shaul, sir.

[Goes out with pleased alacrity.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (walks up and down the room.)

That fellow is more knave than fool. I have the worst opinion of him. So! every one making holiday, but me. The mistress of the house,—the children,—the servants,—even the very fire goes out, as Denis says. Impossible to get so much as a cutlet broiled ; and this, too, in my own house ! I might actually famish for want of a morsel to eat, or means to dress it. Well, I will send that Irish *Menichino* to order tea and coffee from the next coffee-house. I...order from a coffee. . . . and in my own house too. [*He stops at the window.*] How the carriages are rolling ! Every body giving dinners, or going to them ! What cant about Sunday ! Every body dines out on a Sunday (but me !) Russell Square is a *pays de cocagne*. Every chimney smokes—but mine. I cannot get a cutlet broiled ! No matter. And Emily's unkindness—her neglect. The indifference of every human being ; the abandonment ! But it is well ; it is of no consequence. [*He nods to a cab which passes the window.*] There *he* goes too, Harry Everston, the most enviable of all

men. He has neither wife, children, nor servants ; and yet every comfort, every luxury is his ! What a capital set-out, too—going to dine with some of his fine friends, at the west end of the town ! What a miserable thing it is to be left without a profession, as I was ! What an advantage for a man of city connexions to get into the Guards ! Deuce take it, he is turning back ? What a bore ! What *shall* I do, or say ? This is the finish ; and no one to open the door, but a greasy kitchen wench ! Am I unlucky !

[The cab is heard rattling up to the door—MR. EVERSTON enters.]

MR. EVERSTON.

Why, Fred, my boy ! only think of my finding your door open, and you at home, too, on a Sunday ! Before this, I thought you must have been up to your eyes in gravy soup, on t'other side, there. I am going to do poojah to *my* governor. Always go to church, and visit the governor on Sundays. It's proper, you know. What are *you* going to do with yourself ? You look as if you wanted hock and soda water, eh !

MR. WENTWORTH.

As to my open door, that's my Irish blockhead's doing ; who is gone on a message, and has left it ajar after him, that the house may be robbed ; and as to myself, I have a bad head-ach ; and so, stay at home, to write letters, and dine on a *grillé*. Mrs. W. dines with her family.

MR. EVERSTON.

A grillé—nonsense ! You shall dine with me, on a turtle and *saumon aux capres*, and a delicious little party into the bargain, at the Crown and Anchor. I would have proposed it to you yesterday, but I took it for granted you dined—"at my father-in-law's across the Square ;" ha ! ha ! ha !

MR. WENTWORTH, (mortified.)

Thank you very much. But I really cannot go out to-day.

MR. EVERSTON.

Oh ! afraid of offending the old ones ! Or do you give up dining out on Sunday, and let your hair grow, to qualify for the saints ? But never mind ; come, by all means ; they'll

never find you out, over the way. It's just such a party, as would have made you jump, before you married all the God-freys? You know Hamilton of the Lancers, and *la belle des belles*, with her pretty sister, Mrs. Mordaunt?

MR. WENTWORTH.

I have seen them at the opera. They are very pretty; but rather equivocal, I suspect.

MR. EVERSTON, (smiling.)

Oh! not the least—equivocal. But I suppose you are afraid of your wife hearing of your *escapades*,—or are you grown prudish, or pious, or what? Do you refuse to dine with a pretty woman because she was *once*—equivocal? This beats the shutting the Zoological Gardens hollow!

MR. WENTWORTH, (affecting to brighten up.)

Nonsense! If you will wait till I dress, I am your man.

MR. EVERSTON.

I'll give you half an hour, while I step off to the governor. But what o'clock is it now? Seven! Egad! it is too late for that! My people have got as far as gooseberry pie by this. Well, I'll wait: so come, my boy, don't lose time.

MR. WENTWORTH, (much provoked.)

And yet, I cannot! I had quite forgotten—'tis impossible—I have this moment sent to young Fitzherbert to take coffee; and read his cursed poem on Time to me. You know how I stand with the excellent Fitzherberts.

MR. EVERSTON.

Ha! ha! ha! Why, this is worse than going to evening prayers! Send him an apology, and say you have no time to read his poem.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Quite out of the question. The Judge was my guardian; and I have put off his boy so often. Besides, the proposition is my own—and....

MR. EVERSTON, (interrupting him conceitedly.)

Oh! no explanations, pray. Yes, or no. One—two—three—

MR. WENTWORTH, (with great mortification.)

Well, then—no !

MR. EVERSTON.

Then, D. I. O. Good bye !

[Mr. Everston hurries out of the room, and is heard singing, as he bounds down the stairs. The door closes, and his cab rattles off.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (looking after him from the window.)

There he goes !—the happiest of the happy. Light of head, heart, and purse ; while I, with five thousand a-year, better looking, better connected, more respectable, and perhaps more respected, am the most miserable of human beings. [*Walks up and down with a heavy measured tread.*] “ Remote,—unfriended,—melancholy,—slow !” Without a human being to speak to,—without a morsel to eat !—tempted, too, with two delightful parties—with youth, beauty, fashion, gaiety !—and for whom ?—for what ? Oh ! Emily ! Emily ! I have not deserved this. [*Presses his fingers on his eyes. Takes up his book and reads, or tries to read for half an hour.*] So, no answer yet from Fitzherbert ! and that block-head not returned ! Half an hour going to the next door !

[Another pause. He rings his bell repeatedly. It is not answered ; but a loud ringing is heard at the street-door. He looks out at the balcony.]

DENIS, (from below.)

Plaze your honour, it's me ! and the house is out, sir.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Then there is actually no one at home ! Emily has given *all* the servants leave to go out ; or they have taken it.

[After some hesitation, and doubtful whether he will let Denis in at all, he descends to open the door, and returns, followed by Denis.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (seating himself.)

So, there was actually no one left in the house, but you ?

DENIS.

Sorrow Christian, sir ! only the little kitchin-maid, that's just slipped out to the dairy, sir, for a little crame for her tail, and will be back in a jiffey. That's Jane, sir, the cratur !

MR. WENTWORTH, (violently.)

That's a lie! and you know it's a lie; but no matter. What answer from Mr. Fitzherbert? [*Denis presents him a letter, which he opens.*] Why, this is my own note!

DENIS.

It is, plaze your honour!

MR. WENTWORTH, (in a rage.)

And why is it?

DENIS, (frightened and confused.)

Sorrow know, I know, sir!

MR. WENTWORTH, (with increasing violence.)

Why, you infernal, stupid—Irish—bull!—Where have you been all this while?

DENIS, (agitated.)

In the Jidge's airy, sir, with little Kitty, the cook.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Then you did not deliver my letter?

DENIS.

I did nat, sir.

MR. WENTWORTH.

And why, pray?

DENIS.

Because, sir, he wasn't in it. Kitty said, sir, that the family is gone on a party of pleasure, sailing down the Thames in a boat; and it's what Kitty's brother says, who has just come from Killarney—as how . . .

MR. WENTWORTH.

D——n Kitty!—D——n her brother! So I've given up Everston's dinner, and Fitzherbert not coming after all! Gone boating!—gone on a party! But as for you, Mr Denis,—for your stupidity—for your staying out an hour, when you knew I was alone, without any one to open the door for

you,—or worse, leaving it open, for your gang to enter and rob the house—you shall not sleep another night under my roof,—you shall not stay an hour—a moment!—you shall turn out this instant!

DENIS, (rallying, his honour being touched.)

For what, sir, should I be turned out of the place, this blessed Sunday night, 'bove all the days of the year, sir?

MR. WENTWORTH.

For being an incorrigible blockhead, a mitcher, and an idiot; whose brogue, bulls, blunders, and negligence, no temper can stand. So go, sir, and finish your evening with “Kitty in the airy;” but first take off my livery, and come to-morrow for your wages. I cannot afford to pay you seventeen guineas a-year, for making my wife and family laugh at your absurdities,—the only thing that you are fit for.

DENIS, (cooly and sulkily.)

Troth, axing your honour's pardon, sorrow better money, then, ever you paid: for in regard of making the family laugh, I'd be worth my weight in gold, if....

MR. WENTWORTH, (vehemently.)

Leave the room, you insolent scoundrel; or I'll send for a constable to take you to the watch-house.

DENIS, (his Irish blood rising at the indignity.)

Och! no;—plaze your honour, you will not. For what would you be afther taking myself to the watch-house?

MR. WENTWORTH, (piqued by Denis's coolness, and in a great rage.)

Do you dare to stand arguing with me, you Irish ruffian?

[Pushes him out of the door. Denis, as usual, tumbles down stairs. Mr. Wentworth slams the door, and continues to pace up and down in considerable emotion. The shadows of evening gradually fall; and a profound silence reigns, both in the house and the square. He bursts out into a loud soliloquy.]

MR. WENTWORTH.

Yes, I have now made up my mind! I will not live another day with Emily! Careless of the misery she has occasioned, she is enjoying herself, in the midst of her

happy, joyous family, the soul and spirit of her circle. *She* has dined;—her children are playing at her feet;—parents, relations, friends, servants, all devoted to her pleasure and amusement:—while I!—on this evening, so especially consecrated to family enjoyment and domestic felicity Gracious heavens! what and where am I? Alone, on my desolate hearth, abandoned by all—by wife, children, friends, servants; left in sadness and in darkness; in the power, too, of a blood-thirsty villain, to whom murder is, doubtless, as familiar as to the rest of his savage nation. The papers are full of nothing but Irish atrocities. [*He passes into the inner room, brings out a small writing-desk, unlocks it, opens a secret drawer, and takes out a pocket-pistol;—examines it, and lays it on the table.*] And am I reduced to this? I will leave this country forever, to-morrow—leave this house, to-night. Emily and her family *shall feel* at last. I will scratch out a codicil, write a few lines, and then . . . [*He lights the lamp with a briquet, seats himself at his desk, and writes with vehemence and rapidity. The pendule strikes nine, and plays slowly, “Home, sweet home!” He sighs, pauses, and again writes. A slight rustling is heard on the landing-place—the lock of the door is gently turned. He starts up, listens, but the door is not opened; and all again is silent: he sits down again.*] What was that? Could that villain?—It is, however, but man to man.—But at this moment there may be a gang of villains under my roof.

[*He lays his pistol at his right hand, and after a pause, continues to write. Some time after, a noise is again heard on the stairs, as if some one was stealing up. He rises, fixes his eye on the door, and takes his pistol. The door opens slowly. An apparently large body, covered with white drapery, so as to conceal the face and figure, appears at the half-open door. Mr. Wentworth raises his pistol; which accidentally brushing against his open coat, goes off. The intruder falls, with a crash and a loud groan. Mr. Wentworth stands unnerved, speechless, and petrified. Denis rises, in part, from under the fragments, of plates, covers, glasses, &c. &c. which lie scattered on the floor.*]

DENIS.

Och, murther, murther! I'm kilt intirely.

[*Mr. Wentworth flings away the pistol, rushes to the door, and throws himself beside the victim of his rash movement, whose face is seemingly bathed in blood.*]

MR. WENTWORTH, (trembling violently.)

Denis! my poor Denis! If you can speak, speak to me!

look at me ! If you would not drive me mad—if you would not drive me to suicide, say you are not hurt—not wounded—not mortally wounded at least. Here—lean on my shoulder. Thank God ! thank God ! you live, you

DENIS, (sitting bolt upright, and wiping his face with the table-cloth.)
Och ! ochone ! The murthur of the world !

MR. WENTWORTH.

Whence comes this torrent of blood ?

DENIS.

Why then, sorrow know, I know, sir ; if it isn't from the little cruiskeen of iligant ould currant whiskey, which is broken to smithereens. I was making bould to trate your honour with it ; in regard of the butler not leaving out a sup of wine afther him, (nor never does.)

MR. WENTWORTH, (with great feeling.)

Thank God ! I am not a murderer ! I am not the miserable and wicked wretch I might have been ! [*He rises, covers his face with his hands ; and then turns, after some time, to Denis.*] But, Denis, are you hurt ! speak, dear Denis !

DENIS, (rises, picks up the broken things, and replaces bread, potatoes, meat, &c. &c.)

Why then, sorrow much, your honour, only in regard of the little cruiskeen of currant whiskey, sir : and sure, your honour, it was my mother sent it me, all the way from Killarney, by Tim Macgillicuddy, and came to see his wife Kitty, at the jidge's, sir. And it was that, plaze your honour, kept me waiting in the airy, for the answer to the letter.

[Mr. Wentworth assists in picking up the contents of the tray, with great humility ; but, overcome by exhaustion and by emotion, he totters to the ottoman, and falls back on a pile of cushions. Denis runs out, and returns with a glass of water, which he mixes with a little whiskey, remaining at the bottom of his broken bottle, and takes to his master.]

DENIS.

Just taste it, your honour ; sorrow harm it will do you, but all the good in life. [*Mr. Wentworth sips from the glass.*] Sure, plaze your honour, it's what it's wake at the heart you was, wid the hunger. Oh ! not a thing else. And sure it's

little Jenny, the kitchen-maid, and I got the thray between us; and I believe, this blessed moment, it was the fine, long, damask, dinner table-cloth, that thripped me up, and not at all at all the pistol-ball whizzing by, like shot. [*Mr. wentworth shudders.*] Och! Mush! but the cruiskeen's smashed to smithereens, and only a dhrop at the bottom left. But sure, don't fret, your honour! Isn't it well it's no worse?—aye, in troth, not all as one, as young Mr. Rooney of Kilmanny.

[*Mr. Wentworth remains with his face buried in his handkerchief. Denis takes his station behind his master, with an air of affectionate anxiety, but evidently presuming on his new position.*]

DENIS.

Well, plaze your honour, sir, sure it's all over and sorrow harm done; and that's just the way the gun went off wid young Mr. Cornelius Rooney, I was telling you ov; and he all as one as playing with it, and lodges it in the heart of his elder brother, the captain, who had just come home, in regard of the pace; and a brave heart it was.

MR. WENTWORTH, (still horror-stricken.)

Give me a glass of water, Denis.

[*Denis flutters about, in a fright; gets a glass of water, and presents it. Mr. Wentworth puts it to his lips; his teeth chatter against the vessel.*]

DENIS, (in great agitation.)

Och! musha, musha, what's this for; will I qualify it, plaze your honour, with a dhrop of the spurrets? Och! musha, there's not a taste left. Well, well, sure I said to Jinny, sorrow thing, says I, ails the masther, only just your honour being so long without the ating and the dhrinking; and your heart sick, I'll ingage. Ochone! it was often the way with myself; and so, plaze your honour, says I, to Jane, the little kitchen-maid, says I, and we all alone by ourselves, says I, there's the masther above, in the biggest of passions, ever I seed him since I came to the place, in regard of the hunger; and what is it, says I, that makes the wild bastes roar? only the hunger, says I. And thrue for you, Mr. O'Dowd, says she, (for she's a mighty 'cute cratur, plaze your honour, when the cook's not in it;) and what is it makes all the murthur in Ireland? says I, only the hunger. Sorrow 'ruction would ever be in the province of Munster, says I, only for the hunger. For hunger will cut through

stone walls, though the gallows stood in the gate, says I. Lord save us ! says she. And every poor Irishman, says I, Jane, honey, (in regard of being her fellow-servant, and having more to do with Jane than any man in the place, in respect of the plates and dishes,) Jane, honey, says I, if ever poor ould Ireland had plinty of potatoes in the pot, and a dhrop of the comforter in the cruiskeen, just to keep the could from the heart, says I, it's little yez would hear of the murthering, and the burning. And though the masther kicked me down stairs, says I, afther frightening the life out of me, and sending me to the watch-house, I'll ingage, says I, if he'd take his dinner, instead of writing thim letters, himself would be sorry, and make it up with me, one way or other. And so, plaze your honour, as the cook had the kay of the larder, and the butler always takes the panthry along with him, Jenny and myself bethought of us the rashers and eggs, and the pickled cucumbers, and the currant whiskey, and wished it was wine, for your honour's sake. So, afther gosterin a bit about the lobbies, just to see if your honour was getting quiet a taste, I ran down for the thray, and was bringing it in, when, Christ save us ! what should I feel fire down on me, but the bullet, and I all as one as a dead man ! and the murther of the plates and the daycanthurs, and the putty soapay. Och ! musha, the sight left my eyes : and thought I saw Captain Rooney standing all over blood afore me, and put up my hand and thought it was my brains, but it was only the currant whiskey.

MR. WENTWORTH, (who has remained in a deep reverie during this tirade, awaking to the sense of externals, and hearing only the few last words.)

For God's sake, Denis, say no more about it. The pistol's going off was an accident, I assure you, upon my honour it was. Here, send this to your mother, in return for her present to you of the whisky. [*Gives him a purse.*] And now, take away all those things, and bring me a chamber candle. [*Sighs.*] I'll go to bed, Denis.

DENIS (stands a moment looking at the purse, and then at Mr. Wentworth, till the tears gush into his eyes.)

Och ! its too much intirely, plaze your honour. See here, sir, if your honour would divide it into two halves, and give uz the smallest half, it would be too much still ; and the poor

ould woman, down in the bog, sir, and it's my little earnings keeps the life in her . . . and a purse, sir . . .

[Bursts into a passion of tears, and drops on his knees. A loud knocking at the door. Denis starts up, and wipes his eyes.]

MR. WENTWORTH, [in great agitation, and putting the pistol into his bosom.]

I am not at home, not to any human being; and, Denis, find me the pistol-ball.

[Denis picks it up: Mr. Wentworth puts it in his pocket. A second knock, after which, MRS. GODFREY is heard speaking on the stairs.]

MRS. GODFREY.

There, that will do, Jane, thank you. I can see my way perfectly. Is there no one at home but you? Where is Denis? [*At the threshold of the door.*] Why what the deuce is all this? What a mess! what a smash!

[Mrs. Godfrey enters with a quick, light step. Mr. Wentworth is seated on the sofa, with a book in his hand, apparently reading, but flushed and agitated. Denis is drawn up, in an attitude of surprise and confusion, with his mouth open, his head erect. He hides the broken cruiskeen under the skirts of his coat.]

MRS. GODFREY, (in a clear, rapid, and emphatic tone.)

My dear Wentworth, what is the matter? I have ran from over the way, between coffee and tea, unknown to all, but poor Emily, who is miserable. Her excuse of your bilious headach did not satisfy me. Something must have happened to cause this unusual want of kindness and respect to us, to whom you are so rarely wanting in either. [*Pauses, looks earnestly at him.*] How ill you look! Perhaps!—Good God!—but still it must be met with firmness—an affair of honour, I suppose.

MR. WENTWORTH.

No, I assure you, madam—nothing whatever.

MRS. GODFREY, (firmly.)

Frederick, I know that such things must sometimes be, in the present semi-barbarous state of society. But every evil may be lessened, retarded, and, perhaps, avoided altogether, by sound and dispassionate conduct, by quickness of apprehension, and promptitude of action. Upon more than one occasion I have stood your friend—stood between you, and the consequences

of your vehement temper. A woman's zeal is all but omnipotent.

MR. WENTWORTH, (in a low voice, and subdued manner.)

You have been often very kind, and very useful, and very forbearing. My dear Mrs. Godfrey, I am fully aware of all your merit, your friendship, your superior mind, and your indulgent disposition. But I assure you, in the present instance, you are quite wrong. I have not a quarrel with any human being; except, perhaps,—with—myself.

MRS. GODFREY, (after a deep respiration.)

Thank God,—my child—her children are spared that. [*She remains a moment in silence; her hands and lips compressed. Then brushing away her tears, she continues, with great cheeriness and animation.*] Come, all is well then, except you, Wentworth; *you* are not well. I know that nothing but illness could have prevented you from joining a circle, of which you are the pride and the delight,—when you are not out of. . . .

[*Draws up her mouth into a grimace of extreme comic humour; and gradually imitates a countenance gloomed by sulkiness, and distorted by passion.*]

MR. WENTWORTH, (faltering and smiling.)

Temper.

MRS. GODFREY, (smiling.)

Exactly.

MR. WENTWORTH.

Well, I assure you ma'am, that is not the case now—I *am* ill. [*Puts his hand to his forehead, and sighs convulsively.*]

MRS. GODFREY.

But what is ill-temper, but ill-health,—a spring loose somewhere or other,—uneasy sensations venting themselves in jarring actions,—the first step towards insanity? The patient mistakes his own internal sense of suffering for something wrong in externals. Oh! my dear Frederick, how often does the poor, long-enduring wife sustain the inflictions of ill-humour, ill-language, and insolent treatment, because you lords of the creation have eaten truffles, instead of potatoes, (as you did yesterday,) and drank strong port when you

should have taken only water-gruel ! I really believe this malady of ill-temper occasions more frequent domestic misery, than all the gallantry of France, or the corruption of Germany. [*Mrs. Godfrey takes his hand and feels his pulse.*] Good heavens ! what a pulse !—you seem suffocating, too ! I was quite right. Now don't be angry, you know I saved you once from a typhus fever, by a little precaution and promptness. I have brought our good old friend, Mr. Reynolds, as my cavalier across the square. Pray see him.

MR. WENTWORTH, (much shaken.)

Indeed, madam, I cannot, at this moment, see any one. I did think, did hope, that Emily but she is amusing herself, I suppose acting proverbs, and charming every one at the harp or piano.

MRS. GODFREY.

Emily, poor love ! alas ! no. She has spent the evening in my dressing-room, in tears and misery. I would not suffer her to return home. Once in a way, I thought it was best to let you have your fit out, and do your worst.

MR. WENTWORTH, (shudders.)

My worst !!

MRS. GODFREY.

But to return to my cavalier.—You can have no reasonable objection to see Reynolds. Come in, Mr. Reynolds.

[Enter, Mr. Reynolds, from the back drawing-room.]

MR. REYNOLDS.

Objection to see me ! why one female jobation is worse than a consultation of doctors. Come, what is the matter ?

[He shakes Mr. Wentworth's hand, and feels his pulse.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (hurt.)

You treat me like a child !

MRS. GODFREY.

And are not all invalids children ? Creatures of deficient power, without self-possession or self-control ! Human nature is, altogether, a bad business ; but we must make the best of it ; and bleed when we cannot reason.

MR. REYNOLDS.

To be sure! A true moralist should never go without his lancets ; and legislators would do well to prescribe calomel and straight waistcoats, in a thousand cases, where they order gaols and pillories! So tell some one to bring cups and bandages.

[He takes out his instruments. Mr. Wentworth exhibits signs of dislike and resistance.]

MRS. GODFREY, (in a whisper.)

Insist, insist!

[Re-enter Denis with a tray, replenished, and smelling strongly of eggs and bacon.]

MRS. GODFREY, (in astonishment.)

What have you there, Denis?

DENIS.

It's a taste of bacon and eggs, maram, and the pickled cucumbers; in regard of the masther's never tasting bit nor sup this day, since breakfast.

MRS. GODFREY, (taking the tray out of Denis's hand; and, to his amazement and mortification, sending it out of the room.)

Bacon and pickles! nonsense. Go, bring up two cups, and some linen bandages; and order quantities of hot water to be got ready. Your master must be bled.

DENIS, (with a supplicating look.)

Asking your honour's pardon, Mrs. Godfrey, maram, sure, you wouldn't be afther murthuring him, maram, intirely? Bleed a man that's starving with the hunger, and kilt with the wakeness?

MRS. GODFREY, (peremptorily.)

Don't talk, but obey. [*She turns to Mr. Wentworth.*—Come now, I know I am a bore; but you must be bled all the same. I'll go to your room, and see that all is right.

MR. WENTWORTH.

After what has passed, I believe, my dear madam, I ought to indulge you in your theory; and the fact is, that I do feel exceedingly unwell; but I think Mr. Reynolds will agree so

far with Denis, as not to prescribe loss of blood to a man in my situation. However, I don't much care what you do with me. [*Sighing.*]

MR. REYNOLDS, (casting a momentary look of intelligence at Mrs. Godfrey.)

His pulse, madam, are not quite as rapid as they were; and I am now disposed to try what rest, and a good night's sleep, if he can get it, will do for him. To-morrow, if he is not better

MRS. GODFREY.

You know best, sir, and in your own art, it would not be wise to contradict you. But I still hold my opinion that a little . . . pulling down would . . . do him no harm.

MR. WENTWORTH, (in great but suppressed vexation.)

Mrs. Godfrey, where is Emily? I will do nothing, consent to nothing, till

[Mrs. Wentworth and her children (who have been for some time in the adjoining room) rush in. He springs forward to meet them. The pistol drops from his breast. Mrs. Wentworth shrieks and falls.]

MR. WENTWORTH, (raising her in his arms.)

Emily, Emily, forgive me—hear me. Look up. I swear by all that's sacred, it was merely a fit of my cursed temper, indulged to my uttermost selfishness.

[He holds her and his children in a strict embrace.]

MRS. GODFREY, (apart to Mr. Reynolds, who picks up the pistol.)

That weapon in his breast too! What may we not have prevented!—'tis too horrible to think upon! One moment longer, perhaps, and how many might have been made miserable, and all because

MR. REYNOLDS.

. A man inherits a particular fibre, or lives in idleness and luxury, to the promotion of bile and bad humour. But whatever may be appearances, I am certain that nothing very tragic was likely to occur. Mr. Wentworth is not quite so bad as that: he will tell you all about it to-morrow,

if the ridicule be not too great, to admit of a frank confession. The sublime and the ridiculous, you know . . .

MRS. GODFREY, (thoughtfully.)

After all, man is a *pauvre Sire*, and humanity a pretty business.

MR. REYNOLDS.

Very: society should be considered as one great lunatic asylum; and the patients be kept low by temperance, while we of the faculty should always be prepared with the remedies, in case of a break out. It is the sane who are shut up, (says somebody that writes books, which nobody reads but you and I,) and the mad are all abroad.

MRS. GODFREY.

One would think so. But I am vexed we have not punished him a little more severely. He wants a permanent impression, to prevent a relapse. The fact is, Wilson and I have been in a conspiracy against him, since the fit broke out; and have been watching the catastrophe. I dare not trust Emily; her dotage of her husband deprives her of all the powers of her naturally strong mind. [*She turns to the Wentworths, who are still engaged with each other.*] Come, come, Emily, enough. Children, to-bed, to-bed. [*She kisses them.*] There, "stand not on the order of your going, but go at once." Take them, Emily; their maid has not yet returned. [*Mrs. Godfrey leads Mrs. Wentworth to the door, and whispers.*] Only this once, dear Emily—leave him to us. Remember this is not the first nor the hundredth scene of the same kind.

[*She leads out Mrs. Wentworth and the children. Mr. Reynolds leaves the room unobserved.*]

MR. WENTWORTH, (alone.)

So then, here is an agreeable day lost! friends and relations, mortified and insulted! a life risked! and humiliation the most profound endured! and all for what? For the uncontrolled indulgence of a fit of temper.

[*Takes a candle, and exit.*]

DENIS, (who had been busy, about nothing, at the bottom of the room.)

Why then, it's a pity of him, the cratur ; bit, or sup, never passed the threshold of his lips this blessed day ; barring a taste of toast at breakfast. Musha, then, the docthors may say what they plaze ; but it's the rashers and whiskey would have cured him, intirely,* in regard o' keeping the wakeness out of his heart.

* The *caneous* of this little drama will be found in Monsieur Le Clerc's charming Proverbs.

THE END.

